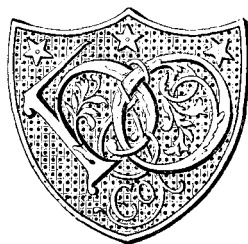


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MASSY SPRAGUE'S DAUGHTER.

I.

At the south end of Block Island is a line of grand cliffs from one to two hundred feet high. Some of them are grass-grown to the very beach; but most of them have a rough surface of clay and sand worn into enormous furrows by the rain. They are of irregular shape, some spreading out into wide plateaus on the top, others being merely a sharp point of land running out between two broad ravines.

At sunset, in summer, the mists from the ocean often gather slowly in these ravines, and curl upward like colossal smoke-wreaths from subterranean homes. Gradually they spread over the island, until all road-ways, gates, and fences are obliterated, and men grope their way about by the sense of feeling. A person unacquainted with the labyrinthine paths of the island is as helpless in one of these thick mists as in a blinding snow-storm.

It was on such a night as this that Massy Sprague's daughter, Toinette, was cautiously groping her way home from the cliffs. Toinette had been lying on the cliffs all the afternoon. There is a great fascination in lying flat, face down, on these cliffs, and looking over the edge, where the earth seems to be only an inch thick under your shoulders. Some-

body said once that these cliffs looked as if they had been broken off from some other side, as a loaf of cake is broken into jagged and unequal parts, with the crust left projecting here and there. Perhaps a giant did it some day, and threw his half of the loaf into the sea. But no such speculations as these had occupied the mind of Toinette this June afternoon, as she had lain with her elbows propped firmly in the knotted grass, and her chin resting on the palms of her hands, looking down on the beach below. White-sailed ships had come and gone in the blue offing, sailing south and sailing north, but Toinette had taken no note of them. Her eyes were riveted on the brown sand one hundred feet below her. Across this beach Ramby Karns drove his father's cows home every night, and Toinette and Ramby had a system of signals carefully arranged and thoroughly understood, by which they communicated with each other at this point upon the shore. It would seem as if two people living on an island only eight miles long and three wide need never be driven to establishing signal stations in mid-air, to reach each other. But Ramby's father was a fisherman, and lived in a cabin close to the one wharf on the island, on the western side; and Toinette's mother lived in a little house on the highest hill

to the east, close by an old deserted meeting-house, in which no man's voice had been lifted to pray or preach for more than a hundred years.

Moreover, Toinette's mother had forbidden Toinette to speak to Ramby, and this was a more formidable barrier to intercourse than any number of miles would have been. You would not have supposed, to look at old Massy Sprague, that she was an aristocrat. If you had seen the poor old woman hobbling about, with her fierce bull-dog, Janger, at her side, you would have exclaimed, "What an old negro witch!" But if you had called Massy a negro to her face, you would have felt Janger's fangs in your throat in a very few seconds. Massy was an East Indian; and when you looked closely at her skin you saw in it, spite of the weather-beaten wrinkles, a tinge of yellow which indicated no negro blood. Massy was the last of a band of East Indians who had been in the service of the captain of the ill-fated *Palatine*. When the crew of the *Palatine* mutinied and killed the captain and all the passengers, they spared these East Indians, eight in number, on the ground of their usefulness as workers. Massy's mother was said to have been the best cook in all Holland; and her father was equally capable as cook and as barber. The rest were all skilled laborers in one way or another, and were pressed into the service of the riotous mutineers when they landed on Block Island. It is an odd thing on how slender food the instinct of aristocratic exclusiveness can thrive and grow strong, and how long it can survive the loss of the last shred of respectability of position. The wicked mutineers of the good ship *Palatine* drank and caroused themselves to death in a few years. Block Island became slowly a thriving little community of farmers and fishermen, and there were several families of industrious and well-to-do negroes in the island, but not one of the East Indians would have anything to do with the blacks. They held themselves as distinct from them, and as much higher as if the blood of Saxon kings had flowed in their veins. Hence

the little handful had rapidly dwindled, until at the time of my story there were left of them only two, — this old woman and her daughter Toinette.

Toinette was a beautiful creature: her skin was of a pure olive tint; she would have been taken in New Orleans for a quadroon, in Madrid for a Spaniard. In New Orleans she would have had admiration and love; in Madrid she might have had even more, for she was rarely beautiful, and had a fine and sensitive nature, which would very easily have received polish and culture. But in Block Island she was ranked by all the whites as a negro, never called anything but "Massy Sprague's daughter," and left as unconscious of her beauty as if she had been in the wilds of Africa. Toinette was a loving, affectionate child, and the isolation in which she and her mother lived was torture to her, — all the greater because of the grim delight which her fierce old mother seemed to take in it. Massy lived in the past; she was too young at the time of the mutiny to remember the details of that horror. She had been the favorite plaything of the riotous mutineers in the short-lived days of their feasting and pleasures; and after that was all past, her childhood had been filled with tales of the riches and splendor of the life of those whom her father and mother had served in Holland. Her contempt for the poor hard-working farmers and fishermen of Block Island knew no bounds. "Sons of white beggars!" she sneered. "I'd not put hand to shoe for one of 'em, — not if I died;" and though she and Toinette were often half starved, and went clothed in rags, she kept her word. By hook or by crook, she managed to raise potatoes and turnips on her bleak hillside; she had one cow and a few hens; and no rich man on a lordly manor could have had more strongly the feeling of an independent proprietor than did this tattered, shriveled, poverty-stricken old woman.

In a cupboard on her wall were ranged china cups and saucers and mugs that a king might not have disdained to possess: dainty tea-cups not more than two

inches high, and so transparent that one could see through them; and mugs of fine china, half a foot deep, covered with gay flags of all nations. These had come over in the *Palatine*, the property of some of the rich Amsterdam burghers who were seeking a new home in the New World. Massy was as proud of them as if they had descended to her by lawful inheritance instead of having been part of the plunder won by a fearful crime. Very much did some of the Block Island women covet these tea-cups and mugs. Not unfrequently Massy received the offer, for a single cup and saucer, of a sum of money which would have put decent gowns both on her back and Toinette's for years; but she refused all such offers with a fine, reticent scorn which would not condescend to any volubility, and replied concisely that the cups were "not for sale." By such exhibitions of pride, and by her still more scornful repelling of all advances from the colored inhabitants of the island, old Massy had slowly but surely removed herself and her daughter outside the pale of even ordinary good fellowship. If she had been an outcast for crime or for some loathsome disease, she could hardly have been more shunned; and the poor little Toinette shared in the neglect she had done nothing to deserve. At the time when our story opens Toinette had but one friend on the island. This was the Ramby Karns for whom she had been watching from the cliffs. Ramby Karns was as black as the ace of spades, and his features were those of a Guinea negro; but to Toinette his face was beautiful. He had loved Toinette ever since they had been seated at the same desk in the little unpainted school-house in which the Block Island children all gathered to receive such scanty crumbs of education as Block Island resources could afford. It so happened that for the first term when Ramby and Toinette attended school they were the only colored pupils, and the teacher gave them, therefore, a seat together, although Toinette was only six, and Ramby was twelve years old. He adopted her at once as his es-

pecial property, and woe to any boy who dared tease or molest the little thing. For two years this comradeship lasted, and then, to Ramby's great distress, Toinette was suddenly taken out of school. By a mere accident, old Massy, who never went near the school-house, and had never thought to inquire about Toinette's companionships there, went down to the village, one day, at noon, to buy a cod-fish. As she was walking home, the thought struck her that it was noon-time for the children, and she would look in on Toinette at her luncheon. Toinette and Ramby were sitting in blissful content at their desk, dining out of Ramby's pail, poor Toinette's own dinner being of too meagre a sort to require any such formality of putting up. Suddenly on their quiet broke old Massy's fierce voice:—

"What are you doing in the seat with that nigger!" and Toinette felt herself dragged from her seat and shaken violently.

Beginning to sob, she cried, "Why the teacher put us here. He's real good to me, Ramby is." And Ramby stood up wrathfully, exclaiming, —

"I ain't any more a nigger than you are yourself, you old blackamoor! But Toinette ain't a nigger, if she is your little girl," he added, chivalrously.

Brandishing her cod-fish as if it were a banner, old Massy stalked out of the school-house, leading the sobbing Toinette with her, while the other children looked on half-terrified. On the threshold they met the teacher, who was astonished enough at the sight. Old Massy was as tall as most men, and of a lank and unfeminine figure; her scanty petticoats always clung to her legs, and revealed rather than concealed her angular outline. Still flaunting her cod-fish, with her grizzled locks flying in the wind, the haughty and enraged old woman strode past the wondering teacher, saying, —

"I'll not send my child to any school where she is put in the seat with niggers."

The teacher attempted to reply, but old Massy's strides fast carried her out

of reach of his voice, and she did not even look back, or deign to answer him. Poor Toinette cried, —

"Oh, my slate! Let me go back for my slate." But her mother's grasp never relaxed; it was almost more than the child's legs could do to keep up, and her sobs and cries were piteous to hear.

Ramby stood on the steps doubling up his fists and making vain threatenings in the air. "I'll pay the old woman off yet," he said, as he reluctantly followed the teacher into the house.

That night he carried Toinette's slate and all her little belongings home with him: this was on a Thursday. On Saturday afternoon, he climbed the hill to Massy Sprague's house, and hid himself behind a stone in the old graveyard. It seemed an age to him before he caught a sight of Toinette. He dared not go to the house and ask for her. At last the door opened, and Toinette came out. As soon as he saw her he gave a peculiar shrill whistle. Toinette knew it in an instant, and stood still, looking eagerly in all directions. Ramby whistled again: and in a second more, Toinette came running and scrambling over the grave-mounds and fallen stones.

"Oh, Ramby, Ramby! is that you?" she cried.

"Yes; and I've got all your things," he replied, producing her precious slate and pencils and the little writing-book, in which several pages of blurred pot-hooks bore doubtful testimony to Toinette's skill in the use of a pen.

"She won't let me keep 'em, if she knows you brought 'em to me," said Toinette.

Ramby's black eyes flashed in his black face. "Why not?" he said. "She wouldn't be so mean as that!"

"She hates black folks," replied Toinette, "worst kind. She says we ain't black; but I don't see why. I think we're black as anybody."

"You ain't, Toinette," exclaimed Ramby, admiringly, — "you ain't a bit black. You're the prettiest color of all the folks on this island. There isn't nobody got the color you are: it's the beautifullest yellow; it's prettier than

the middle of the pond lilies. But she," with a contemptuous gesture of his head over toward the house, — "she's as black 's any of the rest of us. She need n't talk!"

"Mam 's real good to me," said Toinette, apologetically. "She's real sorry I cry so about not going to school. But she'll never let me go again, she says, not even if the teacher should come and beg her. She does hate black folks, awful. It's queer, ain't it, Ramby? I think they're just as good as white folks."

"Better," said Ramby, "a great deal better."

After some discussion the children decided to hide the slate and pencils and writing-book in the old meeting-house. "And I can come up every Saturday and teach you myself," said Ramby, with most commendable care for Toinette's education.

Hand in hand the two roamed about the old ruin, in search of some safe corner. They clambered up into the pulpit, which was a sort of unroofed cupboard, reached by a rickety staircase ten steps high. Ramby stumbled over something as soon as he entered. It was a mahogany ballot-box.

"Good gracious!" said he, "they keep their ballot-boxes up here. This won't do."

"What are they for?" asked Toinette.

"Oh, to put the votes in on town-meeting days. They have their town-meeting here every month; didn't you know it? We'd better keep our things up gallery. They never go up there, I guess. There ain't half men enough here to fill the pews down-stairs."

There were but twenty-seven pews in the body of the meeting-house: they were square, high-walled, of Southern pine, all hewn by hand. In and out of them all the children ran, merrily trying seat after seat. At last they went up-stairs to the gallery, and in the remotest corner from the door, under the last seat, they hid their possessions.

"This'll be your school-house now," said Ramby.

"And you'll be my teacher," replied innocent Toinette. Far truer words than Toinette knew! She was now eight, and Ramby was fourteen: from that day he began to teach her to love him. He taught her a good deal else, — that is, during the first two years; for Ramby was an uncommonly bright boy, and his father, who had sailed for many years in a man-of-war before he settled down as a Block Island fisherman, had a great ambition to give his boy what he called "advantages;" so he kept him steadily at school long past the time at which most Block Island boys had to begin hard work at home. But just as Ramby had entered on his fifteenth year, his father slipped on the deck of his little fishing-sloop, one icy night, and broke his leg. He nearly lost his life from the clumsiness with which the leg was treated by the non-professional Block Island doctor, but pulled through finally, and lived on, a nearly helpless cripple. No more school for Ramby now: he must run the fishing-sloop, he must work the little farm. Nothing of it all came hard to him, except giving up the Saturday afternoons with Toinette in the old meeting-house. It was not every week, now, that he could treat himself to that pleasure. The fish must be ready to load on the Block Island sloop which ran up every Monday to Newport; and if it were not the fish, it was sure to be something else which needed to be done on the farm. Saturday after Saturday slipped by without Ramby's finding time to climb up that alluring hill to the eastward. Saturday after Saturday poor Toinette wandered about the old graveyard, and sat idly on the sunken grave-mounds, vainly watching for the faithful, shining black face of her boy lover. Nobody knew what the children were about; in fact, nobody was in the least concerned about either Toinette or Ramby, except Toinette's mother and Ramby's father; old Massy gave herself no uneasiness about the child so long as she was "playing in the old grave-yard," and Ramby's father had never once called Ramby to account for any comings or goings since the day that had reversed

their relations, making Ramby the protector and provider.

Toinette was fifteen and Ramby was twenty-one, and they had been for two years betrothed lovers, before an ill wind blew to them the misfortune of old Massy's discovery of their relations. This concealment on the part of Toinette was not the result of any artfulness in the girl's nature; it was the simple instinct of her uneducated filial love. She knew her mother's fierce hatred of black people too well to hope that anything could soften it. Again and again she said to Ramby, —

"We can't ever get married so long as mam's alive; she'd kill me first. But I'll love ye always, Ramby, whether we ever get to be married or not; and there ain't any use in making her mad at me by tellin' her. Besides, I donno but what it would make her go out of her head, she'd be so mad." And Ramby, who in his secret heart felt for old Massy a terror which almost amounted to a superstition, acquiesced in all Toinette's decisions, and plotted as cautiously as she to keep their love a secret. But as I said, an ill-wind blew to them the misfortune of discovery. It was literally a wind which did it, so perverse and trivial an accident that it seemed like the mockery of a malicious fate; one summer Sunday it happened. Toinette and Ramby were sitting in their wonted corner in the old meeting-house gallery, between two open windows. A sudden breeze blew off Ramby's hat, and wafted it gently out of the south window. Toinette ran down to get it, saying, "I'll go, Ramby. I'm always afraid mam will see you up here some day. She's got eyes like a hawk."

Down the stairs, out of the door, flew the light-footed Toinette, to be confronted by her mother, stern, dark-visaged, on the very threshold, holding the luckless hat in her hand.

"What man's hat is this? How came you in here? Who have you got hid away, you shameful hussy?" cried Massy.

Toinette's usually gentle spirit was roused, and, standing at bay on the old

meeting-house steps, she boldly told her mother the truth. Ramby, hearing voices, came running down-stairs, and old Massy, seeing him, fell into a rage frightful to behold. Tearing her gray hair with one hand, she lifted the other high as she could reach, and cursed him in some East Indian dialect. Then, seizing Toinette, she literally dragged her by main force down the hill, into their house, shut the door with a loud noise, and bolted it.

Ramby was greatly alarmed. The speech, which he did not understand, made his knees shake by its fearful sound. "Will she kill her?" he gasped; and his first impulse was to fly to the house and beat down the door. But he reflected on Toinette's uniform assurances of her mother's goodness to her, and wisely thinking that his presence would only make bad matters worse he went slowly home.

For weeks after this Toinette was not permitted to stir from the house alone. If she put on her hat, her mother put on her own, and saying, grimly, "If you're going out, I'll go along too," walked silent by her side. At last Toinette gave up going out at all. Sad and silent she sat in the house, doing nothing, growing pale and ill each day. Old Massy's inexorable heart was nearly broken. She tried to make Toinette promise never to marry Ramby. "I'll never promise that, mam, — not if you kill me," was Toinette's answer. She tried to make her promise not to see him again. "I won't promise ye that neither," said Toinette. "I love him, and I don't care who knows it; and there's nobody else in all the world that cares for me, or ever did, mam, and you know that."

"Oh, child, child!" moaned old Massy, "hain't I cared for ye?"

"Yes," said Toinette, sullenly. "I suppose ye could n't help it, being my mother; but you're going to work to kill me now."

After this talk, Massy relented so far that she permitted Toinette to go and come alone and untrammelled as before; but whenever the poor child left the

house, her mother's last words to her always were, —

"If you see Ramby Karns anywhere, you just remember that every word you speak to him is a-disobeyin' of me. That's all." And on Toinette's return the first question was, "Did you see him?" the second, "Did you speak to him?"

It was partly in evasion of these inquiries that Ramby and Toinette had invented their system of signaling to each other over the cliffs; partly, also, because, as Ramby was sure to be on that part of the beach every night, and the cliffs were not far distant from old Massy's house, Toinette could see him there on many an evening when there was no chance of their meeting elsewhere. Their system of signaling was pathetic in its simplicity: a green bough waved in circles meant "All well;" lifted up three times in a straight line it meant "Will you come to-night?" waved horizontally it meant "No;" dropped over the cliff, or thrown in the water, it meant "Yes;" and spreading the arms at full length, then bringing the palms of the hands close together, meant "Good-by." The slender figure of Toinette, poised on the edge of the precipice, and relieved against the glowing western sky, as she made these graceful and mysterious movements, might have been taken for that of some ancient priestess performing solemn out-door rites; but there was never a human creature to admire or to wonder at the picture; nobody but Toinette ever walked on the cliffs, and nobody but Ramby ever looked up at them from the beach below.

On the evening when we have described Toinette as groping her way through the mist, she had signaled to Ramby that she would be down that night. Her mother, who had been nearly helpless from rheumatism for several days, had very reluctantly given her money to buy some groceries of which they were in real need. Usually old Massy made all such purchases herself, never sending Toinette to the stores, where she would be in danger of meeting Ramby. But rheumatism and hun-

ger had combined to break down her precautions for once, and she had inwardly groaned to see the light-heartedness with which Toinette set off on the errand.

There is but one public and open road on Block Island. All the rest lead through everybody's yards, shut up by countless strait and narrow gates; and nobody can get anywhere without passing through these gates, and going up and down innumerable low but steep hills. It is difficult to account for the "lay of the land" on Block Island; "lay" is hardly the right word to apply to it, however. There is not a level half acre on the island; it must have cooled off very suddenly in midst of a tremendous boil. It is a confusion of bubble-like hills: none of them high; most of them so low that it is a marvel how they contrive to be so steep.

With the roads down from the cliffs to the little settlement around the wharf, where the stores were, Toinette was not at all familiar; and as she groped along, literally feeling her way by the fences, she found herself bewildered and lost. At last, opening a particularly heavy and difficult gate, she found herself in old Hans Ericson's cow-yard. Hans and his two sons were milking, and they each had a lantern. As the red beams of the lantern fell upon Toinette's face and figure, in the shifting mists, she looked unreal enough to terrify any man. Old Hans dropped his milk-pail, and exclaimed, "Mein Gott, vat ish dat!"

"Only me, Mr. Ericson," said Toinette, in a gentle voice. "I have lost my way. Mother sent me down after some meal; but I don't believe I can find my way in the fog. I did n't think I was anywhere near your house."

"How did you kommen dis vay?" said Hans in great perplexity, knowing that Toinette's home was a long way to the north of his.

"Oh," replied Toinette, "I have been up on the cliffs; I did n't come straight from home."

"So, so," said Hans, "dat ish vay. Now you takes mine lantern; you cannot go mitout lantern. It vill pe vorse,

an' not petter. You brings back to-morrow."

Toinette thanked the old man, and very gratefully took the lantern; indeed, without it, she might have groped all night long in the fog. She was now so far from the public road that it was better to keep on from yard to yard, in the line of the cottages nearest the shore, than to try to return to the highway. The surf thundered on the beach; the wind drove great sheets of the mist, like wet avalanches, over Toinette, as, with head bent down, and her lantern held firm in front of her breast, she toiled along. It was a frightful night; no one but a Block Islander could have believed such a night possible in midsummer. Presently she saw flashing lights of lanterns darting here and there, just before her; heard cries of men and the creaking of ropes and masts. She was close upon the quay; in a moment more she was in the centre of a group of men who were watching the coming in of a small boat. One light at its prow rose and sank, and rose and sank, with irregular motions, as the boat was tossed on the rough waves. Toinette pressed eagerly forward.

"Why, if there ain't Massy Sprague's gal!" said one of the men. "What's she doin' down here at this time o' night!"

Toinette shrank back into the gloom, and put her lantern down on the ground. The hubbub increased. The men in the boat called to those on shore; and those on shore answered back, and waved their lanterns high.

"Can we make it?"

"Ay, ay!" "All right!" "Bear to the left!" "Starboard, man, starboard!" The hoarse cries seemed half stifled in the heavy fog. At last the boat grated against the little stony quay, and, to the unutterable surprise of the Block Islanders, there stepped out two ladies. The skipper of the boat, standing with one foot on the gunwale, shouted, "Take care of 'em, will ye! I promised to see 'em ashore, but I darsen't come off. I must get back on the boat. We've had the devil's own time beating down from

Newport; been fourteen hours doin' it. Must get back somehow before to-morrow morning;" and he pushed his boat off again, and disappeared in the fog.

"Will some one be so good as to show us the way to the hotel?" said one of the women, in a voice which thrilled on Toinette's ears. "I believe it is only a short distance from the landing."

"I'll show you! I have a lantern!" exclaimed Toinette, springing forward. "Let me show you." The men, who had stood silent in the first instant of their astonishment, now crowded up, sheepishly, with their late offers of assistance; but the lady waved them all back, saying, —

"Thanks; this girl will show us the way. We need no other help; we can carry our bags; they are not heavy;" and she and her companion both turned to Toinette with so resolute an air of dismissal to the others that they all fell back, discomfited and vexed.

"What in thunder brought that gal down here!" exclaimed one.

"She's as much a witch as her old mother," replied another. "That old Massy Sprague 'd ha' been hung twice over, I expect, if she 'd ha' had her rights."

Incidents were so rare in the monotonous Block Island life that these men actually grudged Toinette the opportunity she had snatched of walking up to the hotel with the strangers. And if it were a thing to be coveted by even these coarse fishermen, what was it to poor, lonely, uneducated, groping Toinette! In the twinkling of an eye, the girl felt herself lifted into a new world by the chance companionship of these two women, who had come from a sphere so different from all which she had hitherto known. With eyes which were hungry in their eagerness, she scanned every point in their attire, which she could see by the shifting light of the lantern beams; with ears strained and alert, as if listening to music, she hearkened to every word they spoke. Much which had hitherto lain dormant in her nature sprang into sudden life, even in these first few instants of the novel relation in which she found herself.

"Kitty," said the elder woman, "this is more than we bargained for, is n't it? Are you very wet?"

"Yes, as wet and slippery as a seal," replied the girl, laughing; "but it's perfectly splendid. I would n't have missed it for anything. But I'm glad this girl came with us, instead of any of those rough men."

"They would n't have hurt ye, any on 'em," interposed Toinette, eagerly. "There ain't a man on all the island 'd harm a woman."

Toinette's voice was singularly low and deep: as she spoke, both the women turned surprised glances towards her; but she was holding the lantern very low, so as to light the path, and nothing could be seen of her face underneath her limp and dripping sunbonnet. At this moment rapid steps were heard following them and cries of "Toinette! Toinette!"

Toinette stopped. "That's Ramby," she said, simply.

"What are you stopping for?" said the elder woman sharply. "Don't keep us standing here in this rain."

Before she had finished her sentence, Ramby came plunging headlong up the path; one of the men on the quay had told him that Toinette had gone up to the hotel with two strangers, and the faithful Ramby had followed.

"This is Ramby," reiterated Toinette, still not offering to move, while Ramby stood awkwardly looking at all three. The red lantern beams flickered fantastically over his black face, which, being wet with the fog, glistened more than usual.

The woman laughed. "And who is Ramby?" she said, quietly giving him the traveling-bag which he had stretched out his hand to take, saying curtly, "Take your bags, ma'am."

"Ramby is my" — Toinette stopped short. She did not know any substantive which could properly complete her definition, so she added, stammeringly, "Ramby."

The two women pressed each other's arms, in token of the deliciousness of this revelation of the simplicity of the Block Island natives, and the elder said

kindly, "Very well; your Ramby can carry our bags to the hotel, and the sooner we get there the better. Do you often have weather like this in July?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," said Toinette and Ramby, simultaneously. "It is like this half the time."

"Then I should not like to live here," rejoined Kitty.

"No, ma'am," said Ramby gravely, "I don't reckon you would;" and they walked on in silence, both Ramby and Toinette full of wonder as to what could have brought these strangers to their island.

As they stepped into the dimly lighted hall of the little inn, Toinette threw back her wet sun-bonnet; at sight of her face, the elder of the two women uttered an exclamation of surprise at her beauty. "Why, Kitty," she said in a low tone, "the girl is an Andalusian! I had a maid in Seville who was just like her, only not half so handsome."

"Hush, Bell!" replied Kitty, "the man is listening."

No word or look which concerned Toinette ever escaped Ramby. He had heard the first sentence distinctly, all but the word "Andalusian." He stood quietly at one side while the ladies made their arrangements with the landlord; then, thanking Toinette, they pressed upon her a small sum of money, which Toinette refused, Ramby thought, with unnecessary vehemence. Toinette was in haste to be gone; she dreaded the storm, but she still more dreaded her mother.

"Come, Ramby, come!" she said, her eyes all the while lingering hungrily on the two strangers' faces. "Come; mother 'll scold awful, I'm so late." On the threshold Ramby turned back.

"I've forgot something," he said. "Wait a bit." Returning to the room, he said, hurriedly, "Please, ma'am, what did you say Toinette was?"

The women looked amazed. "Oh," said Bell, recollecting, "I said she was an Andalusian."

"What's that, ma'am?" asked Ramby respectfully.

Bell laughed.

"Nothing bad, Ramby," she said; "only the name of some people who live in Spain. They are the handsomest people in all Spain. It was a compliment to Toinette, Ramby, that's all."

"Are they all the color Toinette is?" asked Ramby, earnestly.

"No,—some lighter, some darker," answered Mrs. Ainsworth, scrutinizing closely the countenance of the negro who asked these significant questions. Ramby turned to go.

"Thank ye, ma'am," he said; then, hesitating and taking a step backward, he added, in a tone husky with feeling, "Any 's dark 's me, is there?"

"Yes, I think so," said Mrs. Ainsworth, kindly; and Ramby, with a nod meant to be a bow, disappeared.

"Bell Ainsworth, how could you tell such a lie!" exclaimed her friend; "you never saw in all Spain a Spaniard as black as that man. He's a genuine negro."

"But, Kitty," returned Mrs. Ainsworth, "don't you see the whole story? The poor fellow is in love with this beautiful creature, who hasn't a drop of black blood in her veins. He worships the ground she walks on. How could I say anything but Yes? If I never do anything worse than tell that lie, I shall be lucky. Besides, Othello the Moor was as black as Ramby; he's always painted so, and half the Andalusians are Moors. I mean to see if I can't take that girl away with me," she added. "It's a shame for her to be buried here."

"What to do with her, Bell?" asked the practical Kitty, who had before now seen Mrs. Ainsworth's schemes melt away in thin air.

"Do with her! Why, she would make an entrancing lady's maid," said Mrs. Ainsworth. "Just to see the reflection of her face in the looking-glass, while she was dressing my hair, would be as good as having one of Murillo's portraits on the wall."

"I think she has a faithful nature," replied Kitty, thoughtfully. "She has what they call the look of the dog-soul in her eyes. I don't believe she'd leave her Ramby."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mrs. Ainsworth. "You're a sentimentalist, Kitty, and always will be. Wager me something I won't carry her back to Newport with us day after to-morrow."

"No, I won't wager you anything," replied Kitty, "for if I do you'll be sure to take the girl, if you have to kidnap her; and I'm by no means sure you'd do her any kindness to carry her to Newport."

Mrs. Ainsworth made no reply, but, compressing her rosy lips into a mischievous pout, took her friend by the shoulders, gave her a hearty shake, and then ran out of the room to talk with the landlord.

It was an odd freak which had taken Mrs. Bell Ainsworth and her friend, Kitty Strong, from Newport to Block Island. As they were landing at one of the Newport wharves, one day, after a pleasure sail in the harbor, the Block Island schooner was unloading her cargo of fish and vegetables at the same wharf. Two of the Block Island women were sitting on the deck. The old-fashioned and unworldly look of the women caught Mrs. Ainsworth's eye.

"Oh, where did those Rip Van Winkles come from?" she exclaimed.

"They're Block Islanders," replied one of the sailors. "Cur'us critters, them Block Islanders are. They're all web-footed. You can't drown one on 'em no more than you can a Newfoundland dog,—not a mite!"

All Mrs. Ainsworth's gay friends lifted up their voices and warned her not to go to Block Island; said that she might be kept there, nobody knew how long; that one year the election returns from Rhode Island were delayed three weeks, because there had been no communication between Block Island and the main-land during that time, and then when the returns came it was found that the Block Islanders had voted on the last year's ticket. Moreover, the island was haunted. The phantom of the ship *Palatine* sailed round and round the island, blazing with phantom fire; only certain persons could see it, and it was a sure presage of ill luck to them. With

each remonstrance Mrs. Ainsworth's desire to visit the island increased, until she declared at last that she would go alone, if nobody would go with her. Finally, she succeeded in organizing a party of six; but at the last moment two of the party refused to go, and two more refused to land when they saw the rough waters, after actually reaching the island. Only Kitty Strong had had courage to persevere; and she had done so more from love for her capricious and willful friend than from any interest in the adventure itself.

The next morning, early, they set out for an exploration of the island. The wooden seats of the wagon were but thinly covered by a worn buffalo robe, and at the first few jolts over the stony and uneven roads Kitty cried out, in dismay, "Bell, you may shatter your bones in this crazy vehicle if you like; I am going to get out and walk!"

"Very well, I'll walk, then," replied Bell. "It can't be a very difficult matter to walk all over the island;" and they dismissed the much-discomfited driver, who had had visions of a golden harvest to be reaped from these eccentric fashionable ladies who were bent on seeing the whole of Block Island.

Walking in the sand was harder than they had supposed, and before long they struck off from the road, and began to climb fences and walk in the fields.

"No woods anywhere!" exclaimed Bell. "How horrid!" At that moment she caught sight of a gleaming blue lake at the foot of the low hill they had just climbed.

It was a beautiful picture: the grass was green to the water's edge; in fact, it was green beyond it, for the lake was higher than the usual margin, so that it was surrounded by a low fringe of waving grasses growing in water. Thickly sprinkled among these were great pond-lilies. Nowhere in the world are there such pond-lilies as grow in the strange, hill-locked fresh-water lakes of this little ocean-swept island. They often measure from eight to ten inches in diameter when fully open, and the petals are three or four inches long.

"Gracious, Bell!" cried Kitty, "what are those white flowers? They can't be pond-lilies!"

"But they are!" said Mrs. Ainsworth. "I'm going to wade in and get some."

Daintily, tantalizingly, the regal flowers floated and swayed in their safe harbors. Even Bell Ainsworth dared not try to wade out to them.

"I'll hire a boy to come and pick some for us," she said at last, discontentedly turning away, and beginning to climb another hill to the right. When they reached the top they looked over into just such another cup-like hollow, with a blue lake at the bottom, set in a rim of bright green grass, starred with white lilies. A slender figure was slowly coming up the side of the hill towards them. Mrs. Ainsworth put up her eyeglasses to look at her, and exclaimed, "What luck! That's Toinette, I do believe."

"And she has a basket of lilies!" cried Kitty. "We'll buy them of her. How charming! Bell, you always do trail adventures after you wherever you go."

When Toinette first saw the ladies standing still and gazing at her, she stopped, flushed all over, and then walked rapidly towards them.

"Good morning, Toinette," said Mrs. Ainsworth. "We were just saying we must hire a boy to come and get some of these beautiful lilies for us. But we would much rather buy them of you. Will you sell them to us?" Toinette colored again, a deeper red. Her large dark eyes filled with tears.

"I got 'em on purpose for you, ladies," she said, looking bashfully down at her muddy bare feet and legs. "I was going to carry 'em to the hotel to-morrow. I thought you'd like 'em. I shan't sell 'em, though."

"No, indeed, child," said Mrs. Ainsworth, lightly; "you shall give them to us, and welcome. Come home with us, and show us a new way to go."

Toinette shook her head. "Mam won't let me go to-day. I was down yesterday," she said.

"Do you live near here, Toinette?"

asked Mrs. Ainsworth, with a sudden resolution in her tone.

Toinette pointed to a thin curl of smoke creeping over a hill a few rods off. "That's our chimney," she said.

"We'll walk home with you, and ask your mother," said Mrs. Ainsworth.

Toinette's face glowed, but she said nothing as she led the way.

Old Massy Sprague was not an inviting sight, as she stood in her door-way that noon. She grew darker and darker, and more and more grim every month. Her hopeless sorrow and helpless anger over Toinette's love for Ramby were really killing her by inches. Janger, the bull-dog, snarled and sprang viciously out to the full length of his chain, as he saw strangers approaching. Even Toinette's presence did not reconcile him to their appearance. Old Massy took her pipe out of her mouth, and, staring at the strangers, said, "Still, Janger!"

"Mam! mam!" exclaimed Toinette, "here are the ladies I telled ye about, that come last night."

"How d' ye do," said Massy, with a faint dawn of a smile on her face. "Will ye come in and be seated?"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Ainsworth, "that is just what we should like," and she followed the old woman in. No sooner had her eye fallen upon the china in the cupboard on the wall than she bounded across the room, exclaiming, "Why, where in the world did you get that lovely china?" and her eyes sparkled with the delight of a connoisseur.

Massy smiled, grimly. "Ye knows chany when ye sees it, ma'am," she said. It gave the old woman pleasure to see her treasures appreciated. "There's nobody here knows the difference between them cups and them mugs, only the mugs is the brightest color."

"The mugs are very pretty," said Mrs. Ainsworth, "but the cups! Why, I've never but once or twice in my life seen such cups."

"I dessay not," replied Massy. "The king of Holland has drunk out of them cups."

"Do tell me how you got them!" asked Mrs. Ainsworth.

"They was brought over in the same ship my mother came over in," replied Massy, evasively.

"Oh, the Palatine!" cried Kitty. "Did your mother really come over in that ship? And have you ever seen the phantom of it which they say sails around the island?"

"Lor', yes, lots o' times," said Massy; "but I hain't seen it now for goin' on twenty year. They say it's a cruisin' now off the south shore."

"Ramby's seen it," interposed Toinette, eagerly.

Old Massy's face darkened, and she cast a stern look at Toinette, who colored and looked distressed.

Unconscious Mrs. Ainsworth followed with the unlucky remark, "We saw Ramby last night" —

She was going on to say more, when Toinette gasped, "Oh, don't, ma'am!" and ran out of the room.

"What is the matter with the child?" asked Mrs. Ainsworth, in bewilderment.

Old Massy drew herself up to her full height, and, in spite of her squalor and rags, there was almost a tragic dignity in her figure, as she replied, "The matter is, ma'am, that she's an ungrateful, disobedient gal. She's a-goin' with that nigger now these three years, an' she knows it's draggin' me down into my grave to see it. But I hain't got no power to prevent it, an' 's soon's I'm under-ground she'll marry him. I'd rather bury her any day, an' she's all I've got in the world."

"Why, is he a bad man?" asked Kitty, innocently.

"He's a nigger!" thundered old Massy, in a voice one would not have supposed could have come from a woman's lips. "He's a nigger, an' that's enough." Mrs. Ainsworth and her friend looked puzzled. Massy continued in a sneering tone: "Perhaps you take me an' my daughter for niggers. Folks generally does, an' I let 'em if they want to. But we're East Indians, an' my mother and father, an' their mother an' father before 'em, tended on them who went to courts all their lives. My mother's cooked dinners for the king, and

held the king's children on her knees; and if Toinette had any pride she'd live an' die to herself, as I've done. But she hain't any; she'll marry that nigger's soon's I'm under-ground;" and tears, too hot to fall, stood in the old woman's eyes.

"Why don't you send her away?" asked Mrs. Ainsworth; "she would soon forget him." Kitty looked reproachfully at her friend.

"Send her away!" said Massy. "I look like it, don't I! How'd I send her away, I wonder. I hain't got ships and folks to go to; we're all that's left of my people, — we two."

"I'll take her with me, if you'll let me," said Mrs. Ainsworth, eagerly.

Old Massy rose again, walked rapidly across the floor, and, standing so near that her rags brushed against Mrs. Ainsworth's dainty garments, scrutinized her in silence for a moment. Then, "Be ye rich?" she said, fiercely.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ainsworth, half cowering under the old woman's gaze, "I am very rich, and I will make Toinette comfortable, and take good care of her."

"To be your child?" asked Massy.

Mrs. Ainsworth flushed. "Oh, no," she said, "I had no idea of that. I thought" — She hesitated, half afraid to suggest the idea of service to this East Indian princess in rags. "I thought you might like to have her earn some money."

"Oh, to wait on ye, ye mean," said Massy, in an altered voice.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ainsworth, more resolutely, now that Massy herself had phrased her meaning. "I said to my friend here last night that I would like to take Toinette home with me as my own maid. She would soon learn all that is needed. I would give her good wages."

"I don't care nothin' about the money," interrupted Massy. "I've got all I need here. We kin live off the place. But I'd like to have the child got off this island, ma'am. I donno but you was sent here for that; I've been a-prayin' an' a-prayin' that some way'd

open. I'll give ye my answer to-morrow, ma'am, if that'll suit ye. Ye look real kind and good. Ye'd be good to the child, would n't ye, now?" she added, bending her head on one side, and studying Mrs. Ainsworth's face with an earnestness of gaze which was pathetic.

"Indeed, I will be good to her; you need not fear," replied Mrs. Ainsworth.

"Perhaps Toinette will not want to go," interposed Kitty. "She won't like to leave you here all alone."

"She'll go, fast enough," said Mussy, doggedly. "She's been out of her head, about, tellin' me all ye wore an' said, an' how ye looked. Ye see the child's never saw a lady in her life till she see you; and she knowed the difference as soon's she set eyes on ye. An' that's what I've always been a-tellin' her, but she would n't believe me; she could n't, I suppose; nobody can't without seein' for themselves. I've always told her that she did n't know anything, cooped up here on this island; she'd see that that nigger was n't no mate for her, if she ever got a chance to see anybody else."

"He seems to love her very much," said Kitty, sadly, "and he looks good and honest."

Old Mussy flamed. "I think it's likely he does love her; she's a gal might hold up her head anywhere in God's world for looks; and ye know it, ladies, 's well 's I do. That's what's killin' me, to see her goin' with a nigger. He's honest enough, so far's I know. But he's got no right to set so much 's his eyes on a gal o' mine," and Mussy clinched both her fists in impatient rage.

When old Mussy told Toinette of Mrs. Ainsworth's proposition, the girl's face turned white. Her eyes gleamed, and she opened her lips twice without uttering a sound. Then she gasped, "Did she mean it, mam? Did she really mean it, do you think?"

"Then ye'd like to go?" said Mussy, slowly, eying her daughter's face keenly.

"Oh, mam, yes!" cried Toinette. "Could ye spare me? Ye could n't get

on alone, could ye, mam? I reckon I had n't ought to go."

This was a moment of something nearer happiness than old Mussy had known for many months. The thought of Ramby had evidently not crossed Toinette's mind. Mussy had supposed it would be the first thing she would think of. But even Mussy did not know how powerfully Toinette had been wrought upon by the presence of these women, — these beings from another world.

"Yes, child, I'd get on without ye; at any rate, for a spell. I'd like ye to see something o' the world; an' I've always told ye, ye had n't no chance here. I'd like ye to go; but I'll go an' ask about these folks. 'Tain't right to send ye off with strangers nobody don't know nothin' about. I think they're nice folks, though. She's a real lady, anyhow."

"Yes, mam, that she is," said Toinette, enthusiastically. "They're both beautiful, but the young lady has n't got such a nice voice. The other one's voice is just like the singin' at meetin'."

Mrs. Ainsworth would have considered this comparison but a dubious compliment, had she been familiar with the sounds produced by the Block Island choir. They meant music to Toinette, however, and when she first heard Mrs. Ainsworth speak, the resemblance had occurred to her.

Toinette felt like one walking in a dream. She went over into the old grave-yard, and sat down on one of the fallen grave-stones to think. It was a sunny day: the sky was clear and blue, and little breezy clouds were hurrying about in different directions on cross-currents. Toinette looked up at them; for the first time in her life, she wondered where they were going. All things took on new significance to her, since her own life seemed to have a future; all nature seemed to be made up of vistas, now that one had opened before her. Ramby was in her thoughts, also, and she felt a genuine and tender regret at leaving him; but the idea of staying behind on his account did not occur to her. She pictured herself as

coming back to see him, and bringing him reports of all that had happened to her in the new and wonderful world upon which she would enter when she sailed away from the island. She pictured herself as buying little gifts for him and sending them down by the captain of the schooner. She thought possibly Ramby might come up to Newport, some day, to see her, and what a pleasure it would be to show him everything. Poor Toinette! she was sixteen years old by the calendar of the days of her life, but her heart was the heart of a little child.

Early in the afternoon old Massy put on her antique bonnet and the remains of a scarlet cashmere shawl which had belonged to the wife of an Amsterdam merchant more than a hundred years before. Looking at herself cynically in the bit of broken looking-glass set up on the top of the cupboard, she said to Toinette, "Spect I scare folks, don't I, child? I do look bad, there 's no denyin' it."

"No, indeed, mam," said the affectionate girl; "you always look good if your clothes be ragged," and she kissed her.

"I shan't be home before night," said Massy. "I can't walk 's I used to. What 'll ye do, child?"

"I 'll go down on the cliffs, I reckon," said Toinette, guiltily.

Ramby had told her the night before that he would go for the cows very early, so as to have time to climb up into a ravine where they often met for a few moments' talk; Toinette lowering herself carefully from shrub to shrub, and Ramby climbing up in the same way on the slope of one of the lowest of the cliffs.

"I don't see what ye 're so fond o' the cliffs for," said Massy, as she left the house. "Ye 'll be seein' the blazin' ship one o' these days, if ye ain't careful; always lookin' off to sea, as you be."

"I 'd like to see it, mam," said Toinette. "Everybody 's seen it but me."

"Better not. It don't bring no good to nobody," said Massy, gravely.

Toinette had been lying on the cliffs for an hour before Ramby appeared be-

low. The time had seemed short to her, so absorbed had she been in the anticipations of her new life. As soon as she saw Ramby she sprang to her feet, and made such haste down the ravine that she met him only a little way from the bottom.

"Why, Toinette," he exclaimed, "ye come down like a wild cat! What 's a-hurryin' ye so?"

"Oh, Ramby, such news!" cried the girl, and she poured out her tale.

Ramby's first words, strangely enough, were the same old Massy had used: "Then ye 'd like to go, would ye?" and he eyed Toinette's face as keenly as her mother had done. The face and the words told but one tale. Ramby made no opposition to the plan. The love in the heart of this untaught black man was as unselfish as could have been found under the fairest of Saxon skins. "I expect it 's a great chance for you," he said, slowly. "I suppose there 's no knowin' when you 'll come back."

"Oh, I shan't stay long," said Toinette, vaguely, but confidently. "I shall come back to see you and mam. I 'm to have wages; so I shall have money enough to come as often 's I want to."

"I don't expect ye 'll want to come very often," said Ramby, quietly.

Something in his tone dampened Toinette's gladness. "Why, Ramby," she said, "ye ain't sorry, are ye? Ye would n't have me miss it, now, would ye, Ramby? I wish she wanted us both to go."

"I could n't leave father, anyhow," said Ramby. "If it wa'n't for that, I 'd go right up along with ye, and get work to do there, too. I expect there 's plenty to do to earn a good livin' in Newport. But I 'll make out to run up an' see ye, Toinette, that 's certain."

Ramby missed something in Toinette's kiss when they parted that night; he could not have told what. Many a lover has vainly puzzled himself over the same sort of undefinable hurt. The difference between being a human heart's sole interest and being even its chief interest is the difference between love's

absolute happiness and love's contented resignation. One does not complain of the latter; it would be unreasonable; but when one has once known the fullness of the first, all else and less must seem poor in comparison.

Old Massy's inquiries in regard to Mrs. Ainsworth were more than satisfactory. The captain of the schooner which ran regularly to Newport was an inquisitive fellow, who amused himself, in the intervals of time which he had on his hands there, by roaming over the town and picking up information about everybody. He knew Mrs. Ainsworth by sight, and gave old Massy an amount of detailed information about her house, horses, way of living, and so forth which it would have astonished that lady to hear circulating on Block Island. After leaving Skipper Ericson, Massy went to the hotel, and had a long interview with Mrs. Ainsworth. All was satisfactorily arranged. Mrs. Ainsworth was to set off for Newport at noon the next day, if the wind were favorable, and Massy promised to be on the wharf with Toinette at that time.

A strong south wind blew fair and free all night, and did not die away at dawn; and at eleven o'clock Skipper Ericson was ready to set sail for Newport. Mrs. Ainsworth and her friend were on board about as soon as he, and he was impatient to get off.

"But you said at noon," urged Mrs. Ainsworth; "and I told the girl who is going up with us to be here at twelve. We must wait for her; we must go ashore if you will not wait for her. I shall not leave her."

"Massy Sprague's gal?" said the skipper.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ainsworth. "Do you know her?"

"No," said the skipper; "there don't nobody know her. Her mother's an old witch. She come off the Palatine; leas'tways, her folks did. There was a kind o' colony on 'em that always kept to themselves, and would n't have nothin' to do with the colored folks here. These two is all that's left. The gal's putty for a yellow gal. That fellow there, he's

goin' to marry her, they say," and the skipper pointed to Ramby, who was cutting up and cleaning fish in front of his cabin, a few rods off from the wharf. Ramby's feet and legs were bare; his trousers rolled up high above his knees, his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his shoulders; every muscle of his well-knitted body stood out in relief in the sun; his head was large and well set on his neck, and as he moved swiftly about his work Mrs. Ainsworth whispered to Kitty, —

"If he were white, would n't he be a splendid fellow?"

"I think he is as it is," said Kitty, stoutly. "He's a noble fellow, and I think you're doing a cruel thing, taking this child away from him."

"Why, he can't marry her," said Mrs. Ainsworth.

"No, but she's safe here, and close to him, and they are comparatively happy; that old woman can't live long, and then they could be married. And you don't know what'll happen to the girl in Newport."

"Pshaw, Kitty!" said Mrs. Ainsworth.

"There you are at your sentimentalizing again. The girl will have a chance to earn money and improve herself, and no harm can come to her in my house, that's certain."

"Not so certain," thought Kitty Strong to herself, but she said nothing.

At this moment, Toinette was seen running breathlessly down the beach, carrying a small bundle in her hand.

"Why what's the matter with the child? She's crying hard!" exclaimed Mrs. Ainsworth. "And where's the mother? She was to come to see her off."

"May be she's changed her mind," said the skipper. "She's the devil's own dame, old Massy is; and the gal's as afraid of her as death, I've heard say."

Ramby looked up at the sound of Toinette's steps, threw down his knife, and bounded towards her.

"Oh, Toinette, be ye goin'?" he said.

"Yes; mam made me!" sobbed Toinette. "I did n't want to. Mam's real sick in bed; she can't hardly stir, but

she just drove me out. I darsen't stay; but I'm afraid she'll die, an' there ain't nobody to go near her, if I'm gone."

The two were walking slowly towards the boat, Toinette crying audibly. Mrs. Ainsworth sprang on shore, and met them.

"My poor child, what is the matter?" she said.

"Mam made me come," said Toinette, crying still harder. "She 's sick. I'd go back if I darst, but I darsen't."

Mrs. Ainsworth looked at Ramby. His face was full of sorrow and perplexity.

"Is there no one who will go to the old woman?" said Mrs. Ainsworth.

Ramby shook his head. "There 's plenty 'ud go," he said, "but they're all afraid of her."

Skipper Ericson was growing very impatient; the south wind is a treacherous promiser, as all sailors know.

"If this wind dies down," he said to Kitty Strong, "we 'll not make Newport to-night, that 's all."

"Oh, Bell, do hurry!" called Kitty. "Let the girl stay; she can come up next week."

"Oh, I darsen't stay; I 'll have to go with ye!" cried poor Toinette. "Mam said she would n't let me into the house if I came back! I expect she 'll die."

Mrs. Ainsworth took out her purse, and gave Ramby a sum of money larger than he had ever before held in his hand at once.

"There!" she said, "take that, Ramby. You can surely hire somebody to go up to the house and stay. Wait," she added, hastily writing a few lines upon the back of an envelope. "There is my address. You write — You can write, can't you?" Ramby nodded. "You write and tell us how Mrs. Sprague is. Come, Toinette," and Mrs. Ainsworth took the girl by the hand. Toinette broke from her hold, threw her little bundle of clothes on the ground, and flinging her arms round Ramby's neck kissed him over and over, crying, —

"Oh, Ramby, I don't want to leave ye, — 'deed I don't."

Ramby's face was convulsed, but he

did not shed a tear, and only said, as he kissed her, "Don't take on so, Toinette. You 'll be glad when ye get there. It 's lots better for ye to go. Don't take on, now," and he gently but firmly led her to the boat.

"Thank ye, ma'am, thank ye," he said to Mrs. Ainsworth. "I 'll send ye an account of the money. I know a woman who 'll go for money."

"Who is it, Ramby? Who is it?" called Toinette from the deck. But Ramby's answer was lost in the noise of the creaking sails and rattling chains. Skipper Ericson was making all possible haste to get under way. The boat rocked. Toinette sank helplessly down on a stack of fish, buried her face in her hands, and cried bitterly; and Mrs. Ainsworth looked at Kitty in dismay, and said in a whisper, —

"How disagreeable! What in the world shall I do with the girl if she 's going to act like this!"

"Don't be afeard, ma'am," said the skipper who had overheard the whisper, "don't be afeard; she 'll come to directly. 'Tain't no great misfortin to be took away from Block Island, an' that gal knows it 's well 's anybody. She 'll come to."

II.

Great was the astonishment in Mrs. Ainsworth's household when that lady appeared, at eleven o'clock that night, accompanied by what her elegant Irish coachman politely characterized as a "half-naked, half-drowned nigger." This was rather too severe a description of Toinette's appearance, yet it must be owned it was not wholly undeserved. The girl's thin calico gown was drenched with salt-water and clung like a bathing-dress to her figure. Her little old calico sun-bonnet was also wet, and flapped about her face limp and shapeless. Her eyes were swollen with crying, and her lips pouted like an unhappy child's. She was thoroughly frightened, too, at the newness of all her surroundings, and also at an indefinable change in Mrs. Ainsworth's manner towards her. All the

beauty, all the grace, of the child's face and bearing seemed suddenly to have disappeared, and Mrs. Ainsworth's disappointment and perplexity gave to her tone in speaking to her a certain coldness which the kindness of her words could not quite do away with. Toinette would have given her right hand to be back again on her lonely island. She glanced about her furtively, like a hunted wild animal. The brilliant lights of the splendidly appointed house dazzled her eyes. The soft carpets made her afraid to step. The superciliousness in the looks of the finely clothed servants seemed to her like hatred; and when, in reply to a scarcely respectful inquiry from one of them to her mistress as to "where this person was to sleep," pointing to Toinette, Mrs. Ainsworth had replied petulantly, "Goodness! don't bother me about that! There are rooms enough in this house. Give her something to eat, and put her to bed somewhere;" and then, turning to Toinette, had said indifferently, "Now, eat your supper, child, and go to bed; and for Heaven's sake don't get up in the morning with such a face as that!" poor Toinette's cup of misery was full. She could not swallow a morsel of the food set before her, and when she lay down on her bed, though it was softer than she had ever dreamed a bed could be, she tossed and turned and cried for hours.

But in the morning all was changed. Mrs. Ainsworth was a kind-hearted woman underneath all the sensuousness and love of pleasure which her luxurious life had fostered, and her first thought on waking was, "Dear me! I'm afraid I was cross to that poor little thing last night; I was so cold and tired and seasick. Marie, Marie!" she called to her maid. "Is that poor little Block Islander up yet?"

"The colored girl, ma'am?" asked Marie, with no very pleasant tone.

"She isn't a colored girl, any more than you are yourself," answered Mrs. Ainsworth emphatically. "She's an East Indian; and I'm going to keep her, and have her taught to take care of herself; she's lived like a heathen. Now

you be good to her, Marie. I'll give you my black grenadine if you'll give her that little blue gingham of yours. It will just about fit her. I'm sure I can't have her going about in that rag she wore yesterday. I'll get her some clothes to-day, and have her made decent."

Marie was all smiles and complaisance immediately, and when she entered Toinette's room she had voluntarily added a neat white petticoat and apron to the gift of the blue gingham; also a bit of ruffle for Toinette's neck, and a little knot of black ribbon.

"Here," she said not unkindly. "Mrs. Ainsworth wants you to put on these clothes. They're all mine, but we're about of a size; they'll do for you till she gets you some others."

Toinette was sitting on the floor, her arms crossed on the window-sill, gazing out to sea. She had been sitting there ever since daybreak, revolving in her mind wild impulses of escape and return to Block Island. At the sight of the pretty blue gown and the dainty white apron her eyes lighted up.

"Be them for me?" she said, "for my own?"

The reverential admiration in the child's face pleased Marie's vanity.

"Lor', yes," she said; "you may have 'em and welcome. I've got more clothes than I know what to do with. Mrs. Ainsworth gives me all her gowns."

"Ain't she beautiful!" said Toinette, in an enthusiastic tone.

All the darkness had rolled away from her skies; with the instantaneous transition of an infant, she had passed from sorrow and apprehension to joy and delight. Again the alluring vista of the new life stood open before her, and bounding to her feet she began slowly to undress herself.

"I'm real 'shamed to undress afore ye," she said, with a shy respectfulness of tone which won on Marie still farther. "I hain't never had nothing; mam and me was awful poor. I reckon ye hain't ever been on Block Island have ye?"

"No, thank the Lord!" said Marie, undevoutly. "Mrs. Ainsworth never

takes me when she goes to these outlandish places. My! but you've got pretty hair, child!"

Toinette's hair, which had been loosely coiled and held by an old broken comb, had tumbled down as she put her head through the narrow opening of the blue gingham gown.

"Let me do it up for you," said Marie. "Mrs. Ainsworth likes to see everybody look pretty about her."

"I expect that's the reason she likes you," said little Toinette, honestly; and these words completed the winning over of Marie. With as much care as she would have dressed her mistress's hair, she arranged Toinette's, brushing it all back securely above her ears, and knotting it low behind, leaving a few careless short curls on the forehead. Then she fastened the little knot of black ribbon in the right place at her throat, and, tying on the white apron, led her to Mrs. Ainsworth's bedside; and smiled as beamingly as Toinette herself when Mrs. Ainsworth, looking up from her newspaper, exclaimed, —

"Why, Marie, you've made her look like another creature! Now, Toinette," she continued, "you are to do just what Marie tells you. She'll teach you to sew, and let you help her on my clothes; and nobody else in this house is to have anything to do with you;" and Mrs. Ainsworth returned to her reading, entirely satisfied that she had done the best possible thing for Toinette.

Once installed as Marie's *protégée* and pupil, Toinette's comfort was assured; for Marie was almost as great a power in the Ainsworth establishment as even Mrs. Ainsworth herself. And Toinette soon came to divide her allegiance almost equally between the mistress and the maid. The Frenchwoman was thoroughly kind and good-humored, and her vivacious stories of life in France, and of her experiences, which had been by no means unvaried, in America, were endlessly fascinating to Toinette. Marie was an excellent dress-maker and milliner, and had the true French talent in such work; but Toinette had something better than talent or French training, —

she had the artist's eye and hand. One day, when Marie was trimming a hat for her mistress, and the placing of the feather gave her trouble, Toinette, who was sitting on a low cricket at her feet, said timidly, —

"Marie, would n't it look pretty up there?" indicating the spot with her finger. "I think Mrs. Ainsworth always looks prettiest when the things are noddin' on her head as if they grewed there." It was the unconscious touch of the artist. Marie pinned the feather where the little Block Islander had suggested, and all Newport said how ravishing was Mrs. Ainsworth's French hat.

It was early in June when Mrs. Ainsworth took Toinette from her home. In three months, Toinette's own mother would hardly have known her. Under the combined influence of good food and ease of life the child had grown tall; her figure had developed, and was now even more beautiful than her face. A certain daintiness, which came very near being elegance, always characterized her personal atmosphere, though she wore only the plainest of ginghams and chintzes, and was never seen without a white apron. Marie found her an invaluable assistant. Mrs. Ainsworth often laughed, and said, —

"Marie, how did you get on before we had Toinette? You'll never let her go;" and Mrs. Ainsworth was well content that it should be so. Gradually many of Marie's duties slipped into Toinette's hands. Some things which Marie had always disliked to do were to Toinette simply a delight: the accompanying her mistress to the beach, for instance. Many a lounge on the beach, at the bathing hour, wondered admiringly at the beautiful girl in the dress of a servant who sat motionless in the door of one of the bathing-houses, her eyes fixed on the ocean with a look of yearning love. When Mrs. Ainsworth stepped out of the water, Toinette bounded to meet her, and, throwing a white wrap over her shoulders, walked by her side as absorbed as a lover. If Mrs. Ainsworth had been a woman of deep feeling, she would have seen in Toinette the signs of a devotion

and passion which were dangerous elements in her nature; but Mrs. Ainsworth had never in her life analyzed a character, or thought deeply about life. She was kindly and sensuous, at ease with the world and with herself; and always thought of Toinette, as she spoke of her, as "a dear, affectionate little thing, and such a beauty it's a pleasure to have her in the house."

While days were gliding thus swiftly, smoothly, and transformingly for Toinette in Newport, on Block Island, only a few hours away, they were dragging sadly and monotonously for Toinette's mother and lover. Old Massy had recovered from the illness which she had at the time of Toinette's departure; and Ramby had inclosed to Mrs. Ainsworth, in a pathetically labored and ill-spelled letter the unspent balance of the money she had given him to pay the nurse who took care of her. Massy's one interest in life now was her weekly walk to the post-office, to get her letter from Toinette. When the mails were delayed, she went daily until the letter came. That Ramby went as regularly and patiently as herself, and heard as often from Toinette, old Massy suspected, but asked no questions and gave no sign. Like a true Indian, she buried out of sight the rankling hurt from which she could not free herself. Toinette's letters, at first childish and short, grew each month longer and more mature. Under Marie's affectionate training she was being rapidly taught in more ways than one, and it was increasingly a pleasure to her to write full accounts to her mother of all that happened. Her letters to Ramby were less full; but Ramby did not know this, and found them as satisfying as anything short of the sight of Toinette could be. At last his hunger to look on her face once more grew uncontrollable, and having arranged with some one to take care of his father in his absence he went on board the schooner, one morning, and set out for Newport. Poor Ramby was but a sorry figure to walk the Newport streets. What was barely respectable on Block Island was grotesque shabbiness in Newport.

As he slowly found his way, from street to street, towards the fashionable part of the town, by asking directions at every corner, people turned and gazed in astonishment at him. He looked like a field-hand escaped from some Southern plantation. When at last he reached Mrs. Ainsworth's place, he stood still, in mute wonder. He had never dreamed of anything like this. To his inexperience it looked like a palace.

"I kin never go in there 'n ask after her," thought Ramby. "I expect they 'd drive me away from the door;" and the poor fellow walked up and down, growing more and more unhappy every moment. The house stood on one of the most beautiful of Newport's beautiful cliffs; its towers and balconies glistened in the sun. The greensward of the lawn looked to Ramby like velvet; he peered closely through the slender iron palings at it, wondering if it could really be grass. The great clumps of trees, the white statues, the marble vases filled with gay flowers, all looked to Ramby even more unreal and bewildering than they had to Toinette, when she first saw them. He leaned against a tree on the opposite side of the road, and watched the house.

"I might ketch her, perhaps," he thought, "if she was to come out for anything."

In a few moments, he saw the door open; a party of ladies and gentlemen came out, and stood under the *portecochère*, looking off at the water; some of the ladies wore riding-habits. Presently there came dashing up to the door showy carriages and several saddle-horses; Mrs. Ainsworth and her friends were setting out for their afternoon pleasure. Ramby recognized her, and also Miss Strong; but who, oh who, was that slender figure following behind? Her arms were loaded with wraps, which she gave to the grooms and to the gentlemen; then, turning, she ran back into the house, and brought out more. She wore a tiny white cap with a fluted ruffle, a dark blue gown, and a white apron. She was taller than Toinette had been, and how much prettier! but it was, yes, it was

Toinette herself. With eyes made far-seeing by sudden jealous pain. Ramby saw every glance, every smile, every gesture. He saw the gay people in the carriages lean forward and throw some small, bright-colored things at Toinette's head; saw her laugh, and hold up her apron, into which there fell a rain of the pretty colored balls. They were bonbons which the gay people had brought out from lunch, agreeing with one another to pelt the pretty waiting-maid with them. Toinette was a plaything for them all; a pretty picture she made, as, courtesying again and again, she laughed and showed her white teeth, then turned and ran into the house, — a very pretty picture, but it stabbed the faithful Ramby to the heart.

"Toinette!" he cried, as she disappeared; but the sound of his voice hardly crossed the road. It was not so much a call as a sob. The carriages and the riders dashed by him, and covered him from head to foot with choking dust. He turned his back to the road, and stood motionless till they had passed; then, without one more look at the house which hid Toinette from his gaze, he turned and walked back to the wharf. He went on board the schooner, and sat down in the same corner where three months before Toinette had sat sobbing when she left him. Suddenly he remembered that the skipper might come back, and would wonder to see him there. He did not wish to answer any questions; so he rose slowly, and, walking with uncertain steps, like a man feeble from illness or age, went a long way out on the narrow strip of land leading to Fort Adams. It was a Reception Day at the fort; the flag floated high on the staff, and the band was playing gay music. All these things Ramby noted with that strange sense, at once dulled and keen, of which men are aware when they find themselves benumbed by pain.

When he returned to the schooner all was ready for her departure, and the skipper stood on the deck, looking out for Ramby.

"So, there you are," he said. "Did ye see Toinette?" There had been no secret as to the purpose of Ramby's voy-

age to Newport. Ramby nodded. "Is she all right?" asked the skipper.

"Yes," said Ramby.

"Reckon she's got a first-rate berth up there."

Ramby nodded again, and, curling himself up on a coil of rope at the cabin-door, lighted his pipe and began to smoke.

Skipper Ericson eyed him without appearing to do so. "Reckon the gal's gone back on him," he thought. "Donno 's it 's strange, either;" and the kind-hearted fellow asked no more questions.

When, a few weeks later, Ramby received a letter from Toinette saying that she was to go with Mrs. Ainsworth for the winter; that Mrs. Ainsworth had promised to let her come down to Block Island and bid her mother good-by, but at the last moment was too hurried to spare her, Ramby was not newly grieved nor surprised. He had made up his mind now that he should never see Toinette again; and she was not really any farther from him in New York than in Newport. Old Massy took the news more sorely to heart; and the sum of money which Toinette sent her (it was every cent of her wages for the four months) was no consolation to her. She threw the letter down fiercely.

"Fine words are easy come by to fine ladies!" she exclaimed. Mrs. Ainsworth herself had written a note to say how sorry she was not to have been able to let Toinette come home for a few days, but she had been obliged to return to New York sooner than she expected; and so forth and so on, — the polite phrases politeness can so easily spin, and keen insight so easily unravel. "I don't want their money; I want a sight o' my gal's face. What if any harm should come to her off there!" But presently Massy grew calmer, and wrought herself into a species of content by dwelling on the thoughts of Toinette's good fortune and the speedy return of "next summer." She smiled grimly to herself as she read Toinette's entreaties that she would buy for herself warm clothing with the money sent. "I ain't a-goin' to spend the gal's money," she said. "I'll keep it

for her agin the time she wants it more. It's jest as well she should send it to me to lay up for her." And the old woman stinted herself as much as ever, in every way, and kept Toinette's money hid away in an old bead bag in the wall cupboard with the china, always taking it out and putting it in her bosom when she left the house or went to bed.

Massy was not destined to see the next summer, for which the polite Mrs. Ainsworth had made so many kind promises. It was a bitterly cold winter; for two weeks at a time there was no communication between Block Island and the main-land, and gales of wind and sleet swept over the island perpetually. Now and then somebody said, "I wonder how old Massy gets on!" but nobody went to see; nobody but Ramby cared much whether she were alive or dead. At last, Ramby, having learned that she had not been seen at the stores for nearly a month, and that two letters were lying at the post-office for her, nerved himself up to go to her house.

"I suppose she 'll set Janger on me," he said; "but I can hold up the letters to her, and then she 'll call him off."

This Ramby said to himself, seeking to divert his mind from the strange presentiment he felt that old Massy was dead. He was benumbed with cold, and his face was cut with the driving sleet, before he reached the top of the hill on which the house stood. No smoke came from the chimney. No Janger was in sight. Ramby stood still. A superstitious terror withheld him from going farther. At last, the thought of Toinette gave him heart to proceed. He knocked timidly at the door, — no answer! He knocked again; still no answer. He lifted the latch; it was fastened. He went to the bedroom window and peered in; through a narrow crevice between the curtain and the wall, he saw dimly that the bed was in confusion and empty. He went to the back door, and shook it violently. The old hinges suddenly gave way; the door fell into the room, and Ramby fell with it. Scrambling to his feet, half blinded by the fall and by his fear, he saw lying

on the hearth, almost in the ashes, the dead body of old Massy. With trembling hands he lifted one of the arms. It was frozen stiff. As it dropped with a heavy sound to the floor, the bead bag fell out of the opened folds of her night-gown. Ramby picked it up, opened it, saw the money.

"I expect I'd better keep this for Toinette," he said; and he put it in his pocket with Toinette's two letters. "Poor little gal," he thought, "how 'll I ever write and tell her! I don't suppose it 'll make any difference now about the old woman's being dead; she would n't have me now;" and Ramby looked down at the dead body of the only enemy he had ever had in the world, and wondered vaguely why it had all happened.

Nobody wondered very much or cared when Ramby brought the news that he had found old Massy dead in her night-clothes on her kitchen hearth; and it was with some difficulty that any one could be hired to go up to the house and prepare the body for burial. The minister and Ramby, the old sexton and the women who had attended to the last offices for Massy, were the only ones who were present at her funeral; and Ramby and the sexton alone carried her over into the old grave-yard, and buried her in the very corner where Ramby and Toinette had oftenest played when they were children. It was tacitly recognized that Ramby had more right than any one else to take possession of the house and the few things Massy had left. It was supposed by the few who took any interest in the matter that Ramby and Toinette would some day be married; and Ramby did not confide to any one that his hope of this had gone. So the little Block Island community dismissed all thought of old Massy and her affairs from its mind. Ramby mended the kitchen door, made the rooms as clean as he could, packed the dainty china cups and mugs in a box with the few rags which old Massy had called clothes, nailed boards across the windows, locked the doors, and then went home to sit down and send the news to Toinette.

With a delicacy of instinct which he could not have had except for his great love, he wrote to Mrs. Ainsworth instead of to Toinette herself. The letter chanced to be handed, with others, to Mrs. Ainsworth when she was surrounded by a party of her gayest friends, and on reading it she exclaimed, "Oh, the poor little thing!" and then read the letter aloud.

Kitty Strong was in the party; as she listened to Ramby's few words, intense from their very simplicity and affection, she cried, "Oh, Bell, Bell! What did you ever take that child away from that island for? Nothing will ever happen to her so good as the love of that faithful black man."

"Black man!" exclaimed several of the group. "You don't mean to say that it's a black man! What a shame for Toinette to have anything to do with a negro!"

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Ainsworth, triumphantly, "that's what I told Kitty! Anybody would say so. I think it's a lucky escape for the girl; and now that the old mother's dead there's no reason why she should ever go back to the island at all. I don't believe she cares much about him, now."

"Toinette's not a white woman, herself," replied Kitty Strong. "No white man would be likely to marry her; and if she had remained on Block Island, and married Ramby, she would never have had any idea of disgrace connected with her black husband. They had loved each other ever since they were babies. It is a thousand pities, and you may live to see it yet, yourself, Bell."

"Oh, now, Miss Strong, really, you know, you ought to consider," drawled Lawrence Mason, the shallowest and most affected of all the young idlers in Mrs. Ainsworth's set. "A nigger, you know, is a nigger, say what you will; and really this Toinette, you know, she's something quite out of the common. By Jove, no man need object to making love to her. She's an exquisite creature."

"Fie, fie, Lawrence! I'm ashamed of you," laughed Mrs. Ainsworth.

Kitty Strong colored, said nothing, but bent a glance of burning indignation first on the heartless fop, and then on her friend, and left the room. It was an inexplicable thing, the attachment between Kitty Strong and Bell Ainsworth: the one so upright, so clear-sighted; the other so unthinking and facile.

Mrs. Ainsworth deputed Marie to break the news to Toinette. She dreaded the sight of the child's grief. Mrs. Ainsworth avoided all unpleasant things, on principle as well as from instinct. It was hard to make poor Toinette believe that her mother was dead. She read Ramby's little letter over and over and over, till it was ragged in the folds from much handling and wetting with tears.

"Mam, oh, mam!" was her only cry. "Why did n't I go home and see her! Oh, mam, mam!" She begged piteously to be allowed to go, even now. "I'd like to see where they've buried her," she said.

"Bell, let the girl go," pleaded Kitty Strong. "Let her go. It isn't too late now. Let her go."

But Mrs. Ainsworth was far too self-willed and obtuse to do any such thing. She comforted Toinette by promises that she should go early in June, as soon as they returned to Newport; it was now February. She showed her accounts in the newspapers of the terrible weather, the fierce gales, the shutting in of Block Island. "You could n't even get there at this season, if you were to try, child," she said. "You'd be drowned." And timid, clinging Toinette shuddered with fear, even while she sobbed out her desire to go.

In Ramby's letter to Toinette herself, he had made no allusion to her mother's death, except to say, "I suppose what's happened won't make any difference now about our being married. I'm stayin' on here, just the same as I always was, and ye know where to find me; but I want ye to do jest what'll make ye happiest, Toinette. I ain't good enough fur ye, an' I was n't never; but I'll love ye's long's I live, and I won't love nobody else."

Toinette cried a good many tears over

this letter, too, and showed it to Marie, who, wise Frenchwoman that she was, knew better than to make any direct attack on Ramby.

"He seems to think everything of you," she said. "It's a pity he's black. Is he really very black? Is he as black as Miss Griffin's coachman?"

"Most," said Toinette, shamedly; and then, a little conscience-stricken, added, "Yes, quite." And this one sly question of Marie's went more against poor Ramby than whole days of argument could have done.

Long before June, Toinette had ceased to talk about going to Block Island, — had ceased to weep at the thought of her mother, and was fast learning to think with great coolness of Ramby. The slow poison of the atmosphere in which she lived had changed the whole currents of her being. She was a good girl still, but she was like her mistress, ease-loving, pleasure-loving, sensuous, and vain. Her letters to Ramby grew gradually shorter, colder, and farther apart; each gradation was noted and felt by the faithful fellow, and at last he wrote to her, one day, —

"Ye know ye need n't write any more, if ye don't want to, Toinette. It seems to trouble ye some to do it. Ye'll always know I'm here. I'm takin' care o' the old house for ye, if ye should ever come to want it. It could be made real comfortable, if ye should ever change your mind an' come home again."

After this letter Toinette wrote often and less coldly for a few weeks. The letter smote on her heart, and re-awakened all the old memories of her childhood. But the spell of the new life was stronger, and soon she ceased altogether to write to Ramby.

"It's kinder not to," the artful Marie had said one day, just at the right moment and in just the right tone. "It's kinder not to, because you might be only just keeping him all the time from thinking about somebody else; and you won't ever leave such a home's you've got here to go and live on that heathen island again."

"I don't think there is anybody else

he'd care about," said Toinette, slowly; "but I expect it's better not to write."

It was about three months after this conversation with Marie, and only a few days after the Ainsworth villa had been opened in Newport, that Toinette electrified Mrs. Ainsworth by informing her that she wished to leave her employ. Mrs. Ainsworth's astonishment knew no bounds when Toinette went on to say that she proposed to set up for herself as milliner in Newport.

"Set up for yourself, child? You're crazy? You can't take care of yourself!" she cried. "Has that Marie been putting this nonsense into your head?"

But Marie was as much astonished as Mrs. Ainsworth; more indignant, too, for she had learned to love Toinette as if she were her child. She rated her soundly. "More fool you," she said; "you'd better have gone back to Block Island and married your nigger. You're no more fit to take care of yourself than a baby. Not but what you're a born milliner, — there's no doubt about that; but you'd be sure to be cheated every time you bought a bit of ribbon."

However, when they found Toinette was immovable in her resolutions, both Mrs. Ainsworth and Marie good-naturedly did all in their power to help her. They were astonished to find how distinct and matured all her plans were. She had already selected the little house in which she would live: it was an old-fashioned cottage on one of the oldest streets in Newport, — a street where the pavements are of unevenly worn round stones, the sidewalks are so narrow two cannot well walk abreast, and queer jutting gables and overhanging upper stories make vistas almost like those one sees in Nuremberg. There was a bit of sloping greensward in front of the cottage, and a little sunken pebbly path leading through it. A great bower of lilac bushes crowded up to the two south windows, and an old gnarled apple-tree with a robin's nest in it stood at the farther end of the little inclosure. The old house had never been painted, and was now of a delicious leaden-gray color. When Toinette moved in, the apple-trees were in

blossom and the lilacs were leafing out, and the little spot had a beauty of its own which even Mrs. Ainsworth, coming from her luxurious and beautiful villa, did not fail to perceive.

"Child, what a nest you have found for yourself!" she said. "How did you come to know of it?"

"I saw it one day when I was walking, and I said then I should like to live in it," she replied.

"What is the rent?" asked Mrs. Ainsworth.

Toinette colored. "It has always rented for three hundred dollars."

"But goodness, Toinette," cried Mrs. Ainsworth, "you can't pay such a rent as that off your work!"

"I have enough to pay it for one year," answered Toinette evasively. "I think I can earn more than that. All the ladies say they will give me their work."

It became the fashion to drive to Toinette's little shop, smell the lilacs, look at her geraniums and apple-tree, and buy her daintily made articles. For the first few weeks money poured in on Toinette. When Newport idlers have caprices they are sure to be violent ones, and this was no exception; Toinette was the fashion. These were charmed days in her life. How well many of her customers remembered afterward the beautiful glow on the child's cheek, the merry light in her eye. She was certainly a most exquisite creature. If there was in her manner just one touch of vain consciousness of her beauty, you forgave it as you would in a little child young enough to be fondled and spoiled by having been always called pretty. Marie was very happy in Toinette's success. Marie was growing old now, and she liked nothing better than to sit in Toinette's shop of an afternoon and gossip with the customers, as they lingered at the counter lost in perplexity between pinks and blues. Very seriously Marie revolved in her mind a scheme for offering herself to Toinette as a partner. With her skill at dress-making added to Toinette's in millinery, there could be no doubt that the firm would have good success, and

might come in time to have that thing so dear to every true French heart, an establishment with employees and a regular line of trade. But Marie was much given to ease; she clung to the comforts of her home in Mrs. Ainsworth's house.

"Bah!" she said to herself, "why should I begin to slave at my age? It is all very well for the child, who is young, and will marry and bring up her children in the house; but for me it is folly. I stay with madame."

And so the summer sped on: the lilacs faded, fell; thick-packed clusters of glistering brown seeds shone on their stems; rosy apples dotted the old apple-tree boughs; the geraniums were wilted by frost; only a few wine-colored and white chrysanthemums remained in the borders of the little pebbly path leading to Toinette's door. In Toinette's window were clusters of scarlet poppies and dark frosted fruits and leaves and deep-tinted satins and ribbons for the fashionable fall hats. The autumn was at hand; the gay people were beginning to shiver in their afternoon drives on the beach, and to talk of going home. Mrs. Ainsworth was going earlier than usual this year, to superintend alterations in her city house, and already the packing up had begun, and all was in confusion in the villa. Coming home from her drive earlier than usual, one evening, Mrs. Ainsworth found Marie standing under the porte-cochère waiting for her with a face white and rigid. As soon as Mrs. Ainsworth alighted from her carriage Marie sprang toward her, and said in a husky voice, —

"Madame, madame! Come to your room, I implore you; let me speak to you!"

Thoroughly alarmed, Mrs. Ainsworth followed Marie rapidly, and closing her chamber door exclaimed, —

"Why, Marie, what is the matter? What has happened?"

Marie had burst into tears the moment the door had closed.

"Oh, madame," she exclaimed, wringing her hands, "Toinette! Toinette!"

"Is she ill? What has happened? Why don't you tell me?" cried Mrs. Ainsworth impatiently.

Marie's sobs grew louder. "Mon Dieu, such trouble, madame, — such trouble!"

"Marie, tell me this moment, I command you, what is the matter with Toinette. Don't be so silly!" said Mrs. Ainsworth sternly. "I am displeased with you."

"Alas, madame, how can I!" cried Marie. "How can I! Oh, madame, the child" — Marie buried her face in her hands, and cried aloud. Mrs. Ainsworth sank into a chair, and looked at Marie with a quick terror.

"Never, Marie!" she cried. "It is impossible; you are mistaken."

"Ah, but she confesses; she has told me. She is an infant; she has no deceit," sobbed Marie. "It is true."

Mrs. Ainsworth sprang to her feet.

"Who is it?" she cried. "He shall marry her. I will go to her this minute."

"But she will never tell," said Marie, in a despairing tone; "she has said to me that she will die before she will tell. It is no use."

Mrs. Ainsworth was gone. Calling back her carriage in so hasty and imperative a manner that she greatly surprised and offended her coachman, she drove at once to Toinette's shop. Without pausing at the door she hurried in. Toinette was not in the shop; sounds of crying came from the little bedroom behind it. Mrs. Ainsworth opened the door. There was Toinette on her knees by the bed, her face buried in the pillows, crying hard. Marie had but just left her. At the sound of steps she looked up, and seeing Mrs. Ainsworth's face cried out, "Oh!" and buried her face again. The exclamation was a groan.

"My poor child," said Mrs. Ainsworth, "look up. Marie has told me; I know all about it. Now don't cry; but tell me his name. You must be married at once. I will make him marry you."

Toinette shook her head. "I cannot tell," she replied.

"But you must!" retorted Mrs. Ainsworth. "You shall! I will compel you. You shall have justice."

Toinette lifted her piteous face, with the tears streaming down it, and said

in a low voice, speaking very slowly, "Mrs. Ainsworth, you cannot make me. There is nothing to be done. I cannot tell."

To all Mrs. Ainsworth's entreaties, commands, arguments, she made but one reply: "I cannot tell." At last, angered by the girl's obstinacy, Mrs. Ainsworth rose, saying, "Very well, Toinette; if you wish to be left to yourself, it is your own fault. I thought better of you. I could forgive this wrong that you have done, because you are such a child, and have been deceived; but there is no excuse for your obstinacy in not confiding in your friends now. The man could be made to marry you."

"I do not want him made to marry me," said Toinette, with a calmer tone than she had hitherto used. "He said he would, but now he does not want to; I should die if he were made to," and she fixed her eyes on Mrs. Ainsworth's face with a look of unspeakable devotion. "Don't think any more about me," she continued. "I was not good enough for you to be so kind to. I should like to have you forget me."

Mrs. Ainsworth was thoroughly melted. She wept as she bade Toinette good-by. "Oh, child, child," she said, "why did I ever let you leave my house!"

"It would n't have made any" — Toinette began; then stopped short, with a look of terror on her face.

Mrs. Ainsworth was not acute enough to see the cause of the girl's terror. "Yes, it would!" she exclaimed; "nobody could have done you any harm there."

Toinette looked down and was silent. Not even by the remotest implication would she give any clue to the discovery of the man who had done her this wrong.

The sad news about Toinette spread fast, as such news always does. The different ways in which it was received by different women were simply so many tests and revelations of the women's own characters.

"I always thought she was no better than she ought to be," said one of the fastest women of Newport's fastest sun-

mer set. "She was as vain as a peacock."

"Poor child, what will become of her now! I always felt a great fear for her, with that beautiful face, and alone in the world," said a good old Quakeress, for whom Toinette had made the daintiest of Quaker caps, and of whom she had sometimes stood in fear, the serene face looked so rigid and unbending.

To all Mrs. Ainsworth's offers of assistance, Toinette replied that she had plenty of money, — a great deal more than she needed. It was evident that her cruel enemy had been a man of wealth, and that he would not let his victim suffer.

"That is one comfort," said Mrs. Ainsworth, in talking the affair over with Kitty Strong. "She will never suffer. It is plain the man intends to provide for her."

"Will never suffer!" echoed Kitty. "How can you use such an expression, Bell! Food and clothing and a roof over one's head don't go far towards keeping one from suffering. The child will never know a happy moment."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Ainsworth, petulantly, "you needn't take me up so; and there's no use in despising food and clothes and shelter, I can tell you. To be horribly poor would increase Toinette's suffering very much. I know that; and, for my part, I am glad she is so well off. She has plenty of money."

"I am not sure that it would not be better for her in the end if she did not touch a penny of his money," said Kitty.

"Pshaw, Kitty Strong!" exclaimed Mrs. Ainsworth. "Don't you go putting any such notions into Toinette's head. I shall get her to come back to me, if she will. I can easily get the child taken care of."

"I hope she will never allow it to be taken from her," said Kitty, earnestly. "It will be her only salvation to keep it with her."

"You have the queerest ideas, for a girl of your age, I ever heard of," replied Mrs. Ainsworth. "You don't seem to think of the disgrace to the girl."

"I do; but I see an additional disgrace in her abandoning her child. If she has the courage to keep it and work for its support, she takes the first step, and a very long step, towards winning back the confidence and respect of her friends. I think Toinette will do it."

"Well, well, you and I never agree about anything," said Mrs. Ainsworth, with a sigh. "You are the most impracticable girl! When do you mean to marry Lawrence Mason?"

"Never!" cried Kitty, vehemently; "nor to permit him to ask me, if I can help it."

"You can't," replied Mrs. Ainsworth, tersely. "The more you rebuff him, the more in love he is. He told me himself that he did n't believe there was another girl like you in the world."

"It is very strange," said Kitty, "that he should fancy himself in love with me. I utterly despise him, and all men of his sort. They are worthless, unprincipled idlers. I have no patience with them."

"That is just your charm for him," answered Mrs. Ainsworth, half sadly. "He does n't want any of the girls of his set for a wife. He knows you're a thousand times better than any of us."

The winter was long and hard for Toinette. Nobody came near her except Kitty Strong; she went every week, and without ever speaking about Toinette's misfortune or approaching trial she bent all her energies to the educating the poor child's moral sense and self-reliance. It was an easier task than Kitty had anticipated. Underlying Toinette's gentle and pleasure-loving temperament there was a fund of good common sense and simple honesty of nature. It was not difficult for Kitty to make her perceive that true faith to her child and true loyalty to herself admitted of but one course.

Early in the bleak spring the baby came. It was a girl.

"Oh, I did hope it would be a boy," were Toinette's first words. "I think it might have been a boy! I'm afraid a girl won't be any better than I have been," and tears rolled down her cheeks.

The baby thrived and grew. It could not have been stronger and more beautiful had it been the welcomed daughter of a noble house. When Kitty Strong first looked into the little creature's blue eyes, she started. Where had she seen such eyes as those? The resemblance eluded her, but was always recurring and giving her food for conjecture. No word ever passed Toinette's lips which could give a clue to the name of her child's father; and whatever her life might have been in the past, it was now free from mystery. The young mother had no longer anything to conceal.

Day by day Toinette's character grew stronger and better; her face gained a new expression which lifted her prettiness at once to the place of true beauty. Her manner had lost all its old archness and playfulness; in their place was a quiet and partly appealing reticence which had in it the elements of real dignity. The change was so great that when, on Mrs. Ainsworth's return to Newport, she first saw Toinette that fashionable and light-hearted lady found herself actually embarrassed in the presence of her former maid.

"Why, Kitty Strong," she said, in giving her friend an account of the interview, "I declare I did n't know which way to look. There was the girl with her baby on her arm, and she showed it to me with as much pride as if it were lawfully her own."

Kitty Strong had a keen sense of humor; she could not restrain a smile.

"Well, whose is it, if it is n't her own?" she said; but continued more soberly, "You mistook affection for pride. Bell; Toinette cries bitterly over the baby often. Much as she loves it, I think she would rejoice, for its sake, if it were to die."

"I should think so!" exclaimed Mrs. Ainsworth. "It's a thousand pities it did n't."

Kitty Strong's countenance grew stern. "Bell," she said, "will you never learn to look below surfaces? Will life always be a play to you?"

"Oh hush, Kitty," replied Mrs. Ainsworth; "don't preach. I know the world

a great deal better than you do. There is n't the least use in taking everything so seriously. Things would soon come to an end if everybody were like you."

They were as far apart as ever, these two women; and it was a blessed thing for Toinette that she had been thrown, at the time of these greatest trials of her character, under Kitty Strong's influence, and not under Mrs. Ainsworth's.

One day early in July, Kitty Strong, going into Toinette's shop, found it in confusion: boxes on the floor, the goods taken from the shelves, and Toinette busily packing.

"Why, Toinette!" she exclaimed, "what does this mean?"

"I am going away, Miss Kitty," said Toinette, looking up from the floor. "I should have come to tell you, but Baby has been sick, and I could not leave her. I only decided last week."

"Why do you go? You have been succeeding well in the shop," said Kitty, sternly.

"Oh, yes, Miss Kitty," replied Toinette humbly, and her eyes filled with tears; "all the ladies have been very kind to me. I could n't do so well anywhere in the world. It is n't that; but I can't stay, Miss Kitty; I must go. You would n't want me to if you knew."

Toinette's lip quivered; but she did not cry.

"Where are you going, Toinette?" asked Miss Strong, in a kinder voice. She began to surmise Toinette's motive.

"I did n't know of but one place where I could go, where I'd be safe," said Toinette, meekly. "I'm going home. There's the house there, and my mother's things, what she had; it was n't much, but I can take all this furniture. It's all mine."

"But how can you earn a living there?" asked Miss Strong, her own eyes full of tears. She knew now why Toinette was going.

"I've written to Ramby," said Toinette; "he's a friend of mine there. He says he's kept mother's cow; and he says that there is n't any milliner on the island. I can get something to do, and mother and I used to get plenty of veg-

etables out of the garden. I can learn how to take care of it; she always used to; Ramby 'll show me. Don't you remember Ramby, Miss Kitty?"

"Yes, I remember him very well," replied Miss Strong. "He will be a good friend to you. But, Toinette, you and he were engaged, you know."

"Yes," said Toinette simply, with no trace of self-consciousness in her manner; "that was when we were children. But he knows what has happened to me; I wrote him all about it; so of course he would n't ever think about marrying me now. But he 'll be kind to me; he 's real good; he always was. He says that the people there all know what 's happened, so they won't be surprised when they see Baby. That 's what I dreaded most about going home."

Mrs. Ainsworth, constrained and almost overawed by Kitty Strong's entreaties, offered no opposition to Toinette's plan of going back to Block Island. In the bottom of her heart, she thought it quixotic and foolish, and she would have been ready, in her light way, to wager anything that the girl would soon be back again. But for once Mrs. Ainsworth was thoroughly sobered, when Kitty Strong said, in a trembling voice, "Bell, for God's sake don't do Toinette any further harm! You have ruined her life; don't ruin her soul also. Let her go; she 'll never be safe anywhere else."

"I think you're really cruel, Kitty," replied Mrs. Ainsworth, half crying. "I don't know what I could have done for Toinette more than I did. I can't keep my servants under my own eye every minute; and it all happened after she left me. I can't see why you blame me. I'm sure there isn't anything in the world I would n't have done to have kept the child from disgracing herself."

On the morning that Toinette was to set out for Block Island, Miss Strong walked down to say good-by to her. Toinette was all ready, sitting with her baby in her arms; the little rooms were bare and desolate. Miss Strong walked through them, thinking sadly what misery had happened in the little sunny, sheltered-looking room. The floor be-

hind the counter was littered with waste bits of ribbon, lace, cord, all the numberless things of a milliner's shelves and drawers. Mechanically Miss Strong tossed them back and forth with the point of her parasol, as she stood still, absorbed in her reverie. Suddenly, as she moved a bit of ribbon, she saw a photograph which had lain beneath it. She stooped to pick it up, thinking it might be something Toinette had overlooked. She recoiled as if she were stung. Then she stooped again, took the photograph, and put it in her pocket. She knew now who was the father of Toinette's child.

When Toinette went on board the Block Island schooner, Skipper Ericson bustled forward to receive her with a cordiality whose very effort to seem unembarrassed was embarrassing. "Let me take the little 'un," he said, stretching out his hands to the baby; "let me take it while you get settled." The child lifted her great blue eyes up to his, and laughed. "By jingoes!" cried the skipper, "what eyes it 's got! Is 't a boy?"

"No, sir, a girl," replied Toinette, gratefully. "But I think I'd better not give her to you; she might cry. She is not heavy; I can look after the things just as well with her in my arms," and Toinette walked over to that part of the deck where freight was stored. The skipper followed.

"Here 's all your things," he said, pointing to a high pile of boxes. "I had 'em all piled up together. I guess they 're all right." His eyes lingered admiringly on Toinette, as she moved slowly about, carrying her baby on her left arm. The little fair face, with its yellow curls and blue eyes, nestled against the rich dark glow of Toinette's cheek, made a picture of rarer beauty than Skipper Ericson knew; but he felt it, and thrilled under it, as any man would. He followed Toinette for a few minutes, like one in a dream, saying to himself all the while, "Who 'd ever think this was old Massy Sprague's gal!" "What 's the gal goin' to do on the island?" "I wonder if the women folks 'll go near her." Skipper Ericson was a man well on in

years; he had daughters near Toinette's age, and he mentally resolved, before Toinette had been half an hour on his schooner, that his girls should be the first to lend the poor girl a hand, now she was in such trouble. "It's very easy to see," he thought, "that she's no common light-i'-the-head girl. It's no badness in her that's brought her to this pass. I'd like to serve the villain out for her, that did it. I like the gal's grit, a-bringin' her baby right home, where she's known. That shows she's all right."

While these kindly thoughts were revolving in Skipper Ericson's mind, his hands were very busy hauling, tightening, and slackening ropes; his orders to his crew, that is, to one boy, came fast and loud and somewhat profane, and he did not appear to be taking any notice of Toinette. She had seated herself very nearly in the same spot where she had sat two years before, crying so bitterly at leaving her mother. She did not remember this, but the skipper did.

"Poor little gal!" he said. "That's jest where she sat afore, crying fit to break her heart; an' I reckon her heart's a good deal nearer broke now than 't was then, an' she ain't goin' to shed a tear. Women is curis critters; but this is a good un, if I am any judge, and I reckon I ought to be."

The wind was fair and strong, and the little schooner sent before it like a bird. Her prow dipped into the water at each wave, and sent the salt spray flying over the deck; it sprinkled the baby's face and Toinette's; the child crowed and stretched out her hands in pleasure.

"I vow!" said the skipper, "that's a Block Island baby, sure enough; most babies 'd have hollered." Then he added, "I'm real glad you're coming back to the island to live, Toinette. I reckon ye'll get on fust-rate. I've hearn tell on the street, up to Newport, what a smart milliner you was; an' our folks do want fixin' up, that's sartin."

Toinette smiled a grave sort of smile, which seemed to mean little more than "Thank you." "You are very good, Mr. Ericson," she said. "I think I can

make a living, if the people will give me what there is to be done in my trade."

"You can count on that, sure," replied the skipper. "I've heard two or three o' the women folks speakin' about it, a'ready; saying 't would be a comfort to have a milliner on the island, 'n' not send up to Newport for everything."

This gave Toinette real pleasure. This was tangible. She had feared that Ramby's testimony might have been warped by his desire to have her come.

"Oh, thank you," she said. "That encourages me; I have been anxious. But I wanted to come so much that I decided to try it."

Ramby was on the wharf long before, even with the briskest wind, the schooner could have arrived. When he first saw, far to the north, the little swift-moving white point which he believed to be the vessel bearing Toinette towards him, he clasped both his hands together, and said, aloud, "Now the Lord be praised! there she is a-coming;" and he walked the shore at a rapid pace, till the schooner rounded in, and he could see the figure of a woman standing on the deck and looking toward the island. Then tears rolled down Ramby's cheeks in spite of him. "O Lord, Lord!" he said, wrestling sternly with himself. "I must n't be goin' on this way; it'll jest upset her, sure. I've got to look's if nothin' was the matter! O Lord, Lord! what'll I do?" and Ramby caught up a handful of salt water, and dashed it furiously in his own face. "You dum fool!" he said; "what do I want to go an' whimper for, like a gal!"

But when he saw Toinette stepping from the deck to the wharf, holding her baby tight in one arm and stretching the other to him, her eyes full of tears and her lips vainly endeavoring to utter a word of greeting, he cried more than ever, and perhaps did thereby the very best thing for Toinette, for it gave her something to say:—

"Now, please don't cry, Ramby," she said; "you don't know how glad I am to get here. Could n't you hold Baby for me while I see to the things?"

Skipper Ericson turned his back, and

began to swear hard at his boy, and pull ropes about in a wild fashion, when he saw this scene. If his thoughts had been translated, they would have reduced themselves, I fear, to one comprehensive oath. At that moment the skipper wished ill to several people.

Ramby had brought, at Toinette's request, a strong wagon; her desire was to go immediately to her home. It did not take long to unload her goods and put them on the wagon; there was but just room for Toinette left.

"Where will you go?" asked Toinette of Ramby.

"Oh, I shall walk," he said. "The horses can't draw it any faster than I can walk." And so they set out, Toinette and the baby sitting on a roll of mattresses and bedding in the front of the wagon, and Ramby walking in advance by the side of the horses.

"I expect the house'll look pretty mean to ye, Toinette," said Ramby, "after what ye've been used to; but it's tight an' whole. I've mended it up some, an' I put a new stove in for ye; the old one was n't good for nothing."

"Thank you, Ramby," said Toinette. Words came hard to her now.

"Won't ye be afraid nights, Toinette?" he continued. "I thought may be ye would, an' I've carried up a bull pup; he's as fierce as old Janger, an' if ye can jest coax him a little he won't let nobody come nigh ye."

"Thank you, Ramby," replied Toinette. She longed to say more, but she seemed to herself to be paralyzed. She felt no pain, no keen emotion of any kind, as they drew near the house; only a certain sense of being under a spell, which forced her to move on, to go through with the steps necessary for taking possession of her house.

The baby began to cry. This was what Toinette needed. In soothing her she regained a more natural feeling; and as she entered the old house she burst into tears.

"There, there!" said Ramby, in his turn the consoler. "Don't take on now; cry jest a little, it's good for ye; but don't take on, — don't take on."

Toinette's first night in her old home was a terrible one. The wind raged; the bull pup, lonely in the new place, howled all night long; the baby, made ill by the rough sea it had sailed over, wailed and moaned; and to Toinette's excited imagination there seemed myriads of unexplained sounds about the house. But with the first rays of daylight she regained her courage, and set herself resolutely to work to put her house in order. It was not so desolate as she had feared. The faithful Ramby had repainted all the wood-work of the interior, and mended every broken window; and when Toinette's belongings were all arranged, the place looked almost pretty. The front room, which had been their old living-room, she converted into her shop and sitting-room; the cupboard built into the wall, which used to hold the old Dutch china, made a very effective niche for the little stock of hats and caps Toinette had brought with her. The china she placed upon hanging shelves on the opposite side of the room, as she had seen dainty china arranged in open cabinets in Mrs. Ainsworth's house. She had some pictures and books, and gay chintz curtains; it had been the fashion in Mrs. Ainsworth's set to give pretty things to Toinette for her little house, and the ornaments were all of new value now.

While there was work to do in putting the house in order, Toinette was calm and comparatively cheerful. But when all was done, and she sat down to fold her hands and endure the monotonous quiet of her new life, she was terrified at the sense of dull misery which settled upon her. She actually dreaded the hours when the baby was asleep; often she waked the little creature up, simply because she could not endure the soundless solitude any longer. She had forgotten how still, how lonely, how far from any human habitation, her mother's home was. She sat always at the window which looked out on the lane by which any one coming to the house would approach. She strained her eyes for the sight of a human figure, as she might have done if she had been alone

on a wreck at sea. The old grave-yard and the deserted meeting-house, which had been to her childhood such sources of delight, now seemed only to increase the desolation and loneliness.

One day Ramby said to her, "Hev ye been into the old meetin'-us yet, Toinette?"

She shuddered, and exclaimed, "No, indeed! I would n't go near it for worlds."

Ramby looked grieved. "We used to have good times there when we was little," he said.

"Oh, don't, Ramby! Don't say a word about that time," replied Toinette. "I don't believe that was me at all. It must have been somebody else; I don't feel as if I ever lived here before. I don't know what possessed me to come back; I think it'll kill me to stay in this place."

Poor Toinette! Her two years of luxurious living — for it had really been luxurious even while she was a servant — had sadly unfitted her for the hand-to-hand fight with solitude and poverty on which she had entered now. But the baby was her good angel of rescue. Day by day the little thing grew more winning, more absorbing; and one by one the farmers' wives, who came at first either out of curiosity or merely to make some small purchase, began to find out that Toinette was sweet and lovable, and could talk in an interesting way; so they would linger and chat with her; and at last they got into the way of occasionally taking an early cup of tea with her, when they came up of an afternoon on some errand. Toinette offered this in the first instance very shyly; but finding it well received, she began to make a practice of the hospitality, and enjoyed serving the fragrant drink in her antique Dutch cups as much as any fashionable lady at a kettle-drum in Newport. Her tea was her only luxury; she had a chest of such tea as is not sold in shops. It was one of the relics of a past Toinette was trying hard to forget; but the Block Island women knew nothing of that, and in fact were not familiar enough with tea to do more than wonder why Toinette's

tasted so unlike that they were in the habit of having at home. It must be something in the cups, they thought.

The weeks and months sped on, and Toinette's first sense of unendurable wretchedness slowly diminished, and settled into a quiet melancholy, which was so calm and so quickly changed into a gentle cheerfulness by the presence of any kindly human being to whom she could talk, that nobody realized how sad she really was.

Nobody but Ramby. Ramby saw her oftener than any one. Ramby would have gone every day if he had dared, but he feared to displease her. There was a shade of something which could not be defined in Toinette's manner to him, which kept him ill at ease. It was unconscious in Toinette; it was her instinct that his love was still unchanged. Her reason told her better all the time; reason said that no man would continue to love a woman who had disgraced herself by such a sin as hers. It was on this certainty that Toinette had permitted herself to rest in all her plans for returning to Block Island, and availing herself of Ramby's kind help in so many ways. But Ramby's eyes were the eyes of unqualified devotion; Ramby's voice was the voice of a lover; and his tender sympathy in Toinette's sorrow and solitude was touching in its unselfishness. His affection was clearer-sighted than any mere kindness could be. Everybody felt that for Toinette. Her meekness and courtesy, and effort to please, had won the whole island to her. Everybody took an interest in her making a living by the little shop; everybody helped her in some fashion or other; everybody liked her; and everybody said, "She seems happy here. She's a good girl, and 's bringing up her baby 's a woman ought to."

But Ramby knew better. He knew that Toinette was unhappy; he saw that each month she was a little thinner; and if she did not seem each month a little sadder, it was only because she grew each day more sweetly resigned to her fate. It was harder for Ramby than for Toinette. Night after night the faithful

fellow walked up and down the shore, trying to think what he could do for this woman he so loved.

"If she'd only be my wife, and let me take care of her, that'd be something," he said to himself over and over. "Then she need n't work so hard."

Ramby was now a well-to-do fellow, measured by the simple standards of Block Island. His father had been dead for some time, and Ramby alone owned the farm and the fishing-schooner, and could have made a fair living off either. He had put his little cabin in excellent repair, owned cows and horses, and had money in a bank in Newport. "'T would n't be nothin'," he said, "after the way she's lived up there; but she could be as comfortable 's anybody here. An' if she 'd only let me take care of her, seems 's if I could stand it better," he reiterated to himself night after night, as he trod his lonely path. At last, without hope, but in the courage of despair, he broached the idea to Toinette.

"Toinette," he began, "could n't ye — could n't ye, now, noways, make up your mind to let me take care of ye? Ye're workin' a great deal too hard; ye can't stand it. An' ye 're a-pinin' away here all the time; ye're so lonesome; 't ain't good for nobody. Now, down to my place it's real lively; there 's people a-comin' an' goin', and the schooners comin' in. Ye'd like it better; an' it would be a heap better for Baby;" and Ramby, after one quick, yearning look into Toinette's face, cast his eyes down to the floor, and waited her answer. Toinette did not speak for some seconds. His fear changed into mortal apprehension. "Oh, Toinette, ye ain't angry with me, be ye?" he cried. "Don't ye be; I won't never say such a word again. I know I ain't good enough for ye, and wa'n't never; but ye're so lonely, Toinette, I thought may be it would n't be quite so hard for you if ye had anybody, even if 't was me."

"Ramby," replied Toinette, slowly, "you're the best man I ever have known in my life, but" — And she began to cry.

"Oh, don't now, don't!" exclaimed

Ramby. "I can't bear to see ye cry. I won't never say another word about it."

Toinette smiled very sadly, and continued, "I don't think it would be right for me to let you marry a woman who had done what I've done, Ramby. You don't know how folks would talk about it."

Ramby's eyes flashed. "I'd like to hear anybody talk about you, Toinette! Oh, my little sweet gal, don't ye ever go to feel so; nobody 's ever blamed ye a mite; there ain't anybody on this island but what speaks well on ye, Toinette. Ye need n't go a-undervallyin yerself that way, now, I tell you."

"They are all very good," said Toinette; "a great deal better than I deserve. But, Ramby, dear, supposing I could n't love you 's you love me; you would n't want me for your wife, would you? And I could n't, Ramby, — I could n't love anybody any more except Baby."

"Ye need n't say anything about that, Toinette," exclaimed Ramby, his face glowing with hope. "If ye 'll only come and live with me, and let me take care of ye, I ain't afraid but what ye 'll love me some! Why, Toinette, ye used to love me once, and there ain't any reason why ye should n't again. Oh, say ye 'll come!"

"I know you 'll always be good to Baby," said Toinette, timidly.

"Don't I love her now 's well 's if she was mine?" asked Ramby, triumphantly. "Ain't she yours? Ain't that enough for me, don't ye think?"

It would be useless to deny that when Block Island heard that Toinette and Ramby had been married at Parson Plummer's house one morning, very early, and that Toinette's shop was now in the north room of Ramby's cabin, some ill-natured speeches were made. But Toinette's face disarmed all malice. The new look of solemn purpose on her countenance brought out more clearly the increased spirituality of her features; and people who had gone with but dubious good-will to see her in her new home went away sobered, saying among themselves, —

"She don't look as if she was long

for this world. And she's done it for the child's sake. There ain't anybody would have stood by the young one as Ramby will."

The people were right. Toinette's nature was formed for sunshine; there was nothing rugged about her. She could not thrive, she could not even live, in an adverse air and under the weight of sorrow. She had no disease; she simply drooped, very gradually,—so gradually that even the watchful and affectionate Ramby was lulled at last into a sense of security, so wonted had he become to her extreme feebleness. He tended her as if she had been his child instead of his wife, without seeming to know that he had labors to perform. He did all that was to be done for her and for the child; and was content so long as he saw her sitting in her chair, her slender fingers gracefully employed with the bright ribbons, or on the embroideries which she did so beautifully. When at last the day came on which Toinette said in the morning, "Ramby, I can't get up to-day. You might as well go for the doctor, dear," he was as appalled as if she had been stricken down by some sudden attack of illness. And when the doctor, on feeling her pulse, exclaimed in astonishment, "Why, how long has she been in this condition?" Ramby replied eagerly, "Only just this morning, sir; she was took just before I came for you. She's been real well all summer."

Toinette looked up at the doctor and smiled; and when Ramby left the room for a moment she said, still smiling, "I did n't tell him anything, doctor. You tell him, will you? I've known all summer I was a-going pretty fast. It's no use your doing anything for me, doctor, and it's a great deal better I should die. He'll take good care of Baby."

Toinette sank now very rapidly. Having given up the effort at concealment of her weakness, she had no longer a motive for struggling with it; and only one week from the day the doctor had been called to her she was buried in the old grave-yard, by the side of her mother. The next grave to hers was an old and

sunken mound, whose head-stone of slate had fallen, and was half buried in grass. After the funeral, as Ramby sat alone on the ground, the baby on his knees, he idly pulled away the tangled grass, and slowly studied out the inscription on the stone. It told that one "Acres Tois" had been buried there in the year 1684, "aged one hundred and one years."

"O Lord!" groaned Ramby, aloud, "hev I got to live so long as that, I wonder! O Lord! O Lord!"

The baby, wondering at the tone, put up one little hand and touched the black face which had never before looked into hers without a smile. The touch recalled Ramby to himself. It seemed like a voice from Toinette. Kissing the baby over and over, he hugged her tight to his bosom, rose, and walked down the hill. He was not wholly separated from Toinette so long as Toinette's child lay in his arms. From that hour he never left the child for a moment. When the weather was not fair enough for him to take her out to sea in the schooner, he did not fish. When it was too cold or stormy for her to sit in her wagon and watch him, as he worked on the farm, he stayed idle in the house. The child grew strong and beautiful, and by the time she was six years old was as fearless a little sailor as any boy that went out of Block Island harbor.

Many a time, strangers, visiting the island, happening to see this golden-haired, blue-eyed little girl standing like a fairy on the bow of a fishing-boat, and waving laughing signals to its black skipper, asked the meaning of the strange sight; and many a one, hearing the touching tale of Toinette and her baby and the faithful devotion of Ramby, made excuse to walk down to his cabin and see the child. But she was timid with strangers, and could never be coaxed away from Ramby's knee. She answered still to the name of Baby, and was called so all along the shore. Ramby thought when she grew up he should be able to call her by her mother's name, but as yet he could not say the word Toinette save in his thoughts.

He wrote to Mrs. Ainsworth, a few weeks after Toinette's death, and told her all that his simple letter-writing could tell about her last days. Mrs. Ainsworth shed a tear or two over the letter, and talked for a few days about going down to Block Island and taking the baby to bring up. But she soon forgot the impulse, or thought better of it, and before long the memory of Toinette had died out of her mind; or, if it were recalled in any way, drew from her nothing more than a nonchalant ejaculation of "Poor little thing, what a pity she came to such an end! She was a good little soul, and I've never seen anybody from that day to this that could trim a cap as she could."

Kitty Strong had a better memory and a better heart. The face of Toinette rose up between her and her friend Mrs. Ainsworth many times and in many places; and there was one man, whom she was by peculiar circumstances forced to meet continually, to whom it was well-nigh impossible for her to extend even the most ordinary courtesy. Her coldness and distance were all thrown away upon him, however. So far as it was in the capacity of his poor and shallow nature to love, he had been in love with Kitty Strong for years. At last the day came when, in spite of her avoidance, in spite of her evident dislike, he asked her to be his wife. Rendered obtuse by vanity, and probably having an element of cruelty at bottom, he had obstinately resolved that, come what would, cost what it might, sooner or later he would

win for his wife this upright, indomitable girl, who had so scorned him and his money.

Looking him steadily in the eye, Kitty Strong said: "You know very well, Mr. Mason, that I have done all in my power to prevent your ever saying such words as these to me." Then, going to her writing-desk, she took from a secret drawer a small photograph, and holding it out to him continued in a sterner tone, "This photograph of yours I found among poor Toinette's things. The child never betrayed you. Had you had delicacy enough to respect my evident avoidance of your every attention, I would have spared you the shame of knowing why and how much and how long I have despised you."

It was three years since Toinette had fled from Lawrence Mason; even her name and her face had become dim in his hardened mind; but he took the photograph mechanically from Kitty Strong's hand, and, bowing his head, went out silent from her presence.

Many years afterward, when he was a cynical, selfish, broken-down old profligate, leading a desolate and suffering life in his lonely and luxurious home, people said, —

"What a pity he never married! They say he never could get over his love for Kitty Strong. It might have saved him if he had married her."

Into poor Toinette's guileless and loving heart no thought of resentment towards Lawrence Mason had ever entered; but she was avenged.

GLAMOUR.

MAY buds and blossoms blushing into June,
 O summer's fullness, come not on so soon;
 This perfect morning makes regret for noon.

Is not hope sweeter than fruition is?
 Can promise ripen into richer bliss?
 Good Time, be merciful, — we ask but this.

Wm. O. Bates.

PUBLIC BALLS IN NEW YORK.

I HAVE often wondered how an absolutely unbiased, unprejudiced account of some of our social observances and customs—such as I could give myself—would, if printed, strike the public. The attempt has been made in other countries, notably by H. A. Taine in England; but the description, however successful in exciting interest or affording entertainment, is always apt to raise a doubt in the mind of the reader whether there is not some sinister moral motive behind, whether the observer is after all fair and unbiased, or whether he has not taken a critical or satirical attitude which has interfered with the absolute impartiality of his impressions. Such a bias would certainly not be strange, as the attitude of the literary man to the world at large, as engaged in practical work (or play), has from time immemorial been that of a moralist and critic. *Ex vi termini* the observer is not an actor, and therefore he unconsciously sees in the actor, for the time being, a natural enemy, and wonders how he can be guilty of taking a part in the general folly of life. Commonly, too, he is impressed with the conviction that the life of other times and countries must have been more amusing and interesting than that which he sees going on about him: if he is an old observer, the days of his youth shine out in recollection as better than the present; if he is at home, the life of foreign countries strikes him as the best; if he is abroad, he sighs for home. These depraved tendencies of the observer and critic always impair his usefulness more or less, and make it necessary to take his reflections with a grain of salt. Even in the case of M. Taine, they have had their effect, as a glance at the works of that hardened *spectator ab extra* will show.

When M. Taine was in London, and engaged in making collections for his entertaining and instructive Notes on England, he made, in his character as

observer of English life and manners, among other excursions a visit to Epson, and afterwards wound up the day with a night's pleasure at the Cremorne Gardens. Of these festivities he has given a minute and conscientious description.

At the entrance he finds, naturally enough, some crowding and jostling; within "the crowd is terrible," though "one can find breathing space in sombre recesses." The women's faces are "rather faded," and sometimes in the crowd "they raise terrible cries,—the cries of a screech-owl." They have, he adds, a comical notion which "proves their state of excitement,"—that of "pinching people, particularly foreigners." One of the party, who is forty years of age, "being sharply pinched and otherwise scandalized," leaves the place. Another woman "beats a gentleman on the back with her fists for having trodden on her foot." At length our critic goes away, and, having seen, reflects; his reflections are not favorable. In the first place, it is so different from France. "The spectacle of debauchery here leaves no other impression than one of misery and degradation. There is no brilliancy, dash, and liveliness about it, as in France: when a gentleman wishes to dance, a master of the ceremonies, with a badge and a white cravat, goes to find a partner for him; the two often dance together without exchanging a word." There is, again, much inebriety. "A tragical thing is that men and women both drink, and begin by intoxication; it is the brutality and destitution which first meet together in traversing unreason, imbecility, and stupor." After all, it is better to stay at home. "One returns deeply grieved, with a bitter and profound feeling of human grossness and helplessness; society is a fine edifice, but in the lowest story what a sink of impurity! Civilization polishes men, but how tenacious is the bestial in-

stinet!" It is consoling, after this, to reflect that the light-hearted Gaul manages his revels with more delicacy and sobriety. Let us, then, shaking off the mud of England from our feet and wringing its fog out of our clothes, cross the Channel, and see how the gay children of France manage these things. There is no more entertaining or instructive account of French life than the Notes on Paris contained in the posthumously published volume of the life and opinions of M. Frederic Thomas Graindorge, doctor of philosophy at the University of Jena, and special partner in the house of Graindorge & Co., Oils and Salt Pork, Cincinnati, U. S. A. M. Taine was the executor of M. Graindorge, a gentleman of unusual powers of observation and facility of statement, and after his death gave his papers to the world. In them are to be found shrewd observations and reflections upon almost every phase of Parisian life, — among others the Public Ball of Paris. We have seen how English pleasures strike M. Taine. Let us see how the like sort of thing strikes M. Graindorge in France. Let us follow this philosophic observer, at the age of sixty, through his round of nocturnal adventures.

It is eleven o'clock at night, and he determines to pass a pleasant evening. "There is no amusement," he reflects, "outside of Paris, — no gayety but at Paris balls;" at least he was "told so in America." About six hundred persons are collected at the Casino, Rue Cadet. Let us enter and see what we find. There is a "bad smell of gas and tobacco, the heat and steam of a crowded room. There are little nooks for drinking, a sort of saloon where people elbow each other about, a large dance hall with a chalked and sprinkled floor, here and there shabby velvet sofas, the cast-off furniture of some lodging-house." The women are all "used up" and daubed with paint. They "eat suppers and sit up all night; in the morning plenty of pomatum and cold cream; to this they owe their unique complexion." Their voices "are shrill, thin, and sharp, the result of *petits verres*." Of these ladies

Mariette, the Toulousaine, attracts most attention. Her attractions are of two kinds, gymnastic and intellectual: she throws her leg to a level with her head, and touches her foot with her hand; and she converses not without spirit, but "what she says cannot be put on paper." Only three or four men who have the appearance of gentlemen are to be seen. "The rest of the audience is made up of students and clerks, many of them apparently clerks in stores, omnibus conductors, barbers' boys, and wine merchants. The clothes and hats look as though they came from some peddler's van. The men dance and kick up their heels like the women." Afterwards M. Graindorge visits the *Maillage*. How often had he heard it spoken of! "Young men dream of it. Foreigners take their wives to see it. Historians will some day speak of it." It is a grand ball night; two francs entrance for men, one franc for women. This is the way that the general appearance of the place strikes M. Graindorge: "A grand alley-way variegated with colored glass; diminutive groves, round plots of illuminated green. Small blue jets of gas stretch along the ground through the flowers. Light and transparent vases are mixed in rings over the grass. There is a faint odor of grease and oil. The trees, wan and dim in the oblique light, look strange and unearthly. The imitation Corinthian vases, the scenes painted in deception, to give an appearance of length to the alleys, are simply contemptible. Above this rural arrangement jut out the sharp corners and heavy masonry of an enormous building. The rough ground hurts the feet. Decidedly I am not enthusiastic."

And this is the way that the people strike M. Graindorge: "The men are said to be hired; the women exhibit themselves gratis, though they feel that they are despised. How odd that people can take any pleasure in staring at these poor girls, most of them faded, all looking degraded or half-scared, as they dance in their hats and cloaks and black *botines*! One is tempted to give them twenty francs, and send them all to the

kitchen to eat a beefsteak and drink a glass of beer.”

Towards midnight the Mabille becomes “a thorough rout,” and M. Graindorge, wishing to see everything, goes on to the Bal Perron at the Barrière du Trou. This is a “guinguette,” that pretty sounding word so common in the world of the opera comique or of Beranger’s songs. “The very word,” observes M. Graindorge, “calls up pretty, sly faces, nicely fitting little caps, graceful and flexible figures; all the gayety, all the vivacity, so peculiar to France and Paris are there, — is it not so?” Well, then, let us enter a guinguette and see for ourselves. “The chief characteristic here is that, with one or two exceptions, all these people are thin and small. Several of them look like children. There are some women only four feet high; all are stunted, dwarfed, pitiful, badly made. From generation to generation they have drunk bad wine, eaten dog chops, breathed the foul air of Bobino, and worked too hard in order to amuse themselves too much.” Here we find the true type of the Parisian workman, with his “transparent vanity” and his “low sensuality.” “The musicians blow away indefatigably. The floor manager hurries about, pushing and coupling the dancers with a speed and activity really wonderful. . . . There are two or three soldiers in the orchestra; one at the drum, another at the cymbals, the latter with spectacles, serious and attentive as though he were about to touch off a mine. The cornet-a-piston has taken off his coat, and is blowing away, leaning back in his chair with dripping forehead and red cheeks. The octave flute is a hunchback, a poor dried-up fellow, with a peaked, charcoal face and eyes which shine like flames. A good, patient old gray-beard is scraping the bass-viol. They make all the noise they can. The company sip their coffee, smoke, gulp down great bumpers of beer, take in the noisy scene with eager eyes and ears. It is their relief from the treadle or the plane. But it is sad to see among them six or eight little working girls, who seem to be respectable,

and several families, father, mother, and children, who have come to look on. It is here that they learn that pleasure consists of brawling and drunkenness.”

It is clear that M. Graindorge does not agree with those who think that the public balls of Paris are the only places for true gayety in the world. On the contrary, as he leaves this guinguette of the nineteenth century, he sadly exclaims, “What a difference between the wild fury of this ant swarm and the calm contentment, the quiet enjoyment, of the pleasure gardens in Germany!” And so we reach the end of the round. In England the home of true pleasure is France. In France it is Germany. In Germany it may be France again. In every age it is at another period. In every country it is in some other latitude. After all, then, it seems that public balls at Paris and London have a wonderful number of features in common, and that most of them are calculated to inspire the lover of his kind with alarm. They are also calculated to inspire the observer with trepidation; for the descriptions do not to our mind give a very clear or distinct idea of the peculiarities of the things described. We get at the end of the chapter a much better idea of the temperament and turn of mind of the observer at the ball than we do of the exact nature of the ball itself. And yet M. Taine and M. Graindorge are professional observers. It is hard, obviously, to play the spectator *pur sang*, — a fact which has sometimes interfered with the accuracy even of the pictures of life in this country presented by the correspondents of English newspapers. But surely it is not inherently necessary that observers, surveying mankind, or a particular part of mankind, with “extensive view,” should fall into this error. With all the progress that we have made in the past eighteen centuries, and especially in the present century, we certainly must have reached a point at which the spectator can detach himself from his traditions and prejudices, moral and sentimental, and simply describe what he sees, without false coloring or distortion.

In the desperate attempt which we are

about to make to give an absolutely impartial account of public balls in New York, it must not be imagined for an instant that we confound the institution of public balls in the commercial capital of our great and free country with such places of pleasure as Cremorne Gardens or Mabilie. We have cited M. Taine's description of the plans which he selected for his evening's amusement, merely as an illustration of the difficulty of attaining perfection in this sort of work, and in anticipatory apology for any short-comings of our own that the lynx-eyed reader may detect. We shall conduct him only through the most unexceptionable scenes, — places where respectability is guaranteed by a price of admission so high that the reader (whatever view he takes of our description) may well congratulate himself that he has not been obliged to make the tour of inspection in person.

M. Graindorge, it must be observed, died some years since, and when he knew this country public balls had not with us attained a standing which entitled them to rank as an "institution." Within the past ten or a dozen years, however, there has been, at least in New York, a great development of this class of amusements. Just as, since the war, the theatres have improved and developed, and athletic sports have been elevated to the rank of a profession, and college endowments have been so munificently increased, so, too, has there gradually grown up in New York a sort of American carnival season, marked chiefly by its great number of public and masked balls. It was not to be expected, of course, that the carnival in establishing itself in New York would assume the same form or characteristics that it did in older countries or warmer climates. There can hardly be out-of-door festivities in forty degrees north latitude toward the end of February, and masquerading in broad daylight is under our system of law a penal offense. It was to be expected, too, that there would be something distinctively American about a New York carnival. In our hundred years of existence, though we have per-

haps shown no faculty for originating national amusements, we have generally given a peculiar national development to those which we have adopted from other lands. The modest game of "rounders" has in our hands become the remarkable national sport known as "base-ball;" in cards we have developed "euchre" and the world-renowned "poker" out of two European games originally of small importance; in rowing we at one time introduced the extraordinary fashion of steering by means of the bow-oar's feet; in other branches of athletic sports, while we cannot be said to have invented walking, American men have invented what is called long-distance walking, while American women have made themselves famous the world over as the champions of "consecutive-period" pedestrianism. In what is now called the art of natation, it is an American who was lately employed in swimming, in the middle of winter, from Pittsburgh to the Gulf of Mexico. In the adoption and development on a gigantic scale of almost any national pastime, we are excelled by no people in the world; and hence it was to be expected that if we seriously gave our minds to the development of an American carnival we would easily distance the slow-going nations who invented it or inherited it from their ancestors. It must be understood, also, that what we are speaking of here is not the carnival as it is alleged to exist in the South. In New Orleans there are French creoles and negroes and a legalized monthly lottery-drawing, and in many respects life is half foreign; besides this, there is a possibility in the early spring of something like out-of-door enjoyment. For these reasons Mardi Gras and the annual New Orleans masquerade procession may possibly be what they are said by Southern editors to be. A year or two since an attempt was made to introduce this Louisiana carnival into New York, and a procession was got up which promenaded through the streets by torch-light, headed by King Carnival, who excited about the same sort of curious but wary attention that might have been attracted by King Cetewayo, had he ap-

peared in New York. This attempt to imitate the Southern carnival was a ghastly failure, as might have been expected. Any one accustomed to the scientific analysis of the growth of institutions could see that no such carnival as this would ever make a permanent home in such a city as New York. In New York, as has just been said, the weather about the time of carnival is apt to be cold. Therefore it is clear that our carnival must be an indoor carnival. Again, the Anglo-Saxon race has never had any such festival; therefore it is almost certain that so far as any is developed it will be at first in the hands of foreigners. Besides this, there are no such things in a modern American city as public amusements, in the old-fashioned sense,—that is, amusements in which all the world takes part as a matter of course. Among the liberty-loving people of England and America the prevailing practice of taking such liberties as are not prevented by fear of the law has made it necessary in all really popular pastimes to exclude the mass of the people by the exaction of an entrance fee; it being shown by experience that pleasure at so much a head is much more decorous and quite as amusing as pleasure to which all the world comes. Consequently we should expect that our carnival would be a carnival at so much a head,—a carnival for the benefit of such as choose to pay for it; in fact, a carnival by contract.

There is, in the nature of things, every reason why the carnival in its modern Anglo-Saxon development should take this form. Sir Henry Maine, in his valuable work on *Ancient Law*, has pointed out that the great difference between ancient and modern society lies in the change from *status* to contract in all the relations of life. *Status*, as every law-student knows, denotes those fixed relations, founded partly on custom and partly on law, of which primitive man is known to have been so absurdly fond. Marriage was, for instance, originally an instance of *status*, and so would have doubtless continued, if it had not been discovered by the legislature of Illinois,

Connecticut, and other States that it might just as well be a pure matter of bargain, to begin and terminate at the pleasure of the parties. So it is with many other institutions. The celebration of the carnival was originally a public festivity, the relations of everybody to it having been fixed for generations. The carnival as it now exists in New York is indeed festive in character, but it is provided for those who choose to become ticket-holders in it by enterprising companies; the provision of carnival by them being wholly determined by the amount of money paid in, while the amount of money paid in is wholly determined by the success of the companies in providing the ticket-holders with the kind of carnival they desire.

These balls must, by the way, be carefully distinguished from a number of others, which have nothing of a masquerade or carnival character. Though the nights on which these take place are important epochs in the ball season, they are related to the Arion and Liederkrantz only remotely. Of these, a word or two may be said in advance.

The connection between charity and fashion is an old and established one; why charity should be always fashionable, and fashion should be in the hands of those who also chiefly support charity, is a question not very difficult to solve. Why does fashion support horse-races, church choirs, walking matches, the music of the future, African missions, and so many other excellent but heterogeneous things? Clearly, because fashion has a great deal of money and time with which it does not know what to do. There is something in the connection between fashion and charity which always affords a capital mark for the shaft of the satirist; but there is really no reason for satirizing it, as the connection is the result of an economical law, as general and universal in its operation as Ricardo's law of rent is believed to be by all but Pennsylvanians.

It must be remembered, however, in order to understand the precise nature of the connection of the annual Charity Ball in New York with fashion, that New

York society is governed by peculiar laws of its own, which are unknown elsewhere. There are two theories with regard to fashionable life in New York, put forward from time to time by essayists, satirists, and observers, which are usually regarded as mutually contradictory. One is the plutocratic, the other the exclusive theory. In accordance with one, society in New York is composed of a number of rich people, whose wealth constitutes their only title to social position, and of whose breeding and cultivation the less said the better. The other is a theory that, notwithstanding the inroads made by the plutocracy, the "new" people, there are a certain number of "old families," of assured social position and high breeding, who really form the best society, give it its tone, and set the fashion. The truth is, we take it, that both theories are in a measure based upon facts: there are a certain number of old families, people who have the social traditions of several generations behind them; and there are a certain number of new people, who gradually establish their position in society by means of their wealth, but only gradually, and generally in not much more and not much less than thirty years. In fact, the necessity of excluding doubtful characters from the pale has to be recognized in New York as everywhere else, or society would soon become a bear-garden. The traditions of social existence must be kept alive, and they are kept alive in New York only by a careful attention on the part of that conservative class, the persons who have grandfathers, to their duties. That they do this for the benefit of the new people, who sooner or later make their way within the barriers, is true enough; but their conservatism keeps up a barrier meantime. Now, society being in this state, it is obvious that if a convenient neutral ground can be found, on which may meet, under a sort of fashionable sanction, those who are passing through the anxious stage which intervenes between complete exclusion from and admission to society, — a ground where no one is compromised either by receiving or being received;

where one's presence guarantees a sort of fashionable publicity, and at the same time entails no subsequent social embarrassments of any sort, — such a place will attract a great crowd; and if the support of charity is also held in view a crowd which will nobly contribute towards that worthy object. Such a place has undoubtedly been discovered for New York in the Charity Ball. As a public ball it is in no way different from other balls. The floor is covered with dancers; the boxes and amphitheatre of seats are filled with fair women and brave men; there are two bands, and a bad and expensive supper in an adjoining "hall." But there is a list of managers and patronesses with names fit to make a whole directory of fashion; the ball is opened by the mayor (this is a serious matter, and there are people, particularly people who come to such a ball from the country, to whom the opening of the ball by the mayor is a guarantee of social correctness); and last, but not least, there is a full account of the dresses, with the names of the persons who appeared in them, in all next morning's papers. If we were writing a guide to New York, we should advise the curious stranger to go by all means to the Charity Ball. If he has been taught to believe the plutocratic theory of New York life, he will be confirmed in it by what he sees, and may go home and read the Potiphar Papers with the satisfaction of knowing that he has got to the bottom of New York society; if he holds to the "old-family" theory, he will be confirmed in it by what he does not see, and may go home and read a chapter from the Book of Snobs, or Vanity Fair, and reflect, as he falls asleep, how very much alike is the folly of mankind all over the world. In either case he will only half understand the Charity Ball.

The French Cooks' Ball is a simpler matter. It is a ball given exclusively for the purpose of exhibiting the culinary art of the *chefs* of New York. There is no pretense of fashion about it at all. There is little or no pretense of dressing. You will recognize the faces of the managers and the guests; they are the

same thoughtful and attentive faces to which you have so many times given directions regarding the manner in which you prefer terrapin cooked, or the precise length of time you like an egg boiled. Give no directions to them here, however, for we are all on an equality, — cooks, *garçons*, *Kellners*, “boys,” waiters, even head waiters, and all. The principal attraction is the supper-room, where, arranged on parallel tables, are multitudinous works of rare designs, each presided over by its author and creator. It would be a waste of time to attempt to describe them; it is enough to say that they are always very wonderful, and look very uneatable; their external appearance suggests the question whether what may be called culinary architecture has really reached the point which the French cooks evidently think it has.

As we near the end of Lent, the balls get more numerous, and masquerading sets in. The two great masked balls of the New York winter are the *Liederkrantz* and the *Arion*. The *Liederkrantz* is given at the Academy of Music; in its general arrangements it does not differ much from the Charity Ball, but in character it differs essentially. As there are masked balls and masked balls, this may be put down as the fashionable masked ball of the winter, though the difference between the fashionable type and the unfashionable type, as represented by the *Arion*, is, according to our experience, rather in size than in moral qualities. Most of what we shall have to say about the *Arion* applies to the *Liederkrantz*, it being understood that one takes place in an opera-house, the other in a “garden,” and that the price of admission to one is twice that to the other. The character of the crowd at the two places differs perhaps as much as the character of the crowd at a performance of *Carmen* from the crowd which assembles on the Coney Island piazzas in the midsummer evenings to hear the world-renowned Levy play Home, Sweet Home upon his cornet.

Let us, then, having paid our visit of duty to the Charity and the French Cooks’ Ball, revert to the serious busi-

ness of the carnival season. Let us see for ourselves, as unbiased spectators, precisely what are the masked balls of New York in a carnival *à prix fixe*. Casting aside all national prejudices, we will go simply as strangers, observers, students of human nature and the customs of the newest of all cities, at once new and great.

It is ten o’clock, and we are in the principal restaurant of the New World. It is a French café, with innumerable little marble-topped tables, and innumerable attendant or expectant waiters scattered about among them. It is the boast of New York that it possesses the best French restaurant in the world. On the table in front of us lie the evening papers with the latest news from Washington, side by side with *Figaro*, the *Journal pour Rire*, and the *Journal Amusant*. How deceptive are appearances! Are we to infer from this that the people at the tables are half French, or shall we make no inference from it whatever? The latter is much the safer of the two courses to pursue, and without hazarding any speculation on the subject let us send for a ticket, and go to the ball. The ticket is easily procured, and its bright and somewhat inharmonious colors tell us, if we do not know it already, that the festivities are in the hands of the great German race. We leave the café, and find ourselves in a stream of people going in the direction of the garden in which the ball is going on. The garden, so called, is a building of uncertain architectural character, extending round four sides of a New York “block,” covering perhaps two acres of ground. It was formerly a railroad depot; it is now dedicated to all public entertainments which have to be given on a large scale, from a Moody and Sankey revival or an *Arion* Ball to a dog show. Presenting its tickets at the main entrance, the crowd surges into a narrow passage-way on one side, where are at intervals square holes in partitions, through which are visible the faces of the receivers of coats and hats. Everything is very orderly. There is no use in attempting to hurry people. You must take your place in a

long queue, and wait till you reach in your turn the square hole. You may then put your coat and hat through it, and you will receive in return a ticket with a number. As the ball will last until six o'clock, and ten or twenty thousand people are coming to it, all these details are of importance.

While we are waiting our turn, we have plenty of time to examine the gentlemen who are in front of us; and we discover them to be, some acquaintances, many evidently foreigners, but many, half probably, Americans, — well-to-do-looking men, clearly with means enough to afford an occasional extravagance of this kind. That we have not left America by any means is proved by what is to be seen if we turn round, — an American bar, of length so great that the fact of its having any further end has to be taken on faith. It is really, like everything else in this place, of enormous dimensions, two or three hundred feet possibly; it may even be “the longest bar in the world.” It should be stated here that the purchaser of a ticket to the Arion is furnished with a printed map of the grounds. This of itself gives some idea of the scale of the entertainment.

Having got rid of our coat and hat, we enter the garden through one of the approaches, all of which, on this side of the building, appear to lead through the bar. We leave the clatter of glasses behind; we emerge into the full glare of a masquerade ball. The centre of the garden has been floored over for the dancers, while all round the floor is a gigantic promenade, about a quarter of a mile in circumference; outside this, again, are tiers of seats and boxes, rising one above the other to the top of the building. The light is furnished by arches of gas jets inclosed in many-colored diminutive glass globes. On either side is a band of music, — not perhaps the best in the world, but still a band which may be relied upon to play all night, and to mark the time for waltzing with emphasis.

Theoretically, no one is allowed upon the floor without a mask, but this rule is not very strictly enforced. We may

venture upon it without much danger of being severely dealt with, and we are now in a position to observe the crowd. Most of the people are in costumes: the women generally merely in dominoes and masks; the men generally in character costumes, some with genuine masks. All our old friends, harlequin, clown, pantaloen, Mephistopheles, monk, and so on, are here. Altogether, with the colored dominoes and costumes, and the music and the lights, it is a gay scene. It is necessary, however, to make one observation: that the masks do not, in any proper sense of the word, masquerade. To masquerade, as we have always understood, is not simply to dress in an assumed character, but to act the character. This no one seems to do: perhaps because they do not know how; perhaps because our Northern busy, practical life has extinguished in us those primitive instincts of mimicry which Southern nations still possess. Perhaps — but here we are again launched on the sea of speculation.

The instinct of dancing, at any rate, has not died out. The masks evidently mean to make a night of it in this way, if in no other. First a round dance, and then a square dance, through the night long — that is what you may count upon if you stay till six. If you are interested in the art of dancing, and will watch the dancers, you will see many curious things, and be able to make many instructive inferences from what you see. In the first place, as you are of course yourself, amiable reader, accustomed to mix only in the best society, you will want to know whether there are any ladies here. Among all these women, brought together from every class and rank of life for a single night's pleasure, how will you tell a lady if you see her? There are certain tests which may be applied even at a masked ball, though they are far from infallible. To tell what a woman will and will not do when unmasked is hard enough. To guess what she will do if masked is impossible. Still, there are tests. In the first place, ladies do not, as a general thing, go to masked balls in the United States, and it is fair

to assume that they will not go in a costume likely to attract notice. Every woman imagines (what innocent creatures they are!) that a masked ball is the most interesting and romantic place in the world; but ladies, as a rule, do not like to have it known that they have been there. Hence you may almost certainly exclude, as not belonging to your *monde*, all these pretty masks with gay sashes and striped stockings. Such a mask may be a milliner, or a washerwoman, or your wife's maid, but not a lady. Neither are any of your acquaintances probably among these mysterious dominoes with voluminous lace curiously twisted about their heads, through which their eyes are seen, but which completely hides the whole outline of their faces. No; if you wish to find the women of the society which you know, you must avoid all these, and look among those perfectly black and unattractive dominoes who manage to conceal even the outline of their figures. These, if they do not dance, may be set down as ladies. It may be as well to know this at the outset, for if you have come for pleasure it is better to avoid them. They are not as entertaining as the women with the dominoes of the other sort. Again, if you will watch the dancing, you will see that the dominoes who dance "square" dances are "turned" by their partners in a very original manner; the turn taking the form of a waltz interlude in the middle of a lancers or a quadrille. Did you ever see Ikey Bullstock dance in that way with Miss McGillicuddy, that was? No, not once; and you might wait years, and you would never see it done in New York, except at a public ball. The woman thus turned may be the most estimable woman in the world, but she has no standing in society.

It is now one o'clock, and the time for the procession has arrived. This procession is a grand affair, with lovely women throwing *bonbons* out of chariots to the crowd, tritons riding on a dolphin, performing acrobats in a cage, and an immense variety of memorable shows, all of which pass round the room in single file two or three times, and finally

disappear. The procession is preëminently German, the thoughtful managers not having neglected to provide food for the humorous as well as the serious taste of the crowd; one of the "flats" represents a dentist pulling teeth with a pair of Brobdignagian tweezers out of the jaw of a living victim, whose face makes the agony of his situation only too real. The crowd appear to enjoy this hugely, which proves, gentle reader, that the managers understand wit and humor better than philosophers do.

Two o'clock. The floor is not quite so crowded, for a couple of thousand of people or so have gone home. This is the hour at which, if you are a dancer, you enjoy yourself, provided you are capable of enjoyment. If you are a philosopher, you begin to grow melancholy. It is evidently time for supper. Would it be prudent to invite one or two of these pretty dominoes to take some supper? That they will accept the invitation with pleasure need not be doubted. If you speak to them, the chances are that they will suggest it themselves. The supper tables are in one of the galleries, a hot and stuffy place, where several hundred people are eating salads and ices, and drinking champagne. Now is certainly the time to moralize. What would balls be without champagne? Would there be any balls if there were not any champagne? And is not the result to which we are forced that pleasure, as the world at large knows it, is founded upon intoxication? Our companion whom we have invited to supper interrupts this train of reflection by intimating that no suggestion has been made to her as to what she would prefer to drink. The suggestion being made, she declares that she much prefers champagne. She is a young girl, apparently, with a pleasant voice, and, as well as can be seen, a pretty figure. Her ideas are practical. Has she ever been at a masked ball before? Once before, it seems, last year; she had such a good time that she means to come every year after this. Masked balls are such fun! No, there is not much room for dancing, but it is such fun to wear a domino and

a mask. Have I ever been before? Why does she want to know? Is she sufficiently interested in my movements to want to know whether I am coming again? (I have a faint idea that this is the way that people at masked balls talk to one another.) Of course she is. (This is said in a tone of voice which implies distinctly that any one who provides her with a supper and champagne is an object of deep interest to her.)

Four o'clock. I have abandoned her. Her conversation was insufferably stupid. There is only one thing more stupid than a woman who is difficult to talk to, and that is a woman who talks easily. Women have no reflective powers, and their conversation is merely the expression of their tastes or feelings; and to a person like myself, of a reflective turn, other people's tastes and feelings are of little consequence. What is that noise in the remote corner beneath the gallery? It appears that there has been a quarrel, and some one has knocked down a drunken man who insulted a mask. Both parties are arrested by the police, who always pursue this impartial plan in New York, and the disturbance is over almost before it has begun. People who have never been to an Arion ball are given to understand that there

is about this time a good deal of riot; but there has certainly been no riot to-night.

Six o'clock, and a great crowd is pouring out of the garden, to get its breakfast. Our carnival is over, and Lent has begun. After all, was it worth the while? Did the masqueraders enjoy masquerading? Did the waltzers enjoy waltzing? Did the crowd, as it gaped at the procession, really enjoy the tritons, and the beautiful distributors of bonbons, and the man having his teeth extracted, and the rest of the show? Or is the whole thing, masquerade, lights, music, dancing, and all, merely a confession of the difficulty that our race finds in getting enjoyment from anything? What sort of a people are we, indeed, with our three centuries of puritanism behind us, our national history devoid of art, of music; we Americans, savages, restless hunters of the almighty dollar, — what sort of a people are we to have a carnival? Is it any wonder that it has to be a carnival by contract, got up at so much a head by the industrious foreigners? How cold the air is in New York in February at six o'clock in the morning! Shade of M. Graindorge! is it an impossibility to go to a ball without playing the moralist on the way home?

THE PEOPLE FOR WHOM SHAKESPEARE WROTE.

II.

WE now approach perhaps the most important matter in this world, namely, dress. In nothing was the increasing wealth and extravagance of the period more shown than in apparel. And in it we are able to study the origin of the present English taste for the juxtaposition of striking and uncomplementary colors. In Coryat's Crudities, 1611, we have an Englishman's contrast of the dress of the Venetians and the English.

The Venetians adhered, without change, to their decent fashion, a thousand years old, wearing usually black: the slender doublet made close to the body, without much quilting; the long hose plain, the jerkin also black, — but all of the most costly stuffs Christendom can furnish, satins and taffeties, garnished with the best lace. Gravity and good taste characterized their apparel. "In both these things," says Coryat, "they differ much from us Englishmen. For whereas they have but one color, we use many more

than are in the rainbow, all the most light, garish, and unseemly colors that are in the world. Also for fashion we are much inferior to them. For we wear more fantastical fashions than any nation under the sun doth, the French only excepted." On festival days, in processions, the senators wore crimson damask gowns, with flaps of crimson velvet cast over their left shoulders; and the Venetian knights differed from the other gentlemen, for under their black damask gowns, with long sleeves, they wore red apparel, red silk stockings, and red pantofles.

Andrew Boord, in 1547, attempting to describe the fashions of his countrymen, gave up the effort in sheer despair over the variety and fickleness of costume, and drew a naked man with a pair of shears in one hand and a piece of cloth in the other, to the end that he should shape his apparel as he himself liked; and this he called an Englishman. Even the gentle Harrison, who gives Boord the too harsh character of a lewd popish hypocrite and ungracious priest, admits that he was not void of judgment in this; and he finds it easier to inveigh against the enormity, the fickleness, and the fantasticality of the English attire than to describe it. So unstable is the fashion, he says, that to-day the Spanish guise is in favor; to-morrow the French toys are most fine and delectable; then the high German apparel is the go; next the Turkish manner is best liked, the Morisco gowns, the Barbary sleeves, and the short French breeches; in a word, "except it were a dog in a doublet, you shall not see any so disguised as are my countrymen in England."

This fantastical folly was in all degrees, from the courtier down to the carter. "It is a world to see the costliness and the curiosity, the excess and the vanity, the pomp and the bravery, the change and the variety, and finally the fickleness and the folly that is in all degrees; insomuch that nothing is more constant in England than inconstancy of attire. So much cost upon the body, so little upon souls; how many suits of apparel hath the one, or how little furni-

ture hath the other!" And how men and women worry the poor tailors, with endless fittings and sending back of garments, and trying on! "Then must the long seams of our hose be set with a plumb line, then we puff, then we blow, and finally sweat till we drop, that our clothes may stand well upon us."

The barbers were as cunning in variety as the tailors. Sometimes the head was polled; sometimes the hair was curled, and then suffered to grow long like a woman's locks, and many times cut off, above or under the ears, round as by a wooden dish. And so with the beards: some shaved from the chin, like the Turks; some cut short, like the beard of the Marquis Otto; some made round, like a rubbing brush; some peaked, others grown long. If a man have a lean face, the Marquis Otto's cut makes it broad; if it be platter-like, the long, slender beard makes it seem narrow; "if he be weasel-beaked, then much hair left on the cheeks will make the owner look big like a bowdled hen, and so grim as a goose." Some courageous gentlemen wore in their ears rings of gold and stones, to improve God's work, which was otherwise set off by monstrous quilted and stuffed doublets, that puffed out the figure like a barrel.

There is some consolation, though I don't know why, in the knowledge that writers have always found fault with women's fashions, as they do to-day. Harrison says that the women do far exceed the lightness of the men; "such staring attire as in time past was supposed meet for light housewives only is now become an habit for chaste and sober matrons." And he knows not what to say of their doublets, with pendant pieces on the breast full of jags and cuts; their "galligascons," to make their dresses stand out plumb round; their farthingales and divers colored stockings. "I have met," he says, "with some of these trulls in London so disguised that it hath passed my skill to determine whether they were men or women." Of all classes the merchants were most to be commended for rich but sober attire; "but the younger sort of their wives,

both in attire and costly housekeeping, cannot tell when and how to make an end, as being women indeed in whom all kind of curiosity is to be found and seen." Elizabeth's time, like our own, was distinguished by new fashionable colors, among which are mentioned a queer greenish-yellow, a peas-porridge-tawny, a popinjay of blue, a lusty gallant, and the "devil in the hedge." These may be favorites still, for aught I know.

Mr. Furnivall quotes a description of a costume of the period, from the manuscript of Orazio Busino's *Anglipotrida*. Busino was the chaplain of Piero Contarina, the Venetian ambassador to James I., in 1617. The chaplain was one day stunned with grief over the death of the butler of the embassy; and as the Italians sleep away grief, the French sing, the Germans drink, and the English go to plays, to be rid of it, the Venetians, by advice, sought consolation at the Fortune theatre; and there a trick was played upon old Busino, by placing him amongst a bevy of young women, while the concealed ambassador and the secretary enjoyed the joke. "These theatres," says Busino, "are frequented by a number of respectable and handsome ladies, who come freely and seat themselves among the men without the slightest hesitation. . . . Scarcely was I seated ere a very elegant dame, but in a mask, came and placed herself beside me. . . . She asked me for my address both in French and English; and, on my turning a deaf ear, she determined to honor me by showing me some fine diamonds on her fingers, repeatedly taking off no fewer than three gloves, which were worn one over the other. . . . This lady's bodice was of yellow satin richly embroidered, her petticoat¹ of gold tissue with stripes, her robe of red velvet with a raised pile, lined with yellow muslin with broad stripes of pure gold. She wore an apron of point lace of various patterns; her head-tire was highly perfumed, and

the collar of white satin beneath the delicately-wrought ruff struck me as exceedingly pretty." It was quite in keeping with the manners of the day for a lady of rank to have lent herself to this hoax of the chaplain.

Van Meteren, a Netherlander, 1575, speaks also of the astonishing change or changeableness in English fashions, but says the women are well dressed and modest, and they go about the streets without any covering of mantle, hood, or veil: only the married women wear a hat in the street and in the house; the unmarried go without a hat; but ladies of distinction have lately learned to cover their faces with silken masks or vizards, and to wear feathers. The English, he notes, change their fashions every year, and when they go abroad riding or traveling they don their best clothes, contrary to the practice of other nations. Another foreigner, Jacob Rathgeb, 1592, says the English go dressed in exceeding fine clothes, and some will even wear velvet in the street, when they have not at home perhaps a piece of dry bread. "The lords and pages of the royal court have a stately, noble air, but dress more after the French fashion, only they wear short cloaks and sometimes Spanish caps."

Harrison's arraignment of the English fashions of his day may be considered as almost commendative beside the diatribes of the old Puritan Philip Stubbes, in *The Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583. The English language is strained for words hot and rude enough to express his indignation, contempt, and fearful expectation of speedy judgments. The men escape his hands with scarcely less damage than the women. First he wreaks his indignation upon the divers kinds of hats, stuck full of feathers, of various colors, "ensigns of vanity," "fluttering sails and feathered flags of defiance to virtue;" then upon the monstrous ruffs that stand out a quarter of a yard from the neck. As the devil, in the fullness of his malice, first invented these ruffs, so has he found out two ways to bear up

¹ It is a trifle in human progress, perhaps scarcely worth noting, that the "round gown," that is an entire skirt, not open in front and parting to show

the under petticoat, did not come into fashion till near the close of the eighteenth century.

this his great kingdom of ruffs: one is a kind of liquid matter they call starch; the other is a device made of wires, for an under-propper. Then there are shirts of cambric, holland, and lawn, wrought with fine needle-work of silk and curiously stitched, costing sometimes as much as five pounds. Worse still are the monstrous doublets, reaching down to the middle of the thighs, so hard quilted, stuffed, bombasted, and sewed that the wearer can hardly stoop down in them. Below these are the gally-hose, of silk, velvet, satin, and damask, reaching below the knees. So costly are these that "now it is a small matter to bestow twenty nobles, ten pound, twenty pound, fortie pound, yea a hundred pound of one pair of Breeches. (God be merciful unto us!)" To these gay hose they add nether-socks, curiously knit with open seams down the leg, with quirks and clocks about the ankles, and sometimes interlaced with gold and silver thread as is wonderful to behold. Time has been when a man could clothe his whole body for the price of these nether-socks. Satan was further let loose in the land by reason of cork shoes and fine slippers, of all colors, carved, cut, and stitched with silk, and laced on with gold and silver, which went flipping and flapping up and down in the dirt. The jerkins and cloaks are of all colors and fashions; some short, reaching to the knee; others dragging on the ground; red, white, black, violet, yellow, guarded, laced, and faced; hanged with points and tassels of gold, silver, and silk. The hilts of daggers, rapiers, and swords are gilt thrice over, and have scabbards of velvet. And all this while the poor lie in London streets upon pallets of straw, or else in the mire and dirt, and die like dogs!

Stubbes was a stout old Puritan, bent upon hewing his way to heaven through all the allurements of this world, and suspecting a devil in every fair show. I fear that he looked upon woman as only a vain and trifling image, a delusive toy, away from whom a man must set his face. Shakespeare, who was country-bred, when he came up to London, and lived probably on the roystering South

Side, near the theatres and bear-gardens, seems to have been impressed with the painted faces of the women. It is probable that only town-bred women painted. Stubbes declares that the women of England color their faces with oils, liquors, unguents, and waters made to that end, thinking to make themselves fairer than God made them,—a presumptuous audacity to make God untrue in his word; and he heaps vehement curses upon the immodest practice. To this follows the trimming and tricking of their heads, the laying out their hair to show, which is curled, crisped, and laid out on wreaths and borders from ear to ear. Lest it should fall down it is under-propped with forks, wires, and what not. On the edges of their bolstered hair (for it standeth crested round about their frontiers, and hanging over their faces like pendices with glass windows on every side) is laid great wreaths of gold and silver curiously wrought. But this is not the worst nor the tenth part, for no pen is able to describe the wickedness. "The women use great ruffs and neckerchers of holland, lawn, cameriek, and such cloth, as the greatest thread shall not be so big as the least hair that is: then, lest they should fall down, they are smeared and starched in the Devil's liquor, I mean Starch; after that dried with great diligence, streaked, patted and rubbed very nicely, and so applied to their goodly necks, and, withall, under-propped with supportasses, the stately arches of pride; beyond all this they have a further fetch, nothing inferior to the rest; as, namely, three or four degrees of *minor* ruffs, placed *gradatim*, step by step, one beneath another, and all under the Master devil ruff. The skirts, then, of these great ruffs are long and side every way, pleted and crested full curiously, God wot."

Time will not serve us to follow old Stubbes into his particular inquisition of every article of woman's attire, and his hearty damnation of them all and several. He cannot even abide their carrying of nosegays and posies of flowers to smell at, since the palpable odors and fumes of these do enter the brain to degenerate the spirit and allure to vice. They must

needs carry looking-glasses with them; "and good reason," says Stubbes savagely, "for else how could they see the devil in them? for no doubt they are the devil's spectacles [these women] to allure us to pride and consequently to destruction forever." And, as if it were not enough to be women and the devil's aids, they do also have doublets and jerkins, buttoned up the breast, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on the shoulder points, as man's apparel is, for all the world. We take reluctant leave of this entertaining woman-hater, and only stay to quote from him a "fearful Judgment of God, shewed upon a gentlewoman of Antwerp of late, even the 27th of May, 1582," which may be as profitable to read now as it was then: "This gentlewoman being a very rich Merchant man's daughter: upon a time was invited to a bridal, or wedding, which was solemnized in that Touno, against which day she made great preparation, for the pluming herself in gorgeous array, that as her body was most beautiful, fair, and proper, so her attire in every respect might be correspondent to the same. For the accomplishment whereof she curled her hair, she dyed her locks, and laid them out after the best manner, she colored her face with waters and Ointments: But in no case could she get any (so curious and dainty she was) that could starch, and set her Ruffs, and Neckerchers to her mind: wherefore she sent for a couple of Laundresses, who did the best they could to please her humors, but in any wise they could not. Then fell she to swear and tear, to curse and damn, casting the Ruffs under feet, and wishing that the Devil might take her, when she wear any of those Neckerechers again. In the mean time (through the sufferance of God) the Devil transforming himself into the form of a young man, as brave, and proper as she in every point of outward appearance, came in, feigning himself to be a wooer or suitor unto her. And seeing her thus agonized, and in such a pelting chase, he demanded of her the cause thereof, who straightway told him (as women can conceal nothing that lieth upon their stomachs) how she

was abused in the setting of her Ruffs, which thing being heard of him, he promised to please her mind, and thereto took in hand the setting of her Ruffs, which he performed to her great contentation, and liking, in so much as she looking herself in a glass (as the Devil bade her) became greatly enamoured of him. This done, the young man kissed her, in the doing whereof she writhe her neck in sunder, so she died miserably, her body being metamorphosed into black and blue colors, most uggesome to behold, and her face (which before was so amorous) became most deformed, and fearful to look upon. This being known, preparaunce was made for her burial, a rich coffin was provided, and her fearful body was laid therein, and it covered very sumptuously. Four men immediately assayed to lift up the corpse, but could not move it, then six attempted the like, but could not once stir it from the place where it stood. Whereat the standers-by marveling, caused the coffin to be opened to see the cause thereof. Where they found the body to be taken away, and a black Cat very lean and deformed sitting in the coffin, setting of great Ruffs, and frizzling of hair, to the great fear, and wonder of all beholders."

Better than this pride which fore-runneeth destruction, in the opinion of Stubbes, is the habit of the Brazilian women, who "esteem so little of apparel" that they rather choose to go naked than be thought to be proud.

As I read the times of Elizabeth, there was then greater prosperity and enjoyment of life among the common people than fifty or a hundred years later. Into the question of the prices of labor and of food, which Mr. Froude considers so fully in the first chapter of his history, I shall not enter any further than to remark that the hardness of the laborer's lot, who got, mayhap, only twopence a day, is mitigated by the fact that for a penny he could buy a pound of meat which now costs a shilling. In two respects England has greatly changed for the traveler, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, — in its inns and its roads.

In the beginning of Elizabeth's reign travelers had no choice but to ride on horseback or to walk. Goods were transported on strings of pack-horses. When Elizabeth rode into the city from her residence at Greenwich, she placed herself behind her lord chancellor, on a pillion. The first improvement made was in the construction of a rude wagon, a cart without springs, the body resting solidly on the axles. In such a vehicle Elizabeth rode to the opening of her fifth Parliament. In 1583, on a certain day, Sir Harry Sydney entered Shrewsbury in his wagon, "with his trumpeter blowynge, verey joyfull to behold and see." Even such conveyances fared hard on the execrable roads of the period. Down to the end of the seventeenth century, most of the country roads were merely broad ditches, water-worn and strewn with loose stones. In 1640 Queen Henrietta was four weary days dragging over the road from Dover to London, the best in England. Not till the close of the sixteenth century was the wagon used, and then rarely. Fifty years later stage-wagons ran, with some regularity, between London and Liverpool; and before the close of the seventeenth century the stage-coach, a wonderful invention, which had been used in and about London since 1650, was placed on three principal roads of the kingdom. It averaged two to three miles an hour. In the reign of Charles II. a Frenchman who landed at Dover was drawn up to London in a wagon with six horses in a line, one after the other. Our Venetian, Busino, who went to Oxford in the coach with the ambassador in 1617, was six days in going one hundred and fifty miles, as the coach often stuck in the mud, and once broke down. So bad were the main thoroughfares, even, that markets were sometimes inaccessible for months together, and the fruits of the earth rotted in one place, while there was scarcity not many miles distant.

But this difficulty of travel and liability to be detained long on the road were cheered by good inns, such as did not exist in the world elsewhere. All the literature of the period reflects lovingly

the home-like delights of these comfortable houses of entertainment. Every little village boasted an excellent inn, and in the towns on the great thoroughfares were sumptuous houses that would accommodate from two to three hundred guests, with their horses. The landlords were not tyrants, as on the Continent, but servants of their guests; and it was, says Harrison, a world to see how they did contend for the entertainment of their guests: as about fineness and change of linen, furniture of bedding, beauty of rooms, service at the table, costliness of plate, strength of drink, variety of wines, or well-using of horses. The gorgeous signs at their doors sometimes cost forty pounds. The inns were cheap too, and the landlord let no one depart dissatisfied with his bill. The worst inns were in London, and the tradition has been handed down. But the ostlers, Harrison confesses, did sometimes cheat in the feed, and they with the tapsters and chamberlains were in league (and the landlord was not always above suspicion) with highwaymen outside, to ascertain if the traveler carried any valuables; so that when he left the hospitable inn he was quite likely to be stopped on the highway and relieved of his money. The highwayman was a conspicuous character. One of the most romantic of these gentry at one time was a woman, named Mary Frith, born in 1585, and known as Mall Cut-Purse. She dressed in male attire, was an adroit fencer, a bold rider, and a staunch royalist; she once took two hundred gold jacobuses from the parliamentary general Fairfax on Hounslow Heath. She is the chief character in Middleton's play of the Roaring Girl; and after a varied life as a thief, cut-purse, pickpocket, highwayman, trainer of animals, and keeper of a thieves' "fence," she died in peace at the age of seventy. To return to the inns, Fyner Morrison, a traveler in 1617, sustains all that Harrison says of the inns as the best and cheapest in the world, where the guest shall have his own pleasure. No sooner does he arrive than the servants run to him: one takes his horse; another shows

him his chamber and lights his fire; a third pulls off his boots. Then come the host and hostess to inquire what meat he will choose, and he may have their company if he like. He shall be offered music while he eats, and if he be solitary the musicians will give him good day with music in the morning. In short, "a man cannot more freely command at home, in his own house, than he may do in his inn."

The amusements of the age were often rough, but certainly more moral than they were later; and although the theatres were denounced by such reformers as Stubbes as seminaries of vice, and disapproved by Harrison, they were better than after the Restoration, when the plays of Shakespeare were out of fashion. The Londoners went for amusement to the Bankside, or South Side of the Thames, where were the famous Paris Gardens, much used as a rendezvous by gallants; and there were the places for bear and bull baiting; and there were the theatres: the Paris Gardens, the Swan, the Rose, the Hope, and the Globe. The pleasure-seekers went over usually in boats, of which there were said to be four thousand plying between banks; for there was only one bridge, and that was crowded with houses. All distinguished visitors were taken over to see the gardens and the bears baited by dogs; the queen herself went, and perhaps on Sunday, for Sunday was the great day, and Elizabeth is said to have encouraged Sunday sports, she had been (we read) so much hunted on account of religion! These sports are too brutal to think of; but there are amusing accounts of lion baiting both by bears and dogs, in which the beast who figures so nobly on the escutcheon nearly always proved himself an arrant coward, and escaped away as soon as he could into his den, with his tail between his legs. The spectators were once much disgusted when a lion and lioness, with the dog that pursued them, all ran into the den, and, like good friends, stood very peaceably together looking out at the people.

The famous Globe theatre, which was

built in 1599, was burned in 1613, and in the fire it is supposed were consumed Shakespeare's manuscripts of his plays. It was of wood (for use in summer only), octagon shaped, with a thatched roof, open in the centre. The daily performance here, as in all theatres, was at three o'clock in the afternoon, and boys outside held the horses of the gentlemen who went in to the play. When theatres were restrained, in 1600, only two were allowed, the Globe and the Fortune, which was on the north side on Golden Lane. The Fortune was fifty feet square within, and three stories high, with galleries, built of wood on a brick foundation and with a roof of tiles. The stage was forty-three feet wide, and projected into the middle of the yard (as the pit was called), where the groundlings stood. To one of the galleries admission was only twopence. The young gallants used to go into the yards and spy about the galleries and boxes for their acquaintances. In these theatres there was a drop curtain, but little or no scenery. Spectators had boxes looking on the stage behind the curtain, and they often sat upon the stage with the actors; sometimes the actors all remained upon the stage during the whole play. There seems to have been great familiarity between the audience and the actors. Fruits in season, apples, pears, and nuts, with wine and beer, were carried about to be sold, and pipes were smoked. There was neither any prudery in the plays or the players, and the audiences in behavior were no better than the plays.

The actors were all men. The female parts were taken usually by boys, but frequently by grown men, and when Juliet or Desdemona was announced, a giant would stride upon the stage. There is a story that Kynaston, a handsome fellow, famous in female characters, and petted by ladies of rank, once kept Charles I. waiting while he was being shaved before appearing as Evadne in *The Maid's Tragedy*. The innovation of women on the stage was first introduced by a French company in 1629, but the audiences would not tolerate it,

and hissed and pelted the actresses off the stage. But thirty years later women took the place they have ever since held; when the populace had once experienced the charm of a female Juliet and Ophelia, they would have no other, and the rage for actresses ran to such excess at one time that it was a fashion for women to take the male parts as well. But that was in the abandoned days of Charles II. Pepys could not control his delight at the appearance of Nell Gwynne, especially "when she comes like a young gallant, and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her." The acting of Shakespeare himself is only a faint tradition. He played the ghost in *Hamlet*, and Adam in *As you Like It*. William Oldys says (Oldys was an antiquarian who was pottering about in the first part of the eighteenth century, picking up gossip in coffee-houses, and making memoranda on scraps of paper in book-shops) Shakespeare's brother Charles, who lived past the middle of the seventeenth century, was much inquired of by actors about the circumstances of Shakespeare's playing. But Charles was so old and weak in mind that he could recall nothing except the faint impression that he had once seen "Will" act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company who were eating, and one of them sung a song. And that was Shakespeare!

The whole Bankside, with its taverns, play-houses, and worse, its bear pits and gardens, was the scene of roystering and coarse amusement. And it is surprising that plays of such sustained moral greatness as Shakespeare's should have been welcome.

The more private amusements of the great may well be illustrated by an account given by Busino of a masque (it was Ben Jonson's *Pleasure reconciled to Virtue*) performed at Whitehall on

Twelfth Night, 1617. During the play, twelve cavaliers in masks, the central figure of whom was Prince Charles, chose partners, and danced every kind of dance, until they got tired and began to flag; whereupon King James, "who is naturally choleric, got impatient, and shouted aloud, 'Why don't they dance? What did you make me come here for? Devil take you all, dance!'" On hearing this, the Marquis of Buckingham, his majesty's most favored minion, immediately sprang forward, cutting a score of lofty and very minute capers, with so much grace and agility that he not only appeased the ire of his angry sovereign, but moreover rendered himself the admiration and delight of everybody. The other masquers, being thus encouraged, continued successively exhibiting their powers with various ladies; finishing in like manner with capers, and by lifting their goddesses from the ground. . . . The prince, however, excelled them all in bowing, being very exact in making his obeisance both to the king and his partner; nor did we ever see him make one single step out of time, — a compliment which can scarcely be paid to his companions. Owing to his youth, he has not much wind as yet, but he nevertheless cut a few capers very gracefully." The prince then went and kissed the hand of his serene parent, who embraced and kissed him tenderly. When such capers were cut at Whitehall, we may imagine what the revelry was in the Bankside taverns.

The punishments of the age were not more tender than the amusements were refined. Busino saw a lad of fifteen led to execution for stealing a bag of currants. At the end of every month, besides special executions, as many as twenty-five people at a time rode through London streets in Tyburn carts, singing ribald songs, and carrying sprigs of rosemary in their hands. Everywhere in the streets the machines of justice were visible: pillories for the neck and hands, stocks for the feet, and chains to stretch across, in case of need, and stop a mob. In the suburbs were oak cages for nocturnal offenders. At the church doors

night now and then be seen women enveloped in sheets, doing penance for their evil deeds. A bridle, something like a bit for a restive horse, was in use for the curbing of scolds; but this was a later invention than the cucking-stool, or ducking-stool. There is an old print of one of these machines standing on the Thames's bank: on a wheeled platform is an upright post with a swinging beam across the top, on one end of which the chair is suspended over the river, while the other is worked up and down by a rope; in it is seated a light sister of the Bankside, being dipped into the unsavory flood. But this was not so hated by the women as a similar discipline, — being dragged in the river by a rope after a boat.

Hanging was the common punishment for felony, but traitors and many other offenders were drawn, hanged, boweled, and quartered; nobles who were traitors usually escaped with having their heads chopped off only. Torture was not practiced; for, says Harrison, our people despise death, yet abhor to be tormented, being of frank and open minds. And "this is one cause why our condemned persons do go so cheerfully to their deaths, for our nation is free, stout, hearty, and prodigal of life and blood, and cannot in any wise digest to be used as villains and slaves." Felony covered a wide range of petty crimes: breach of prison, hunting by night with painted or masked faces, stealing above forty shillings, stealing hawks' eggs, conjuring, prophesying upon arms and badges, stealing deer by night, cutting purses, counterfeiting coin, etc. Death was the penalty for all these offenses. For poisoning her husband a woman was burned alive; a man poisoning another was boiled to death in water or oil; heretics were burned alive; some murderers were hanged in chains; perjurers were branded on the forehead with the letter P; rogues were burned through the ears; suicides were buried in a field with a stake driven through their bodies; witches were burned or hanged; in Halifax thieves were beheaded by a machine almost exactly like the modern guillotine; scolds were ducked; pirates were

hanged on the sea-shore at low-water mark, and left till three tides overwashed them; those who let the sea-walls decay were staked out in the breach of the banks, and left there as parcel of the foundation of the new wall. Of rogues, that is tramps and petty thieves, the gallows devoured three to four hundred annually, in one place or another; and Henry VIII. in his time did hang up as many as seventy-two thousand rogues. Any parish which let a thief escape was fined. Still the supply held out.

The legislation against vagabonds, tramps, and sturdy beggars, and their punishment by whipping, branding, etc., are too well known to need comment. But considerable provision was made for the unfortunate and deserving poor: poor-houses were built for them, and collections taken up. Only sixty years before Harrison wrote there were few beggars, but in his day he numbers them at ten thousand; and most of them were rogues, who counterfeited sores and wounds, and were mere thieves and caterpillars on the commonwealth. He names twenty-three different sorts of vagabonds known by cant names, such as "rufflers," "uprightmen," "priggers," "fraters," "palliards," "Abrams," "dummerers;" and of women, "demanders for glimmer or fire," "mortes," "walking mortes," "doxes," "kinching coves."

London was esteemed by its inhabitants and by many foreigners as the richest and most magnificent city in Christendom. The cities of London and Westminster lay along the north bank in what seemed an endless stretch; on the south side of the Thames the houses were more scattered. But the town was mostly of wood, and its rapid growth was a matter of anxiety. Both Elizabeth and James again and again attempted to restrict it by forbidding the erection of any new buildings within the town, or for a mile outside; and to this attempt was doubtless due the crowded rookeries in the city. They especially forbade the use of wood in house fronts and windows, both on account of the danger from fire, and because all the timber in the king-

dom, which was needed for shipping and other purposes, was being used up in building. They even ordered the pulling down of new houses in London, Westminster, and for three miles around. But all efforts to stop the growth of the city were vain.

London, according to the Venetian Busino, was extremely dirty. He did not admire the wooden architecture; the houses were damp and cold, the staircases spiral and inconvenient, the apartments "sorry and ill connected." The wretched windows, without shutters, he could neither open by day nor close by night. The streets were little better than gutters, and were never put in order except for some great parade. Hentzner, however, thought the streets handsome and clean. When it rained it must have been otherwise. There was no provision for conducting away the water; it poured off the roofs upon the people below, who had not as yet heard of the Oriental umbrella; and the countryman, staring at the sights of the town, knocked about by the carts, and run over by the horsemen, was often surprised by a douche from a conduit down his back. And, besides, people had a habit of throwing water and slops out of the windows, regardless of passers-by.

The shops were small, open in front, when the shutters were down, much like those in a Cairo bazaar, and all the goods were in sight. The shop-keepers stood in front and cried their wares, and besought customers. Until 1568 there were but few silk shops in London, and all those were kept by women. It was not till about that time that citizens' wives ceased to wear white knit woolen caps, and three-square Minever caps with peaks. In the beginning of Elizabeth's reign the apprentices (a conspicuous class) wore blue cloaks in winter and blue gowns in summer; unless men were threescore years old, it was not lawful to wear gowns lower than the calves of the legs, but the length of cloaks was not limited. The journeymen and apprentices wore long daggers in the daytime at their backs or sides. When the apprentices attended their masters and

mistresses in the night they carried lanterns and candles, and a great long club on the neck. These apprentices were apt to lounge with their clubs about the fronts of the shops, ready to take a hand in any excitement, — to run down a witch, or raid an objectionable house, or tear down a tavern of evil repute, or spoil a play-house. The high streets, especially in winter time, were annoyed by hourly frays of sword and buckler men; but these were suddenly suppressed when the more deadly fight with rapier and dagger came in. The streets were entirely unlighted and dangerous at night, and for this reason the plays at the theatres were given at three in the afternoon.

About Shakespeare's time many new inventions and luxuries came in: masks, muffs, fans, periwigs, shoe-roses, love-handkerchiefs (tokens given by maids and gentlewomen to their favorites), heath-brooms for hair-brushes, scarfs, garters, waistcoats, flat-caps; also hops, turkeys, apricots, Venice glass, tobacco. In 1524, and for years after, was used this rhyme: —

"Turkeys, Carpes, Hops : Piccarel, and beere,
Came into England : all in one year."

There were no coffee-houses as yet, for neither tea nor coffee was introduced till about 1661. Tobacco was first made known in England by Sir John Hawkins in 1565, though not commonly used by men and women till some years after. It was urged as a great medicine for many ills. Harrison says, 1573, "In these days the taking in of the smoke of the Indian herb called 'Tabaco,' by an instrument formed like a little ladle, whereby it passeth from the mouth into the head and stomach, is greatly taken up and used in England, against Rewmes and some other diseases engendered in the lungs and inward parts, and not without effect." Its use spread rapidly, to the disgust of James I. and others, who doubted that it was good for cold, aches, humors, and rheums. In 1614 it was said that seven thousand houses lived by this trade, and that £399,375 a year were spent in smoke. Tobacco was even taken on the stage. Every base groom

must have his pipe; it was sold in all inns and ale-houses, and the shops of apothecaries, grocers, and chandlers were almost never, from morning till night, without company still taking of tobacco.

There was a saying on the Continent that "England is a paradise for women, a prison for servants, and a hell or purgatory for horses." The society was very simple compared with the complex conditions of ours, and yet it had more striking contrasts, and was a singular mixture of downrightness and artificiality; plainness and rudeness of speech went with the utmost artificiality of dress and manner. It is curious to note the insular, not to say provincial, character of the people even three centuries ago. When the Londoners saw a foreigner very well made or particularly handsome, they were accustomed to say, "*It is a pity he is not an ENGLISHMAN.*" It is pleasant, I say, to trace this "certain condescension" in the good old times. Jacob Rathgeb (1592) says the English are magnificently dressed, and extremely proud and overbearing; the merchants, who seldom go unto other countries, scoff at foreigners, who are liable to be ill used by street boys and apprentices, who collect in immense crowds and stop the way. Of course Cassandra Stubbes, whose mind was set upon a better country, has little good to say of his countrymen: "As concerning the nature, propertie, and disposition of the people they be desirous of new fangles, praising things past, contemning things present, and coveting after things to come. Ambitious, proud, light and unstable, ready to be carried away with every blast of wind." The French paid back with scorn the traditional hatred of the English for the French. Perlin (1558) finds the people proud and seditious, with bad consciences and unfaithful to their word, — "in war unfortunate, in peace unfaithful;" and there was a Spanish or Italian proverb: "England, good land, bad people." But even Perlin likes the appearance of the people: "The men are handsome, rosy, large, and dexterous, usually fair skinned; the women are esteemed the most beautiful

in the world, white as alabaster, and give place neither to Italian, Flemish, nor German; they are joyous, courteous, and hospitable (*de bon recueil*)." He thinks their manners, however, little civilized: for one thing, they have an unpleasant habit of eructation at the table (*car iceux routent à la table sans honte & ignominie*); which recalls Chaucer's description of the Trumpington miller's wife and daughter: —

"Men might her rowtyng hearen a forlong,
The wenche routeth eek *par compaignie*."

Another inference as to the table manners of the period is found in Coryat's Crudities (1611). He saw in Italy generally a curious custom of using a little fork for meat, and whoever should take the meat out of the dish with his fingers would give offense. And he accounts for this peculiarity quite naturally: "The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any meanes indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all mens fingers are not alike cleane." Coryat found the use of the fork nowhere else in Christendom, and when he returned, and, oftentimes in England, imitated the Italian fashion, his exploit was regarded in a humorous light. Busino says that fruits were seldom served at dessert, but that the whole population were munching them in the streets all day long, and in the places of amusement; and it was an amusement to go out into the orchards and eat fruit on the spot, in a sort of competition of gormandize between the city belles and their admirers. And he avers that one young woman devoured twenty pounds of cherries, beating her opponent by two pounds and a half.

All foreigners were struck with the English love of music and drink, of banqueting and good cheer. Perlin notes a pleasant custom at table: during the feast you hear more than a hundred times, "*Drink iou*" (he loves to air his English), that is to say, "Je m'en vois boyre a toy." You respond, in their language, "*Iplaigniu*;" that is to say, "Je vous plege." If you thank them, they say in their language, "*God tanque artelay*;" that is, "Je vous remercie de bon cœur."

And then, says the artless Frenchman, still improving on his English, you should respond thus: "*Bigod, sol drink iou agoud oin.*" At the great and princely banquets, when the pledge went round and the heart's desire of lasting health, says the chronicler, "the same was straight wayes knowne, by sound of Drumme and Trumpet, and the cannon's loudest voyce." It was so in Hamlet's day: —

"And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge."

According to Hentzner (1598), the English are serious, like the Germans, and love show and to be followed by troops of servants wearing the arms of their masters; they excel in music and dancing, for they are lively and active, though thicker of make than the French; they cut their hair close in the middle of the head, letting it grow on either side; "they are good sailors, and better pyrates, cunning, treacherous, and thievish;" and, he adds, with a touch of satisfaction, "above three hundred are said to be hanged annually in London." They put a good deal of sugar in their drink; they are vastly fond of great noises, firing of cannon, beating of drums, and ringing of bells, and when they have a glass in their heads they go up into some belfry, and ring the bells for hours together, for the sake of exercise. Petlin's comment is that men are hung for a trifle in England, and that you will not find many lords whose parents have not had their heads chopped off.

It is a pleasure to turn to the simple and hearty admiration excited in the breasts of all susceptible foreigners by the English women of the time. Van Meteren, as we said, calls the women beautiful, fair, well dressed, and modest. To be sure, the wives are, their lives only excepted, entirely in the power of their husbands, yet they have great liberty; go where they please; are shown the greatest honor at banquets, where they sit at the upper end of the table and are first served; are fond of dress and gossip and of taking it easy; and like to sit before their doors, decked out

in fine clothes, in order to see and be seen by the passers-by. Rathgeb also agrees that the women have much more liberty than in any other place. When old Busino went to the Masque at Whitehall, his colleagues kept exclaiming, "Oh, do look at this one — oh, do see that! — whose wife is this? — and that pretty one near her, whose daughter is she?" There was some chaff mixed in, he allows, some shriveled skins and devotees of *S. Carlo Borromeo*, but the beauties greatly predominated.

In the great street pageants, it was the beauty and winsomeness of the London ladies, looking on, that nearly drove the foreigners wild. In 1606, upon the entry of the king of Denmark, the chronicler celebrates "the unimaginable number of gallant ladies, beauteous virgins and other delicate dames, filling the windows of every house with kind aspect." And in 1638, when Cheapside was all alive with the pageant of the entry of the queen mother, "this miserable old queen," as Lilly calls Marie de Medicis (Mr. Furnivall reproduces an old cut of the scene), M. de la Serre does not try to restrain his admiration for the pretty women on view: only the most fecund imagination can represent the content one has in admiring the infinite number of beautiful women, each different from the other, and each distinguished by some sweetness or grace to ravish the heart and take captive one's liberty. No sooner has he determined to yield to one than a new object of admiration makes him repent the precipitation of his judgment.

And all the other foreigners were in the like case of "goneness." Kiechel, writing in 1585, says, "Item, the women there are charming, and by nature so mighty pretty as I have scarcely ever beheld, for they do not falsify, paint, or bedaub themselves as in Italy or other places;" yet he confesses (and here is another tradition preserved) "they are somewhat awkward in their style of dress." His second "item" of gratitude is a Netherland custom that pleased him: whenever a foreigner or an inhabitant went to a citizen's house on business

or as a guest, he was received by the master, the lady, or the daughter, and "welcomed" (as it is termed in their language): "he has a right to take them by the arm and to kiss them, which is the custom of the country; and if any one does not do so, it is regarded and imputed as ignorance and ill-breeding on his part." Even the grave Erasmus, when he visited England, fell easily into this pretty practice, and wrote with untheological fervor of the "girls with angel faces," who were "so kind and obliging." "Wherever you come," he says, "you are received with a kiss by all; when you take your leave you are dismissed with kisses; you return, kisses are repeated. They come to visit you, kisses again; they leave you, you kiss

them all round. Should they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance: in fine, wherever you move there is nothing but kisses," — a custom, says this reformer, who has not the fear of Stubbes before his eyes, "never to be sufficiently commended."

We shall find no more convenient opportunity to end this imperfect social study of the age of Shakespeare than with this naïve picture of the sex which most adorned it. Some of the details appear trivial; but grave history which concerns itself only with the actions of conspicuous persons, with the manœuvres of armies, the schemes of politics, the battles of theologies, fails signally to give us the real life of the people by which we judge the character of an age.

Charles Dudley Warner.

RECENT MODIFICATIONS IN SANITARY DRAINAGE.

It is only about four years since I published in these pages a series of papers on *The Sanitary Drainage of Houses and Towns*. So far as possible, I therein stated fairly the condition of the art at that time. Viewed in the light of present knowledge on the subject, those papers are already, in many respects, quite out of date. Knowledge has increased, experience has multiplied, and invention has been most fertile. The illustrations then given of the arrangement of house drainage represented a soil-pipe and drain running in an unbroken course from the sewer in the street, under the basement floor, and up through the roof of the house. Connected with it were several water-closets, a sink, and the overflow-pipes of the tank in the attic and of the service cisterns of the closets. In all cases the different vessels were separated from the soil-pipe only by water-sealed traps, and only the same protection was afforded in the case of the main tank. The system thus represented is defective in several particulars.

(a.) The water of the tank is liable to dangerous contamination through the overflow-pipe which leads into the soil-pipe, with only the insufficient protection of a water-seal, — especially insufficient as it has no certain means of renewal, and may by evaporation give direct access to the air of the soil-pipe.

(b.) The overflow-pipes of the service cisterns may readily become channels for the introduction of drain air to the apartments.

(c.) The unprotected traps of the sink and the water-closets are inadequate for the work they are intended to perform, and all of them are susceptible, under certain conditions, of becoming empty by evaporation or by siphoning.

(d.) Although the soil-pipe is continued through the roof, full-bore, and is open at the top, it has no provision for the admission of fresh air at its foot, which is now regarded as a matter of imperative necessity. These defects are sufficient, in the opinion of those instructed in such matters, to condemn this whole arrangement, which only four

years ago was regarded as the best yet devised.¹

All this indicates that the art under consideration is undergoing rapid development, and that it is by no means to be assumed that we have yet arrived at ultimate perfection in the matter.

Were I called upon to-day to specify the essential features of perfect house drainage, I should include the following items:—

The establishment of a complete circulation in the main line of soil-pipe and drain, allowing a free movement of atmospheric air through the whole system from end to end, together with as complete a circulation through minor pipes as could conveniently be secured.

The complete separation of the overflow of every tank or cistern delivering water for the general supply of the house from any soil-pipe or drain containing a foul atmosphere.

The supplementing of every water-trap with a suitable mechanical valve, to prevent the water of the trap from coming in contact with the air of the drain.

The reduction of the size of all waste-pipes, and especially of all traps, to the smallest diameter adequate to their work.

The abolition of all brick or earthenware drains within the walls of the house, using in their stead the best quality of iron pipe, with securely caulked lead joints.

The substitution, so far as practicable, of wrought-iron pipes for lead pipes, in the case of all minor wastes.

The coating of all iron pipes, both cast and wrought, inside and out, with "American" enamel, a glossy black coating which withstands in the most complete manner the chemical action and changes of temperature to which it is subjected in such use.

The iron pipes should be extended so far beyond the foundation of the house as to obviate the opening of joints by settlement, so common where earthenware drains are subjected to a slight

movement of the foundation, or of the new filling about it.

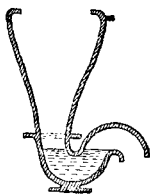
The object to be sought is the provision of a permanent drainage channel for the removal of all wastes, offering little asperity for the adhesion of foul matter, swept from end to end by fresh air, absolutely separated by mechanical obstructions from the interior atmosphere of the house, and literally a section of out-of-doors brought for convenience within the walls of the house, open to receive the contents of the various waste-pipes leading to it, but securely closed against the return of its air. I believe that the next step in advance will be the establishment of means by which the whole length of this drainage channel may be thoroughly flushed with clean water at least once in twenty-four hours.

As a prominent detail of house-drainage work, the long-accepted water-closet is being made the object of important modifications. The stereotyped article, the "pan" closet, has little to recommend it beyond the fact of its general adoption. It is faulty in principle, in arrangement, and in construction. While it is cleanly to look at, and lends itself readily to ornamental joinery, it has defects which should drive it out of existence. Deep down in its dark and hidden recesses, where only the ken of the plumber ever reaches, a large and sluggish trap—they call it a "cess-pool" in Scotland—is generally holding the filthiest filth in a state of offensive putrefaction. The iron chamber above this is lined with the foulest smear and slime, constantly producing fetid and dangerous gases. The earthenware bowl which surmounts this is set in putty, which yields to corrosion and to the jar of frequent use, until it leaks foul air, often in perceptible quantity. The painful of sealing water soon becomes saturated with foul gases, which exhale thence into the house. The whole apparatus is inclosed in tight-fitting carpentry, which shuts in the leakings and the splatterings and their vapors from the free access of air, boxing up in the interior of the house, and generally in

¹ This illustration was taken from the latest accepted English authority on such subjects.

free communication with the spaces between the walls and under the floors, an atmosphere heavy with the products of organic decomposition, and faintly suggestive to the unwonted nostril of the *mus decumanus defunctus*.

Some of these defects were recognized and pointed out in my earlier papers. I then believed that the difficulties of the case had been solved in great measure by the Jennings closet. It now seems that this closet and the whole class to which it belongs are seriously defective; and, in the absence of anything better, I am disposed to go back to the simple "hopper" closet, such as is used in the



The Hopper Closet.

cheapest work, and to depend on frequent and copious flushing to keep it clean. This closet has the great advantage that its only trap is in sight at the bottom of its pot. There is no inner "chamber of horrors" concealed by a cleanly exterior. I have recently used a number of these closets supplied with various sorts of apparatus for periodical flushing, and I find that wherever a half-gallon flush can be given every ten or fifteen minutes they are kept perfectly clean. I have no doubt that flushing every twenty minutes, or perhaps at longer intervals, would keep them free from all sanitary objection. This would require a supply of about fifty gallons *per diem*.

Recent invention has been turned in the direction of the provision of mechanical appliances for separating the trapping water from the air of the soil-pipe or drain. There are several devices which accomplish this purpose, — one of them my own, and more than one of them constituting a very great improvement upon, and indeed an absolute step in advance of, anything in use five years ago.

Another most important matter of recent development is the thorough and through ventilation of soil-pipes. Formerly the soil-pipe invariably stopped at the highest closet of the house. When the danger of *pressure* came to be un-

derstood, it was considered imperative in all work of the best class to carry a vent-pipe out through the top of the house. As this pipe, from the smallness of its size and from the irregularities of its course, had but limited capacity of discharge, the necessity was quite generally recognized for carrying up the soil-pipe itself, full-bore, through and above the roof. This was the point reached at the time of my earlier writing. It soon became evident that even this large extension of the pipe afforded no real ventilation. A deep mine shaft cannot be ventilated by simply uncovering its top. No complete frequent change of air can be effected in a soil-pipe by merely opening its upper end. Air must be introduced at the bottom to take the place of that which is discharged at the top. It is now considered imperative in all good work to open the soil-pipe at both ends, or at least to furnish the lower part of the pipe with a sufficient fresh-air inlet to effect a thorough ventilation of the whole channel.

We have heard so much of "sewer gas" that we were in danger of ascribing the production of this foul air only to the sewer and cess-pool. Indeed, the majority of sanitarians to this day seem to believe that if they can effect a thorough disconnection between the sewer or drain and the waste-pipes of the house they have gained a sufficient protection against sewer gas. The fact is that that combination of the gaseous products of organic decomposition which is known by the generic name of sewer gas is very largely produced by the contents of the house-pipes themselves. Not only in the traps, where the coarser matters accumulate, but all along the walls of the smeared pipes, where filth has attached itself in its passage, there is a constant decomposition going on which is producing its constant results. The character of this decomposition and the character of the produced gases are greatly influenced by the degree to which access is given to atmospheric air. The more complete the ventilation, the greater the dilution of the gases

formed and the more complete their removal, and also the more innocuous their character. Under the most favorable circumstances, the contained air of a soil-pipe must be offensive, and is likely to become dangerous: so that, however thorough the ventilation, we must still adopt every safeguard against its admission into the house. The facility with which foul gases penetrate water and escape from it makes the water-seal trap, which is now our almost universal reliance, an extremely inefficient protection. There can be no real safety short of the adoption of some appliance which shall keep every outlet securely closed against the possible return of drain air.

Mr. Elliot C. Clarke, the principal assistant engineer in charge of the improved sewerage work of Boston, in a paper entitled *Common Defects in House Drains*, contributed to the Tenth Annual Report of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, says on the subject of sewer gas: "The writer has no wish to be an alarmist. The risk from sewer gas is probably not so great as many suppose; it is a slight risk, but a slight risk of a terrible danger. If a man thinks there is no need of insuring his house because his father lived in it for fifty years without a conflagration, he has a right to his opinion." Professor Fleeming Jenkin, in his *Healthy Houses*, says, "Simple sewer gas is little worse than a bad smell. Tainted sewer gas may be so poisonous that a very little introduced into a bedroom — so little as to be quite imperceptible to the nose — shall certainly give typhoid fever to a person sleeping there. The germ is a spark, the effects of which may be unlimited. We do not content ourselves with excluding the great majority of sparks from a powder magazine; we do our best that not one may enter."

While the water seal is very defective in itself, it is a very important adjunct to any mechanical means of separation that may be adopted, and all necessary precautions should be taken to prevent its removal by "siphoning," — the sucking out of the water by the partial vac-

uum caused by the flow of water in the main pipe, to which its outlet leads. To prevent this siphoning action often taxes the ingenuity of the engineer more than any other part of house-draining work; and until special devices are made to meet the exigency this must remain the most difficult and intricate part of the house drainer's task.

Any one whose attention is given to sanitary work must be more and more struck with that peculiarity of human nature which assures us of the exceptional excellence of our own belongings. I have rarely been called to examine the drainage of a house without being told that I was sent for merely as a matter of *extra* precaution. I have never completed any examination without discovering serious sanitary defects, — not merely such errors of arrangement as were universal until a short time ago, but actual, palpable bad condition, which the owner and his plumber at once acknowledged as of a grave character. Leaks in drains under the cellar floor, or in or near the foundation; lead waste-pipes eaten through by rats, and spilling their flow under the house; lead soil-pipes perforated by corrosion; imperfect joints leaking drain air within the partitions; the accumulation of dirty sloppings under the bench of the water-closet; and even untrapped connection between some room and the soil-pipe, or the direct pollution of the air over the tank through its overflow-pipe, — these are most common faults, and some one of them I have found to exist wherever I have looked for them in a "first-class" house, where it was naturally supposed that the most perfect conditions prevailed.

In no department of sanitary work has the progress been more marked than in the improvement foreshadowed in my former paper on *House Drainage* concerning the disposal of the liquid wastes of country houses by the process of sub-surface irrigation. Like all radical improvements, it has had its share of prejudice to overcome, and it by no means found the professional public ready to accept it as the demonstrated success

which English experience had shown it to be. It is now quite safe to say that, among all engineers and architects who have given attention to the matter, it is acknowledged to afford the best solution yet attained of this most difficult problem. I know very many cases of its adoption, often without professional guidance and carried out in a rule-of-thumb sort of way, and I have heard of none that is not satisfactory. It does away with that king of nuisances, the cess-pool, and disposes of all manner of liquid waste insensibly, completely, and safely. The credit for this improvement is due primarily to the Rev. Henry Moule, the inventor of the earth-closet, and hardly less to Mr. Rogers Field, C. E., who relieved it of its chief embarrassment by adapting to it his automatic flush tank. This system has recently received the unqualified indorsement of that highest American sanitary authority, the Massachusetts State Board of Health, which in a circular issued in April, 1879, says, "Chamber slops, and slop water generally, should never be thrown on the ground near houses. They may be . . . used by distribution under the surface of the soil in the manner described on page 334 of the Seventh Annual Report of the State Board of Health, and now introduced in the town of Lenox, Massachusetts. . . . If water-closets are used, and there are no sewers, the best disposal of the sewage is by the flush tank and irrigation under the surface of the soil, as described on page 135 of the Eighth Annual Report of the State Board of Health."

This system has been in full operation for the entire sewage of the village of Lenox, where it has proved itself an absolute and unquestionable success. The question which seems to arise in every Northern mind when this method is suggested relates to the possible effect of severe frosts. It seems now to be clearly demonstrated that this consideration may be left entirely out of the account, no instance having been cited of the least obstruction from this source. This point will be more fully treated further.

The progress made in the matter of town drainage has not been less than that in the twin department of house drainage; but the advance has been thus far—at least so far as this country is concerned—more a matter of theory than of practical application, and it relates more to villages and to what may be called village-cities than to larger places, like New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

Sewerage was long confined to large towns, and it reached its development under the direction of engineers trained to foresee all possible contingencies, and to pitch their work on a scale adequate to cope with them. With usually ample means at their command, and with the inclination to work after great models, their works have generally been costly and vastly comprehensive. So far as the drainage of great cities is concerned, there is much to be said in favor of their practice. There is much to be said, too, on the other side, and it has been ably said. My present purpose relates chiefly to the sewerage of villages and country towns having a considerable proportion of uncovered and unpaved area. There are hundreds of towns in this country which cannot afford the gigantic and costly work of introducing such a system of sewers as it is usual to find in a great city. Quite generally, when the question of their drainage arises, a city sewerage engineer is consulted, and a plan is prepared which remains unexecuted because of its excessive cost. By far the larger part of this cost is due to the fact that the proposed system contemplates the drainage of such sub-cellars as are rarely found in country towns, involving a depth that would probably never be needed, and the removal of the storm water, which, after the area shall have become covered and paved, might flow off by the public sewers. It would be better, in the case of all rural towns, to disregard the question of storm water entirely. This may be more safely and much more cheaply removed over the surface. The only reason for admitting it to the sewers would be to prevent injury to property, and, under the circum-

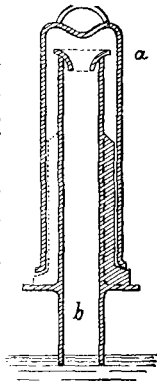
stances we are considering, the danger of this is not sufficient to justify the expense, nor is it sufficient, were there no question of expense, to justify the sanitary and economical disadvantages of providing for it by a system of large sewers. It is better to keep above ground, and to discharge by the natural means of outflow, all water which may be so disposed of without offense or danger to health, — that is, all or nearly all rainfall. The extent to which the first flow over a paved road-way may properly be admitted to the sewers is a question to be decided according to the circumstances of each case. It is generally wiser to keep such road-ways clean by sweeping than to use the rain-fall as a scavenger.

What towns of the class under consideration need — and they need it very imperatively — is a perfect means for the removal of the foul wastes of households, factories, etc., and the draining of the sub-soil, if this is springy or wet. They should only be called upon to spend the money necessary to secure these ends; and if they can learn to limit their demands to this absolute requirement, their sanitary improvement need no longer be the bugbear that it now is.

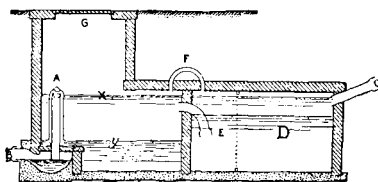
The advantages of small-pipe sewers have been sufficiently stated, except, perhaps, with reference to the single matter of ventilation. It is much easier and more simple to secure the needed change of the atmosphere of a small chamber than of a large one, and the usual means, which are but partially effective in the case of a large brick sewer, are ample for the complete ventilation of a small pipe. Hitherto the objection has held, in the case of pipe sewers of less than ten inches in diameter, that when they become obstructed it is a difficult and costly matter to clear them. But for this objection, there was no reason why six-inch sewers might not be used for all villages or parts of towns having a population of not more than one thousand; for a six-inch pipe laid even with a very slight inclination has ample capacity for the discharge of all the household waste of such a population.

We have now reached the point where there is no reason whatever to apprehend the obstruction of such a sewer by anything that can get into it through proper and properly arranged branch drains. Rogers Field's flush tank, as arranged for the periodic flushing of such sewers, may be confidently relied on to keep them swept clean of everything that may enter them. The accompanying diagram shows the construction of the annular siphon which is the essential feature of this tank.

A siphon of this form, four inches in diameter, comes into action with certainty under a stream of one tenth of a gallon per minute; so that a tank having a capacity of one hundred and fifty gallons, placed at the head of each branch sewer and fed by a stream which will fill it once in twenty-four hours, will give it a thorough and daily flushing, and keep it clear of all obstructions. No matter how limited the public water supply may be, this small amount can always be



Rogers Field's Annular Siphon.



Rogers Field's Flush Tank for Sewers.

spared for the work. Where there is no public supply and no available extrinsic source of flushing water, the sewage itself from a few of the upper houses along each lateral sewer may be collected in the tank and used for the flush.

This simple device has proved itself, both here and in England, to be entirely reliable and effective. It may safely be assumed that it has secured a reduction of the cost of the drainage of small towns to one half of what was formerly necessary.

It has been held hitherto to be one of the advantages of sewerage that the imperfect joints or imperfect material of the sewers afford an outlet for superabundant soil water, and secure a valuable sub-soil drainage. It is coming to be understood that the same channels which admit soil water to the drain will admit drain water to the soil, robbing the sewers of the vehicle needed for the transportation of their more solid contents, and causing a dangerous pollution of the ground, of cellars, and of drinking-water wells. The foul-water sewers should be as absolutely tight as the best material and the best workmanship can make them, and the drainage of the ground should be effected by the use of agricultural drain tiles, constituting an entirely separate system, which, while they may for economy's sake generally occupy the same trenches with the sewers, should be carefully arranged to prevent sewage matters from entering them.

The question of sewage disposal is the great unanswered question of the day. We are familiar with the objections to the methods usual here. European countries, which have been forced by the density of their population to give especial attention to this subject, have as yet hardly got beyond the point of proving that there is no royal road to success, and that whatever theory may say on the subject, sewage not only has no value to the community producing it, but it cannot be got rid of except at considerable cost.

The only method thus far developed which is entitled to consideration here, aside from discharge into the sea or into a running stream, is purification by application to the soil, with or without the

agricultural consideration. Whether by surface irrigation, by the use of sub-surface absorption drains, or by intermittent downward filtration, this method of its disposition, properly applied, is absolutely complete and satisfactory. The opinion has quite naturally prevailed that the severity of our winter climate debarred us from availing ourselves of it. The experience of the past severe winter has fully justified the opinion of those who have maintained that this objection is not a real one. In England the sewage-irrigation farms have taken charge of the effluent without interruption throughout a season of almost unexampled severity. At Berlin a like immunity has continued throughout the winter; and even at Dantzic, near the mouth of the Vistula, in a climate nearly as severe as that of St. Petersburg, and where provision was made for a direct discharge into the river during the winter season, the disposal by irrigation is said, to the surprise of all, to continue uninterrupted in the coldest weather.

At the Nursery and Child's Hospital on Staten Island, winter overtook us before our absorption drains could be laid. The flush tank, which holds one day's sewage, was made to discharge over a low spot near the absorption ground. Even in the coldest weather the entire outflow settled away into the earth before the next flood was delivered. Evidently the warmth of the sewage is in all cases sufficient for it to thaw its way into the ground. This is, without doubt, the explanation of the continued working of the shallow drains under my own lawn during nine consecutive winters, although at least once the ground was frozen to a depth of two and a half feet below them.

George E. Waring, Jr.

JUNO LUDOVISI.

I.

WHITE, silent goddess, whose divine repose
 Shames the shrill ecstasies of later creeds,
 What might is in thy presence, that it breeds
 This calm and deep delight that neither knows
 Regret for past nor fear of coming woes!
 I feel thee like a stately monotone,
 Whose soundless waves against my spirit thrown
 Make strong and pure. I feel the joy that flows
 Like mild, unceasing rain upon my sense
 From Nature's myriad fountains. In my soul
 The lusty pagan wakes, and roams the dense
 Arcadian shades; and hears the distant roll
 Of mingling echoes,—hears as in a dream
 The cymbal's clash, the wild bacchante's scream.

II.

Sublime the thought that dwells within this stone
 Imprisoned, yet immortal in its tomb.
 Where since the world emerged from chaos' womb
 Was peace so sacred and so perfect known?
 A spirit from some high, ethereal zone,
 A spirit pure and passionless and free,
 Has flushed thy snowy immobility
 With an intenser life-blood than his own.
 In thy majestic womanhood more fair
 Thou art than all the weeping horde of saints
 Whom men invoke with incense and with prayer.
 I in thine ear benign would breathe my plaints;
 Before thy tranquil eyes and in the shade
 Of thine eternal brow my sorrows fade.

III.

Come, gentle mother, and resume thy sway!
 Lift up the mellow splendor of thine eyes.
 Awake the dumb and callous earth, that lies
 Steeped in reluctant sleep. Send forth the gay
 Olympian throng, that, vanquished, fled away
 When the pale king of sorrow, conquering, came
 From out the East. Within thy mighty frame
 New life is kindling for a holier day.
 For, hark! Methinks within this gurgling stream
 The naiad's silvery voice I faintly hear;
 Among the leaves I catch the fleeting gleam
 Of white limbs vanishing; yea, far and near
 Strange whispers haunt my sense, and tenderly
 The hamadryad's pulse beats in this tree.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

XIV.

"I MUST get out of this," was the conclusion which DeVries came to after some fretful meditation over his slight but awkward tiff with Dr. Macklin.

"I must n't marry this nice little Puritan," he brooded on in a vague way. "I think I don't want to marry her, — don't want to marry anybody, — at least, not yet. And as to flirting with her, taking advantage of Mr. Payson's hospitality, desecrating mission ground with college coquetry, it would n't be the handsome thing, — won't do at all. I must be off. There will be no war in the mountains. I must go and dig up the five cities, and settle the genealogies of the lords of the Philistines."

It was such a hypocritical life, too, this Beirut existence of his, he went on. He would defy anybody to guess his real character from his present walk and conversation. He could indulge in none of the amusements which he best liked, and had not a companion to whom he could say his whole honest say. Here he was talking to himself, like an idiot or a misanthrope, for lack of a listener of his own kidney. In a month of this self-repression he would not have a personality, nor so much as a solitary idiosyncrasy. He must put an end to his lounging and masquerading, no matter what became of that sweet little missionary. The doctor must have her, — and be hanged to him, the snarling boor!

Such at least was the substance of his intelligent and manly meditations as he cantered at random through the pine forest which successive pashas have planted around Beirut as a barrier against the encroaching sands of the Mediterranean. Well on past noon he rode home and took lunch alone, waited upon willingly by Saada of the brilliant black eyes. He was still reluctant to depart, and it occurred to him that perhaps he could forget Irene, or at least keep himself

aloof from her, by flirting a little with a Syrian maiden.

"Will you go home with me, Saada, when I go?" he asked.

"Ya howaja!" exclaimed the girl, her dark, pale cheek flushing crimson. "Oh, do you surely mean it?"

"I think I should like to have you in America. We must think it over."

Saada was evidently thinking, and perhaps wishing also, with all her maidenly night. Her magnificent eyes dwelt upon the tall, blonde young Frank with such an expression of admiration that he thought them more beautiful than ever.

"You will have to wear your veil there, young lady," he said. "You'll have to wear it from morning till night."

"I thought ladies in America walked the streets without the veil," stared Saada.

"Yes, but not with those eyes. There would be too many astronomers after you. They would think they saw stars, and all run with their telescopes."

"Ya howaja!" laughed Saada, perfectly comprehending a compliment so Eastern in its style, and blushing joyously over it. "But you are making merry with me."

"They are dangerously bright," said DeVries, looking steadily between the long ebony lashes. "They are enough to turn a man's head. Ah, dear, I shall have to carry the whole of you to America, just to get the eyes."

"But what will you do with the rest of me, which you don't want, howaja?"

"Well, somebody will marry it, I suppose, — all but the eyes. I shall keep those."

Saada blushed again profusely, and looked very bewitching. Then, hearing Mrs. Payson in the next room, she looked a little guilty, and presently slipped away.

"See here!" said DeVries to himself. "This may turn out a worse affair than

the other. This girl — why, of course — she thinks I'm a prince — and I must n't talk this nonsense to her. The solemn, old-bachelor fact is that I must be off, and let this missionary dove-cote alone."

At dinner, that evening, he announced his purpose to depart on the morrow. Irene kept her eyes steadfastly on her plate, and made no comment. Mrs. Payson murmured a little surprise and regret, meanwhile remembering that it was all for the best, meaning for her friend the doctor.

"Is not this very sudden?" asked her husband. "I have scarcely seen you. I had many more things to say to you than I have said."

"It is high time that I started for Philistia, if I mean to accomplish anything there."

"Yes, the winter is your season for digging. It is best, I verily suppose, that you should hasten. May the Merciful One follow and preserve you."

Then DeVries inquired what he could do for the mission, and by dint of close questioning learned that two hundred dollars might be made useful in a certain manner, which sum he handed over in Turkish gold to his doubting and shrinking host.

"I don't know — I don't know about it," said Payson, shaking his head at the little pile of yellow scales, delicately stamped with wreaths and Arabic letterings, — one of the prettiest of coinages. "It seems like extortion to permit it. Will the angels themselves dare to be our guests hereafter?"

"Put it straight into the mission chest and get it off your mind," recommended DeVries. "If there should really be a war in Lebanon, you will want a hospital fund badly enough."

Next Macklin came in, and learned what this abominable dandy had done, coupled with the fact that the wretch was about to vanish sweetly away. He colored to his hair with surprise, joy, and admiration; his shamefaced gratitude and penitence were quite pathetic.

"Ah, you are a happy man!" he sighed. "A man who has money, and

a will to give it to the needy, is a man to be envied. I know almost nothing of that luxury. I never had a dollar that I did n't get hardly and need badly. I have been my own pauper."

"When a man gives his life's work to others he gives far more than I do," returned DeVries, with that fluent courtesy of fine society which so often does the work and wins the reward of goodness of heart, and which in reality is no more than the dialect of such goodness carefully committed to memory.

The doctor did not hear the compliment; he was thinking of his sickest patients.

"I am immensely obliged to you," he declared, meanwhile squeezing the hand of beneficence until the owner of it thought of a surgical operation. "Our sick and poor will thank you. I wish I could do something for you."

It seemed just then to Irene that there never were two nobler and sweeter men than these two, who had that morning nearly fought with each other across her grammar and dictionary. I believe, by the way, that few agreeable things are more touching to a right-hearted spectator than a scene of cordial reconciliation.

Was it solely the moral elevation and dazzle of this interview which caused our young lady to turn away from it so quickly? Or did she suddenly realize that Hubertsen DeVries was truly about to depart, perhaps never to return? No doubt she remembered that he had been for two weeks a cheering feature in her life, and foresaw that she was going to feel painfully lonesome and lost without him. Somewhat of her opinions and emotions on this subject came out that evening, as they two chatted by themselves in the moonlight of the comandalo.

"I should have left Beirut sooner but for a Delilah," he said, though he knew that it was dangerous jesting.

"You can't mean me when you say Delilah," she replied. "I thought you stayed to look for Punic inscriptions."

"You are my Punic inscription. I've found you, but I can't decipher you."

"What is it that you want to know? I have always meant to be frank."

"I want to know whether you are sorry to have me go away."

"Indeed I am; of course I am," confessed Irene, able to be frank because she was merely friendly, or at least so believed. "I feel as if I were losing an old acquaintance. An old acquaintance of ten days! Isn't it strange? But I have lived so much in that time! How many wonderful things we have seen together! What a magic voyage that was from Smyrna here! I shall never forget its smallest circumstances; and you were one of the larger circumstances."

"I am sorry it is all over," said the young man, gratified by the confession of good-will which he had extorted, and wishing for more. "I don't know that it is all over. I shall come back here."

"But not to live, — only to pass through."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think that I want to live here."

"Oh, if you could!" wished Irene, a pleasant future opening before her imagination, — so pleasant that it made her heart beat.

"Ah, well!" sighed DeVries, discovering also a vision of Syrian delights, with a Puritan houri in the centre of it.

They were in that perilous stage of a *tête-à-tête* when words are few and seem to be loaded with meaning.

"At any rate, I shall see you again," he went on.

"I hope so."

"And before I go I want to ask one question: What about your going home? Do you ever think of it?"

"I try not to."

"You don't want to return to America?" he asked distinctly and gravely.

"Please don't urge me. I hope you don't want to make me cry again."

He rather thought that he did, it was so flattering to have her treat him with the confidence of tears, and so delightful to comfort her. But, after a struggle with his longings, he decided that he ought to be magnanimous, and that he must be prudent.

"Well, I will put that off for a while.

When we meet in the spring I shall recommence."

"Ah, dear!" sighed Irene. Then they rose together, for there was a noise of closing shutters, and they knew that it was late. Hübensen looked at the girl very earnestly as he took her hand and bade her good-night. He had a manly desire to lay a kiss on those rather tremulous fingers; but he remembered that he was a gentleman, and merely gave them a decorous pressure. The pressure was not returned, and that fact he pondered over a good deal in his own room, deciding on the whole that he was glad of it.

"I think she likes me, — a little," was his private opinion. "I think I could make her — if I really wanted to — accept me."

Well, he was certainly half right, and he was probably half wrong. Irene did like him very exceedingly much, — better than she liked any other young man, better than she thought she ought to. But it is not at all positive that she would have accepted his opulent hand at the price of abandoning her mission labors and of yoking her soul to a soul which could not share her inmost and highest life.

DeVries spent the next morning in collecting and organizing his little caravan of men, mules, and donkeys. His plan was to start in the afternoon, encamp for the night a little south of Beirut, traverse by easy marches the lovely Phœnician plain, climb into the green highland paradise of Galilee, study Jerusalem and Judea for a week or so, and then descend, spade in hand, upon Philistia. Sites of Philistine battles, including of course Mount Gilboa, were to be looked up and examined. He must try to settle on which side, whether from the north or the south, those fascinating filibusters attacked Sidon, three thousand and odd years ago. The whole pilgrimage would be dotted with opportunities for strategic and tactical study of topography. In short, he proposed to collect materials for an exhaustive History of the Rise and Decline of the Philistines.

No wonder that nearly the whole mission gathered to wish a pleasant journey to a charming young man who took such an interest in scriptural subjects, and promised to throw so much light upon the enemies of God's people. There was hope, Brother Kirkwood smilingly remarked, that he would yet write a Biography of Satan.

"I don't propose to excavate in his capital," replied DeVries. "It is understood to be too populous."

"Alas!" sighed Mr. Payson, "it is too true to laugh about."

Then DeVries remembered that he did not wear the privileged cloth of a clergyman, and ceased his joking concerning matters diabolical. Meantime, the lacing of burdens upon cringing mules and staggering donkeys proceeded in the leisurely fashion of the Orient.

"You had better camp to-night at Nebby Yunas," loudly counseled healthy and hearty Brother Kirkwood. "Don't be humbugged by your muleteers into stopping short of it; they want to make all the days-works they can out of the trip, of course. Put up at the sign of the Prophet Jonas. There is a klan there for the comfort of travelers, and you will be very well off,—if you keep out of it. Would n't you advise him to reach Nebby Yunas, Brother Payson?"

"The Lord be with him!" returned Payson, in his rapt, apostolic way. "The Lord be with our dear young friend!"

"Yes, exactly; but all the same he had better stop at Nebby Yunas."

Then there was a quiet mission laugh, for Mr. Kirkwood was looked upon as an original who could not help joking, and who might without sin be humored in it. In fact, the farewell was a light-hearted scene, rather than a solemnity. There is something in brisk movement, even when it separates loving comrades, which tends to rouse the blood and give cheer to the heart. DeVries himself, though conscious of a slight pang whenever he glanced at Irene, was mainly in high spirits, and uttered only gay speeches.

"Mirta, what did you get married for before I reached Syria?" he saucily

demanded, as he shook hands with the lovely brunette.

"I did n't know you were coming," smiled Mirta, who merely understood that he had wanted to be present at the ceremony.

"Well, don't do it again," he laughed.

"No, sir," promised Mirta, looking the while like a Cleopatra, but failing to comprehend this coquettish joking as the Cleopatra of old would have done.

"Stop that," grinned Brother Kirkwood, "and God bless you."

Mr. Payson was in such a rapt mood of prayer for the youngster's prosperity that he forgot to shake hands until he was reminded of it.

"I have a comfortable confidence that we are to look upon your face once more," he said, holding DeVries by both arms, and gazing at him as if he were a son. "If it is ordered otherwise, may it still be for your good."

"I am going with you for an hour," declared the now loving doctor. "I want to make sure that your loads are well slung. We'll say good-by at least a little later."

DeVries wrung Irene's hand with no uncertain pressure, and hers clung to his for a moment all unintentionally, as if it had a longing and a purpose of its own, quite apart from her will. Their eyes met in a grave gaze of mutual inquiry, as though each asked the other, "What do you wish of me?" But to that earnest, timorous questioning no response was possible there; and they parted in a silence which each thought of and marveled at for long afterward.

XV.

After the departure of the historian of the Philistines, our young lady found mission-life much more tranquil and sober in color.

Hitherto there had been a hurly-burly of novel sights, of events which at least seemed to her important, and of emotions which verged on the uncontrollable. Now, merely because a pleasing young man had ridden out of sight, the magic

of freshness and interest faded away from many things recently strange and fascinating. Irene hardly looked upon white turbans as foreign, or upon a kilted Albanian kawass as picturesque. Syria suddenly became, like New England, a place to do steady labor in; and to work she went with a zeal which simulated content and also tended to produce it.

She soon found that mere linguistic study palled upon her, as it does upon all who are not born Mezzofantis. She asked for employment in the English department of the mission seminary, and kindly Mr. Kirkwood accorded it with an intelligent smile, merely saying to himself that she was finding her womanly sphere. He was mistaken in supposing that she would soon drop Arabic; there was more staying power and brain force in her than in some pretty girls. But she went into the business of teaching English to little maidens from Beirut, Mount Lebanon, Tripoli, and Sidon with an interest which was good for her own spirits and health.

"Who would not," she wrote to her mother, "be delighted with such scholars? Their faculty for languages astonishes me, and gives me a feeling of humiliation. Here is Miss Irene Grant, a graduate of a Female College, wearing the costume of one of the *superior races*, who finds it hard work to learn Arabic in Arabistan. And here are small misses in tarbooshes and *shintyan* (trousers) who never left their native villages before, and never had a lesson in their own tongue, picking up English in Syria as easily as birds learn to sing."

This same subject she mentioned to Messrs. Kirkwood and Payson when they visited the school one morning. "Are we not mistaken," she asked, "in supposing that we are the people, and wisdom will die with us?"

"Wisdom was certainly not born with us," replied Payson. "Our ancestors thousands of years ago had reason to thank God that the Hebrews existed before them."

"A person who has learned Arabic can learn any language," said Kirk-

wood. "It is a curse to have such a vast speech. They are all instinctively glad to throw it off, as David put off Saul's armor. Our students who go to London or Paris come back with the accent of Englishmen or Frenchmen, and can hardly talk their own tongue."

"You must remember that this land gave letters and the germs of civilization to Europe," added Payson. "No doubt the mariners and merchants of Tyre and Sidon knew more or less of all the dialects of the Mediterranean. Perhaps there has been a descent of the linguistic faculty."

"Yes, they gave letters to our ancestors," said Irene, her imagination pleasantly inflamed by the antiquarian fact. "And here we are giving letters to them. How the world turns round!"

"It reminds me," observed Payson, "of a charmingly simple, broad remark of that wise old infant, Herodotus, — 'Everything may happen in the course of ages.' It is a reflection which some of our historical infidels of the present day would do well to bear in mind."

"The time will come when your bringing letters to Syria will be forgotten or denied," said Kirkwood, smiling at Irene.

"It will only remain on record in the eternal books," answered Payson. "The deeds of men pass away, and are as though they were, not. Yet are they written in brass. Moreover, they have their fruits, harvest after harvest," he added, his pale face lighting up. "Many a little acorn, of which no man ever heard, lives on in an oak, or in generations of oaks. The thought cheers me to hope on and work on. Let us not weary in planting worthy deeds because they come to naught in our little lives. But this is not instructing our scholars. We preach too much to ourselves. St. Paul preached to the Gentiles."

Then, turning to the benches of tarbooshed damsels, he delivered a little speech in Arabic, containing very nearly the thoughts of the above dialogue, and dwelling especially on the vitality of good deeds. A benediction closed the exercises of the morning, and sent

the young Orientals forth to chatter and play.

"Do you think that I have done one atom of good?" he murmured sadly to Irene. "I never yet spoke to my fellow-creatures without feeling like an archer who shoots an arrow in the dark. If I hit any target I could not perceive it, and it was none of my marksmanship. It is very depressing to work a whole life-time, and not see the kingdom of glory arrive. If I did not believe that the Master would in his own time show his mastery, it seems to me, by hours, that I should lie down like a coward and die of despair. I am not by nature a combative or an eager man, but in this battle for the faith I do take a strong interest, and I long painfully to discern victory."

I have sketched the above scene mainly to remind the reader once more of the kind of society which surrounded Irene. Very seldom did she hear any conversation which was not suffused, or at least tinged, with sober philanthropy and devoutness. There was, the worldly reader will probably observe, a degree of moral despotism in this environment. Only when alone, and scarcely when alone, could she indulge in the thoughts and desires of ordinary girlhood. As for its speech, its rattling talk about trifles and its sentimental talk about love and its serious talk about raiment, she heard it about as frequently as she heard the song of the mermaid.

But this solemn spiritual pressure was no hardship, because it was no novelty, and because it coincided with her conscience. From her infancy, all through her life thus far, she had been familiar with just such a grave existence, and unfamiliar with any other. It was in exact accordance with her ideas of what ought to be in all human society. In short, to find a handsome girl better fitted than Irene to become a missionary would have been no easy matter. Mr. Payson, a good judge of such material, believed in her with saintly affection, and trusted that she would grow into one of the pillars of the church in Syria. The only obstacle to her perfected pil-

lardom lay in her own attractiveness. The minions of the world might yet strive to withdraw her from the sanctuary and use her for the adornment of their palaces.

Even devout admirers were liable to address her mostly concerning this existence and its emotions. There was the doctor, for instance, who rarely had anything to say about the battle of Armageddon, and rather produced a feeling that life was largely a matter between her and himself. Now that his rival was gone, and he had Irene measurably in his own hands, he was very considerate and tender with her. Had he been a betrothed lover, or a bewitched husband, he could hardly have been more confidential and attentive. He went straight to her arms, as it were, and could not be put aside any more than an affectionate child. He told her all his own history, and catechised out of her the whole of hers, what history there was.

There is a magic in intimate intercourse and unreserved communications. The doctor did not know it; he knew nothing about women. He was not intentionally artful in his approaches; he simply confided and questioned out of impulsive sympathy, — perhaps one had better say, plainly, out of love. All the same he succeeded in making a warm friend of Irene, and, as the phrase goes, in getting her head full of him, though not as full as it could hold.

Meantime he sought to be of benefit to her. A missionary, he distinctly perceived, must be a blessing to every one whom he might meet, not excepting the object of his worship. He worked hard to disentangle for her the puzzle of Semitic grammar, so alien and so seemingly irrational to the Indo-European intellect. It was owing to his suggestion, also, that she resumed the study of Italian, and gave three evenings a week to *conversazioni* with Signor Fiorentini, a meagre little martyr of freedom who had found refuge at Beirut.

"We don't know what we may be," said the doctor, who was a man of imagination, and often built strange futures

in the clouds. "The time may come when we shall be called to declare the truth in Italy. Besides, Italian is the most common European tongue in the Levant, and will be useful to a missionary or a traveler all along these Oriental coasts. Your readings at your college did n't amount to much, I suppose. College readings in languages seldom do. Learn to speak Italian. Then you and I will commence together on modern Greek."

"You frighten me, doctor," declared Irene, though at heart she was flattered at seeing how much was hoped of her.

"Oh, you can do it," he affirmed. "Each language makes the next easier. Besides, you have a faculty for tongues: you talk your mother speech fluently, which is a good sign; your accent is neat and true, which is another. There are people who never in all their lives could learn Arabic, and they show their incapacity the first time they open their blundering mouths in it. Our consul is a harrowing instance."

Then there was a little talk concerning the general nature of the consul, who, it seems, had been instrumental in finding the Italian *maestro* for Irene, and who had been led thereby into making her a call or two.

"He is a good-hearted, simple, honest fellow," opined the doctor, certainly not a shrewd man at reading character. Mr. Brassey himself would probably have denied that he was simple, and perhaps had doubts as to whether he was honest, at least in the game of politics.

"But he is a dull, commonplace, unrefined creature," added Macklin, after a moment's hesitation. "I do hope you won't see much of him."

It must not be unjustly supposed that he was jealous of the public functionary. But, inasmuch as he worshiped Irene, he was delicately choice of her, and wished her to be approached by no vulgar votaries.

"I suppose I must see him if he asks for me," she said. "He has been considerate and useful to the mission. We can't be uncivil."

"I don't admit that he has any right

to ask for *you*," declared the doctor, looking indignant.

But Mr. Porter Brassey continued to call on the young lady, and inquired for her so pointedly that he could not be evaded. We must remember how dreadfully lonesome he was in Syria, and how few chances he had to look upon his own fair countrywomen, or indeed any fair women whatever. There was a small Levantine (European) society in Beirut, but its speech, aside from Arabic, was either French or Italian, and thus it was unintelligible to our representative. Moreover, its few young ladies were held in strict tutelage, and he could not have got at them in a social way even had he talked their "lingo." Consequently, when he at last discovered that there was a pretty American girl at his hand, he was pathetically overjoyed, and dropped in on her frequently.

"I quite hope that our worthy consul is beginning to apprehend the importance of spiritual things," said Mr. Payson, one evening. "He has appeared twice of late at the Mission Chapel."

Mrs. Payson, who venerated her husband, almost wanted to laugh at him, but of course did not. She could not, however, suppress an amused twinkle in her eye, nor keep from glancing understandingly at Irene. That young lady undertook to turn off the matter by remarking that Mr. Brassey looked at Mirta a good deal; and no wonder, for she was lovely.

"I sometimes think that Mirta ought to be cautioned gently," said Mr. Payson. "She certainly does attire herself wondrously well. But a daughter of Israel should not be a snare to the eye."

Then he escaped to his study, for there was a sound of a visitor at the gate, and his evenings were reserved, if possible, to Hebrew. It was the doctor who entered, looking more pensive than usual, and also a little pale.

"I have called to bid you good-by," he said. "They have selected me to visit the Hasbeya people. I shall start at daybreak."

"Shall I call Mr. Payson?" asked Irene.

"No, no," replied Macklin with a nervous eagerness. "I'll just leave a word for him. Don't break up his Hebrew."

Mrs. Payson meanwhile had a knowing and rather guilty look upon her face, and was obviously anxious to get out of the room. An acute observer might have guessed that the doctor had something important to say to the younger lady, and that the elder one had promised to afford him an opportunity for the communication.

"I think I'll go and walk in the garden," said Mrs. Payson, which was such an absurd subterfuge that Irene stared at her in amazement. The garden was an arid rectangle of some thirty feet square, jealously inclosed by a stone-wall as if it grew apples of gold, but containing only one cactus plant and one small mulberry-tree.

"Irene, you know all about me," said Macklin as soon as they were alone.

"I know a great deal about you," she laughed, in an embarrassed manner.

"And I have had great pleasure in learning so much of you, — so much to be admired," continued the doctor, his voice trembling.

Irene was confounded and frightened. This thing was coming upon her, or rather had come upon her, by surprise. Of course she had thought, as all young maidens must do, even when they are very, very good, that some time or other some charming body would fall in love with her and propose to her and win her. But she was far from having settled as to who that person would be.

Of the doctor she had not thought in this connection, at least not with any seriousness. He had taught her Arabic, and had often been very gentle with her, and in short had shown her much kindness. But he had not, as she understood it, paid her any loving court whatever. He had given her quite as many scoldings as compliments, and the compliments all concerned her progress in Oriental studies.

Yet here he was, all of a sudden, driving right toward a declaration, unless she entirely misunderstood him, which

she fervently hoped was the case. Of course, a young lady in this surprised, perplexed, and unready state of mind, who, moreover, was not a coquette nor a veteran of society, would be hard up for a suitable remark. The result was that to the doctor's expression of joy in her character she made no reply, except by turning a little pale and glancing at him timidly.

"We have a common life to live," he continued, not a little daunted by her silence. "We have the same duties to perform. I am going to Hasbeya tomorrow."

"Yes," said Irene, glad to think of it, and wishing he had gone that morning.

"I don't know when I shall return," pursued Macklin, as if he were wandering in his mind. "It is a long and severe journey. I may not see you for some time."

Just then there was a murmur of voices in the desert of a garden, and almost immediately a scraping of footsteps on the stone stairway. Mrs. Payson, looking red and anxious, entered the little hall, ushering in the consul. There was humble apology, and there was also a glimmer of hope, in the glance which she gave the doctor. Even in that short minute, for aught she knew, he might have given and received a heart. It had taken Mr. Payson less time to make his proposal and get a favorable answer. But the doctor stared at the public functionary with an injured, surly expression; and then the good woman comprehended with a pang that the interview had miscarried.

"Fine evening, Miss Grant," said Mr. Brassey. "How are you, Hákím?" he added, shaking Macklin's hand with a warmth which was not reciprocated. "I'm learning Arabic, you see, Miss Grant. Took on my third teacher this morning. The two first did n't amount to much."

"It is pronounced Hakeém, — not Hákím," observed the doctor sulkily.

"Oh, exactly. These medical men are sensitive about their titles, Miss Grant," smiled the consul affably. "Do

you enjoy your Arabic in these days? And what's the last sensation in Italian?"

The doctor got up and stalked directly between them with a demeanor which made the public functionary stare.

"As I was saying, I shall not see you again for some time," he stammered, addressing Irene. "So—good-by."

"Going, doctor?" asked Mr. Brassey, cheerfully. "Not home? Oh, to Hasbyer. Well, pleasant journey. Anything I can do for you?"

"No," said poor Macklin, suffering himself to be shaken once more by the official hand, and then getting as quickly as possible out of the house.

Mrs. Payson followed him to the door, and whispered, "I tried to keep him in the garden; he *would* come up."

But the perturbed, disappointed doctor was ungrateful, as the sharply unhappy often are, and gave her no word of thanks.

XVI.

Macklin's absence put an end, for a time, to the direct pressure of his courtship.

Erelong, to be sure, Mrs. Payson read Irene a letter from him, in which he spoke with great interest of "our dear young lady," and sent her his "most cordial remembrances." Moreover, she frequently spoke to the girl of the departed one, and endeavored to make him a subject of confidential discourse, as is the way with ladies who have undertaken to bring two hearts together.

About this time Mr. Payson received a long epistle from DeVries, giving a very entertaining account of the opening of his excavations, expressing a noble gratitude and good-will toward the mission, and closing with special regards to Miss Grant. Mrs. Payson longed greatly to suppress this perilous missive, but did not dare to hint the desire to her best beloved. She knew well that he would not countenance artfulness, nor the slightest appearance of it, even for a good end.

As for herself, she did not mean to be

sly, but she did earnestly long that her bright and attractive young friend should remain in the mission; and with almost equal eagerness she craved that her doctor (word dear to the feminine soul) should have his way and be happy. Of Irene's comfort in heart and success in life she somehow thought less. I believe that many women have a feeling that no particular woman should hesitate to sacrifice herself to manly excellence and devotion.

The letter reached Irene's hands, and remained in her charge for some time. She admired it much, and read it aloud to her now frequent visitor, the consul, though mainly to lighten the burden of entertaining him.

"What's he digging at Askelon for?" asked Mr. Brassey.

"He says that he wants to find *something*,—crusader relics, if not Philistine."

"I'd go to Gath," said the official. "If a man *should* turn up the skeleton of Goliath,—I don't s'pose it's any ways likely,—but if he should rouse out that old chap, it would be striking ile. I'd give a smart sum for the bones, myself, for a great moral show. Would n't the Sabbath-schools flock to see it!"

He had a humorous twinkle in his half-shut eyes; and yet at bottom he was not a little in earnest. He would really have been glad to get possession of the frame-work of Goliath, and put it on exhibition before a paying public of Bible readers. It might fill a fellow's pockets, and help him work into Congress. For as to the "smart sum" of which he spoke, that was either a mere conversational phrase, or the figment of an imagination trained in politics.

"There might be a good deal picked up at Gath," he continued, his mind already expanding to the idea of an Anakim Museum. "I'll suggest it to the government."

"You must n't take away Mr. DeVries's chance," said Irene, eagerly.

"Oh, no," he laughed. "Which chance do you mean?"

He looked very roguish over his retort, but she clearly did not understand

him, and, seeing that, he pushed the harder.

"Ever think of going home, Miss Grant?"

"I never suffer myself to think of it."

"I *do*," returned Mr. Brassey, with real feeling. "I wish I was going home to-morrow. Only, Miss Grant," and here he sought to smile pleasingly, "I wish we were going in the same ship."

"It won't be," she answered, coloring.

"So you would n't like to be in the same boat with me?" he persisted, with an unabashed smile.

"I should neither like it, nor dislike it," which was a very severe speech for our young lady to make.

"Indifference is the worst kind of cruelty," commented the consul, with a loud laugh.

Irene blushed still deeper, and the experienced politician understood the sign as favorable to himself, and was annoyed that Mrs. Payson should happen into the room just when he was doing so well.

"That's a smart young woman," he said to himself, as he rode away. "And of course she's got the lead of me just now. But how long will she keep it?"

His comprehension of Irene was that she was an artful coquette who wanted to trifle with him for the purpose of subjugating him, which was about as wild a misjudgment as could be. But I believe that gentlemen frequently misconstrue ladies, especially when they study them with unusual interest and attention.

For a week, now, Mr. Brassey did not call again. He knew that DeVries and the doctor would be away, and that there was no other bachelor in that mission field. His calculation was that if Miss Grant were left without a beau for several days, and were made to realize that the only one at hand could hold himself aloof at pleasure, she would become less tricky and topping than he had hitherto found her. The result of this bit of untutored diplomacy was that the young lady nearly forgot his existence, and was quite surprised to see him stalk once more into the Payson leewan.

"Just dropped in as I was going by," said the consul, persisting in his artfulness, and believing the while that he was meeting cunning with cunning. "How's father Payson?"

"He is quite well; did you wish to see him?" responded Irene, eagerly.

"No, no!" he promptly returned, rather put out by such obstinate dissimulation and slyness. "Oh, I like Payson amazingly; he's a gentleman and a scholar,—yes, and a saint, too. But I occasionally like to see a young lady quite as well, Miss Grant. I suppose you wonder why, Miss Grant."

"To tell you the truth, I was n't wondering a bit. I had n't had time to wonder."

The consul laughed heartily, although not sure that a joke was intended, and also a little fearful that, in case there was a joke, it was at his expense. But he earnestly desired to conciliate her, and so he affected to appreciate her wit. Irene also smiled very slightly, and merely to keep him in countenance. Human intercourse, and especially intercourse between the sexes, is cumbered with many such absurd misunderstandings.

"Have you heard from DeVries lately?" he went on. "I'm a little anxious about that young feller. It's something of a fever hole, they say, that old Philistine country."

"It is healthy at this season," asserted Irene, with interest and positiveness. "We have n't heard from him since his first letter. I hope he is n't sick. Do you think he is?"

"Don't know; thought I'd drop in and ask," said Mr. Brassey, forgetting that he had dropped in because he was going by. "Knew you took an interest in him, and corresponded."

"I? I never saw but one of his letters, and that was to Mr. Payson."

"I was joking," returned the artful gentleman; but he smiled with honest pleasure. He had conceived a suspicion that Miss Grant was indifferent to himself because of a kindly understanding with the rich young tourist and explorer. "Yes, I sometimes joke, lonesome and

sad as I am," he continued. "You have n't, probably, the smallest idea how abandoned I feel out here, and how low-spirited I git. If you had, I think you'd give me a little womanly pity, Miss Grant."

"It seems so absurd to pity a man who has a position."

"But, you see, I have n't any companionship. I could be happy enough, I reckon, if I only had a — a companion. My dragonan is sorry for me. He wanted to know, yesterday, why I did n't take a native wife, and hinted at one of the girls in the mission."

Irene looked up with interest, — a woman's interest in a possible love affair, — and marveled which one it might be.

"It turned out to be Saada, your handsomest girl," pursued Mr. Brassey, watching the young lady narrowly, in hope, perhaps, of discovering symptoms of jealousy. Then, after a pause, he added firmly, "Says I to him, Ahmed, says I, I've no objection to a wife, but I want one of my own lovely countrywomen, says I."

Irene's countenance fell into indifference once more; there was no lovely countrywoman for him, — none, at least, that she knew of. The consul studied her with an expression which started with being cunning, but which gradually changed into disappointment and humiliation, smartly flavored with annoyance. He was upon the point, as he at all events believed, of taking his hat to go, when Mrs. Payson entered the hall in joyous excitement, and announced the approach of Americans. Mr. Brassey was glad too, partly because the coming of countrymen was always to him as the coming of the saints, and partly because he was so angry with Irene's coolness that he wanted to retaliate by being gracious to other people.

"Reckon I know who they are," he said. "It must be Mr. Felix A. Brann and family, who came yesterday in a bark from Boston. If you've no objection, Mrs. Payson, I'll stay and shake hands with them, and offer the courtesies of the post."

The strangers entered in single file: portly and rosy Mrs. Brann leading, followed by two stout daughters of about thirty; then by two remarkably narrow-shouldered sons of somewhat fewer years; and lastly by a tall, shambling, white-headed gentleman, with an absent-minded smile, who was Mr. Felix A. Brann himself. The features and general style of the visitors indicated that they belonged to the simpler and more rustic class of New England squirearchy.

"How do you do, Mrs. Payson?" broke forth Mrs. Brann, who had the large, flexible mouth and animated manner which usually mark a talkative person. "You don't remember us a bit, I suppose, but we saw you at the meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, at Albany, sitting among the saints, and told you, don't you remember, that we hoped to meet you next in Syria a-doing God's own special work in his selected land; and here we are, Mr. Brann and myself and the four children, all bound for the Holy City, but as glad as we can be to meet you on the way and give you the right hand of fellowship. And how is good, scriptural Mr. Payson? And this is dear Miss Grant, I presume. And is this one of the good brethren?"

"This is the consul," replied Mrs. Payson, who was always a little flurried in society, and especially apt to stumble in the formality of an introduction.

Mrs. Brann, now for the first time in foreign parts, stared at the official with an air of perplexity, as not knowing but that a consul should be addressed in Latin.

"Mr. Porter Brassey, of West Wolverine, an American citizen, and glad to see you, Mrs. Brann," said our representative affably.

"From West Wolverine?" returned Mrs. Brann, her gift of speech suddenly restored in full measure. "Why, you don't say that your name is Brassey, and that you come from West Wolverine! And to think that I once lived a couple of years in East Wolverine, just across the river, though we were all

born in Vermont, and reside there now on the old family homestead; for we only went West while Mr. Brann could sell out his wild lands, and got back as soon as we could to our natal spot. But really, you do interest me now greatly, for I had for neighbor and fellow church member a Mrs. Harrison Stokes, whose maiden name, she told me, was Brassey; and perhaps she was a connection by blood of yours, for it seems to me you favor her a little about the eyes, and the cowlick on your forehead."

"My own aunt!" broke in the consul, beaming with joy at meeting somebody who had known his people, and so might be considered a semi-acquaintance. "Was n't she a queer old lady, though?"

"Oh, I recollect her well, and it was impossible to forget her, for there was something very peculiar about her," averred Mrs. Brann, smiling with the same pleasure. "Yes, there was something very peculiar about her; she was one of the most composed persons that ever I saw, and her face had no more expression than a sign-board. But she was a powerful good woman, I do verily believe, if there ever was one who never said anything; she loved the sanctuary, and she was good to the poor, and a restraint upon her husband, and her house was like wax-work."

"That's her!" cried Mr. Brassey, fairly grinning his satisfaction over this portrait.

"But her husband was n't no ways her equal, I used to think," continued Mrs. Brann, smiling away with extraordinary amiability, as though she liked even the inferior Stokes. "He was a positive, contradicting, trumpeting sort of a man, who made me think of the stories I've read about wild elephants; and was mortally opposed to common and Sabbath schools, — which, you know, we New Englanders believe in, — besides being considerably scrimped, as I used to tell Mr. Brann, in the way of culture."

The consul suddenly stopped smiling. It seemed to him that this last word savored of Boston conceit, and was a

little disrespectful to the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries. He had heard it before from Down East people, and had always felt it to be an obnoxious substantive.

"There's lots of culture in our district, Mrs. Brann," he stated with firmness. "Uncle Harrison was n't exactly what I call the true Western type. He came of the North Carolina streak of pilgrims, and" —

"Pilgrims," broke in Mrs. Brann, with a genial titter. "That reminds me to say just here, before I forget it, that here we are, pilgrims and strangers on the way to the Holy City; and I don't believe you could guess in the least why we're going there, for nobody ever does, and when we tell them they only laugh, as though they did n't believe it. But the real fact is that when we finally got shut of our wild lands we all wanted to set eyes on Jerusalem, and, what's more, to dwell in it for a season, not out of vain curiosity, but to see if we could n't lead a more spiritual life there; for it did seem to us that the daily sight of Zion's hill and Siloam's rill, and so on, would help to uplift us, if anything earthly could. And so here we are, bound on a real pilgrimage to Salem's courts, with intent to abide there for a season."

Mr. Brassey's wooden countenance became unusually serious. He had already discovered that religious maniacs sometimes found their way to Palestine, and that the sending of them home was one of the most troublesome features of his duty, involving perhaps the payment of money out of his private pocket. Addressing himself to Mr. Brann, who seemed most likely to understand financial matters, he observed that traveling with such a family must be very expensive. The old gentleman bowed graciously over his high cravat, and replied, in a tone of elaborate courtesy, "Yes, sir, it is somewhat expensive, sir; but we have lightened the burden by taking ship direct to this port, sir."

"And we might just as well have come through Europe," put in his wife, "only that we were daunted by the diversity of tongues and the confusion of

currencies; besides which, Mr. Brann has been so marvelously prospered of late in his affairs by Providence that it seemed as if some recognition was owing, and we could think of nothing better than coming to the Holy Land first of all, and spending there a goodly portion of the overflowing bounty vouchsafed us."

The consul was relieved of his fear that he might have these six people on his hands, and glanced at the two daughters to see if their charms equaled their financial expectations. But one look sufficed him, and gave him a low idea of Vermont beauty, and of course a very unjust one. So he let them prattle on to Mrs. Payson, while he patiently listened to the interminable outpourings of their mamma, and occasionally sought to exchange a knowing smile with Irene. Meantime, the two narrow-shouldered young men sat in perfect silence, as if their high cheek-bones were unmanageable, and would not let them open their mouths.

Eventually the Branns took their departure, and with them went Mr. Porter Brassey, drawn by the charms of American conversation. Only, at the bottom of the little court-yard he stopped with a start, and looked back at the house wistfully, much as if he had forgotten his umbrella.

"By George! I meant to have got something definite out of that girl," he said to himself. "But never mind, now; I'll try her to-morrow."

So he went on with the Branns to their hotel and accepted their invitation to dinner.

XVII.

Mr. Porter Brassey's purpose of calling the next day "to get something definite out of that girl" was not carried into effect.

He received personal letters from home which required immediate and judicious answer; and as he was not a ready man with his pen the business worried and occupied him for a day or two.

The result was that, before he saw the young lady again, Dr. Macklin returned unexpectedly from Hasbeya, and recommenced to absorb her time and mind. The consular attentions, by the way, had been of service to the doctor. By contrast with Mr. Brassey's shagbark rusticity and unpolishable gnarliness of internal fibre, the irritable but unselfish and profoundly tender Macklin seemed a gentleman of the old school, or at least one of nature's gentlemen. Moreover, it was delightful to a lonesome young person to find herself greeted with a frank, hearty kindness which reminded her of the tenderness which had followed her through all her girlish years.

"Ah, my dear young lady!" the doctor had exclaimed, appropriating her at once, as though she had been a sister, or a patient of long standing. In the exuberance of arrival, and while he was not thinking of instant offers of marriage, he could forget that he had ever been fearful in her presence.

"I am delighted to look upon your face again," he went on. "It brings me straight back to civilization and to things of good report. I don't mean to say aught against our dear native brethren in Hasbeya. They are as good and decent as they can be, with their surroundings and their history. But circumstances, the blindness of ages, the oppression of ages, poverty, and too often filth, all those are terrible drawbacks. Their worthiness does n't shine on the surface. An American woman represents the intelligence and the decorum of seven centuries of Christian prosperity. Well, I'll stop this; you don't like compliments; you think I'm talking like a lunatic. Wait till you have visited the interior, and seen its wretchedness and rudeness. So Mr. Payson has helped you on in Arabic? I am very glad. And you stick to Italian? That's good, also. As for me, I have ridden a good deal, and shaken a little. Quinine every day. I have had my adventures, too, as usual. The Moslem population is getting insolent. I tore off one blatant fellow's turban for him.

It was the only part of him that I could reach from my horse."

"Ah, brother!" sighed Payson; "do you think he took you for an evangelist of the gospel of peace?"

"I don't think he did," conceded the doctor. "But I took him for an impudent blackguard, and treated him accordingly. I won't be called a *giaour* and *kelb* to my face. You should have seen how astonished and cowed the scoundrel was. I left him twisting up his turban and spitting on the ground."

"You ought to have done your missionarying in the time of Richard the Lion-Hearted," laughed Irene, not so much displeased with his pugnacity as one might expect. "You are enough to bring on a mountain war."

"There's no mountain war this time," affirmed Macklin. "The mountain won't bring forth a mouse. The Druzes are alarmists because the Maronites are twice as numerous, and might whip them if they should try. As for the story that Druzes are coming from the Hauran, I don't believe a word of it. I rode from Deir el Kamr to Abeih with Sheikh Ahmed of the Abdelmeleks, and he assured me positively that there was n't a Hauran Druze in Lebanon."

"We did n't use to believe all that Sheikh Ahmed chose to say," remarked Payson. "I desire not to be unjust to any man, but it does seem to me that he has the wickedest smile I ever looked upon, and that his eyes are inhabited by swarms of lies and perjuries. Besides, what was he doing among the Abunekeds? I dislike the look of it."

"Oh, well, nobody will believe me," grumbled the doctor. "I have been all over the ground, and questioned scores on scores of people."

"You know that I am naturally fearful," was Payson's apology. "Even if I had been with you, I might not have been as hopeful. Well, it is months now since the first alarm came, and the sword still remains in its scabbard. It may be that a more than human mercy will keep it there."

"Aboo Shedood wants a pension of five piastres a day," continued Macklin,

with a look of contempt and indignation.

"What for?"

"For letting the light of his countenance shine on the Hasbeyan church. I told him we could better afford twice the money to have him stay away."

"May the divine pity enlighten and forgive him!" said Payson. "Poor Aboo Shedood! The root of the matter is not in him."

"The rest of the brethren there are admirable. I believe they have joined themselves to us in unselfishness and singleness of heart. Aboo Shedood is the only man who asked me for a *pará*."

"He needs their prayers, truly. I should have suggested to the church to make him a special case for supplication. But perhaps your treatment of him is best. Well, we will have a meeting of the mission to-night, doctor, and you shall tell us in full what you have seen and heard. It will be a most interesting story. You must come, Irene."

"And to-morrow I resume my work as teacher," added the doctor. "I suppose Mr. Payson will give you up."

"I shall hate to give *him* up," said Irene, laughingly. "He never scolds."

"It is easy to be patient when one is not troubled," said Payson. "You have studied hard, Irene."

"I suppose I am to remember all this and keep my temper," growled Macklin, good-naturedly. "By the way, where is DeVries? What is he finding?"

"We have had a second letter from him," Payson stated. "The lad is not finding any Anakims, nor any Philistine inscriptions. He has turned up half a dozen millstones and some potsherds which may belong to any one of the last thirty centuries. He begins to suspect that the Philistine cities were built, like the villages in that region now, of sundried bricks. It is a very ingenious hypothesis, and I fear it will be his only discovery."

"I hope not," said Irene, warmly.

"He will be so disappointed, and so shall I. I did so want to have him find a giant with six fingers!"

Next morning the doctor recommenced his teachings, and showed an unusual and charming patience therein, so delighted was he to get his scholar again. While they were raveling away at some tangled mystification of Arabic syntax, Mr. Porter Brassey stalked in, and cheerfully took a chair at the study table.

"What! still at it, Miss Grant?" he said. "I did n't know it took so long to learn a language when a person had a gift for it."

"We have n't the pentecostal gift nowadays," returned Macklin, staring at the visitor with a lowering brow.

"No, we ain't Parthians and Medes and Elamites," observed the consul, pleased to show that he also knew somewhat of the Bible. "Well, I don't want to interrupt you folks," he added, perceiving that he was not entirely welcome. "I want to see father Payson."

Accordingly he was ushered into the bare, whitewashed little study, where the missionary was writing out Arabic memoranda for a sermon.

"Parson, I want a confidential talk," began Mr. Brassey, laying his kossuth hat on the stone floor. "I've got an important little bit of news to communicate, — I mean important for *me*. An old bachelor uncle of mine has just gone — gone to a better world," he added, on reflection. "Quite an old gentleman; healthy and hearty, though, when I saw him last; was n't thinking that he would be called for."

"Death is always a surprise," sighed Payson. "I give you my sympathy with all my heart."

"Yes, I suppose it always is a surprise, and generally a disagreeable one," replied the consul. "Thank you for your sympathy. I knew I'd come to the right place for that." And here he smiled inwardly over the humorous fact of getting condolence when he really had not thought of asking for it.

"And yet human sympathy avails little," said Payson. "What we really need is the compassion of Him who inflicts the chastisement."

"Exactly," admitted Mr. Brassey, growing a little uneasy, for his state

of mind was evidently misunderstood. "But I don't suppose that I feel this blow as I ought."

"Alas, we are all alike. I find that I am very hard to touch."

"You see he was quite an elderly gentleman," urged the consul, who had by this time the air of trying to comfort the clergyman. "His time had come."

"We know not when our time shall be. It is often in the flower of our days."

"Certainly," conceded Mr. Brassey, twisting on his chair as if he were looking around for his hat. "Of course. Well, as I was saying, — or perhaps I did n't say it, — the old gentleman left something behind him, — left a nice little pot of money, — *and left it to me*."

Mr. Payson stared at him with amazement, wondering if his wits had forsaken him, so absurd did it seem that a mourner should care to spread such unimportant news.

"Yes, left it to *me*," repeated the consul, putting his hands in his pockets and thrusting his legs straight out before him, as if to claim more room in the world. "I'm a better man by at least fifteen thousand dollars than I was when I came to the Holy Land."

By this time the missionary had perceived that Mr. Brassey was not grieving over the loss of his relation, and was rejoicing because he had inherited a little filthy lucre. Strange as it may seem, in view of his doctrines as to the depravity of the human heart, he had not expected such a display of toughness and egoism. His own unselfishness and his tender charity for other men led him to impute to them the best motives possible; and only when he saw them bring forth evil fruits did he distinctly realize that they were born in sin and shapen in iniquity.

It was a picture to see this elect spirit gaze on the hard-favored soul which sat there in his sweet presence. It was obvious that he did not regard the consul with anger, nor even with scorn. There was a semi-divine patience and pity on his pale, worn, tranquil, and pensive countenance. There was more: there

was an air of profound humility; there was a pathetic recognition of fallen fraternity. He was meekly and solemnly saying to himself that but for unmerited grace he would have been as callous and greedy as this hapless brother. What desert was there in him, he asked, that he should have been taken, and the other left?

"I have generally looked upon money with fear," he said at last. "I have felt that if much of it were placed in my hands I should find it a snare to myself, and perhaps harm others."

"I don't believe you would, parson," returned Mr. Brassey, staring at him with honest admiration, while he marveled at his simplicity. "Upon my honor, I do believe you would be less hurt by it, and do more good with it, than any other man I ever laid eyes on."

Mr. Payson shook his head. He sincerely and even severely doubted himself. He really and seriously thanked God that he had not been set afloat on the ocean of probation with the millstone of wealth fastened to his neck.

The consul, gazing at him with wide-open eyes, and perfectly convinced of his sincerity, was surprisingly affected. His heart had not been touched by the talk about the loss of his relative and the uncertainty of life. But in the spectacle of humility and of thorough unselfishness there is a noble pathos which elevates and softens the souls of all men who are not of the "real, hardened wicked." As Mr. Brassey looked into the meek, loving face of the missionary, he felt something like tears about the secret places of his eyes.

"Parson, I want to do a little good," he broke out. "I came here this morning with that notion, and it's grown on me since I got into your sanctum. I can afford it, and I've got to do it. Suppose, now, I should allow the mission one hundred — no, *three* hundred dollars a year, while I hold on here. What could you do with it?"

"It is a very large sum — for one person," returned the clergyman, so startled that he colored. "Had you not

better reflect well as to whether you can spare it?"

"I *can* spare it. I don't need to reflect. Why, look here! My salary is a good, square two thousand, including odds and ends; and this little property, invested up our way on bond and mortgage, will make fifteen hundred more. There's thirty-five hundred, for a bachelor. Why, I'm ashamed to offer so little as three hundred, and I'd treble it but for some nieces of mine who may want an outfit some day. Now, to come down to business, what could the mission do with three hundred? What particular thing could you start?"

"We could establish a native preacher at Damascus. We could open a church in that most ancient city, which stood in the time of Abraham."

"That suits," replied the consul with enthusiasm. "That suits me to an iota. I'll give you a draft to-morrow, parson; and let's have the new meeting-house right away. Porter Brassey's Foundation Church in Damascus!" he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh. "I want West Wolverine to get a return from it as quick as possible. Won't the boys stare, though! And won't my pious old aunt Stokes be delighted! How she will take down her Bible and Josephus, and look up all the texts about Damascus!"

"I can understand, — I can imagine it," smiled Payson, remembering with pleasure worthy old souls of his own relationship who loved to read the Bible in connection with Josephus. "It will greatly interest the good people at home. Damascus is one of the regal and magical names of history."

The public functionary remained pensive for a few seconds. He was thinking that, if he should go home and run for Congress, the Brassey Church in Damascus would be a good "campaign card," and might secure him the entire "pious vote." Evidently, the project must not only be initiated, but must also be established on a solid foundation.

"You need n't be afraid about starting," he exhorted. "The thing shan't slump through, even if I quit here, or quit the world. I'll make out a little

trust-deed to secure you three hundred a year for five years. That will give the church a good send-off. And now, sixty pounds sterling to-morrow; will the mission do *its* part at once?"

"It will," promised Payson. "We have just the man, — a good man, and a scholar in his own tongue, — and he can go immediately."

Then the consul shook hands with the missionary, and went away much astonished at his own munificence, but also rejoicing in it for more reasons than one.

"I suppose of course he'll tell *her*," he said to himself. "I guess it will be a good card every way. By George! it was an inspiration."

THE MORNING HILLS.

I.

HE sits among the morning hills,
His face is bright and strong;
He scans far heights, but scarcely notes
The herdsman's idle song.

He cannot brook this peaceful life,
While battle's trumpet calls;
He sees a crown for him who wins,
A tear for him who falls.

The flowery glens and shady slopes
Are hateful to his eyes;
Beyond the heights, beyond the storms,
The land of promise lies.

II.

He is so old and sits so still,
With face so weak and mild,
We know that he remembers naught,
Save when he was a child.

His fight is fought, his fame is won,
Life's highest peak is past,
The laurel crown, the triumph's arch,
Are worthless at the last.

The frosts of age destroy the bay, —
The loud applause of men
Falls feebly on the palsied ears
Of fourscore years and ten.

He does not hear the voice that bears
His name around the world;

He has no thought of great deeds done
Where battle-tempests whirled.

But evermore he is looking back,
Whilst memory fills and thrills
With echoes of the herdman's song,
Among the morning hills.

Maurice Thompson.

OUR COMMERCE WITH CUBA, PORTO RICO, AND MEXICO.

THAT eminent liberal Spanish leader, Emilio Castelar, in a speech in the Chamber of Deputies, in 1872, in regard to Cuba and Porto Rico, said, "How these islands are moving away from the American continent, and drawing nearer to the European!"

Well, indeed, might he make such a significant exclamation; for the illiberal commercial policy of Spain, her monopolies and tariffs, has been continually removing those islands farther and farther away from the United States. Although the magnificent island of Cuba—the pearl of the Antilles—is almost visible from our own shores, yet for all purposes of export trade with her she is about as distant from our country as the Sandwich Islands. Indeed, for such purposes she is more distant; for our exports to the Sandwich Islands, proportionately to their population, are about eight times the amount of those to Cuba.

The Spanish West Indies, Cuba and Porto Rico together, have a population of a little over two millions. Cuba itself is seven hundred miles long, with an average breadth of eighty miles, and possesses resources which, if they were developed, would sustain a population of twelve millions. Its surface, though for the most part very slightly undulating and covered with dense forests, is finely diversified. A mountain range runs through its whole length near the centre, the highest elevations, naked and rocky, being eight thousand feet above the sea. It has numerous rivers well

stocked with fish, and many beautiful and fertile valleys. One of its cascades is remarkable for beauty. Its hill-sides and defiles are clothed with a variety of hard-wood trees of the evergreen species, of which the more valuable are the mahogany, which grows there to a huge size, the *lignum vitæ*, and the ebony. The palm, "queen of the Cuban forests," with its deep green plumage; the giant-leaved and prolific banana and plantain, resembling tall Indian corn; the cocoa, with its weeping foliage; and the "prim orange," are abundant. Two hundred sorts of birds are native to the island. Marble of fine quality is found in the mountains, and there are valuable mines of copper. Coffee has been cultivated on the lower hill slopes with success, and its production could be largely extended. The Cuban tobacco has peculiar value, and is sought for the world over, the Americans alone being purchasers of over two million dollars' worth of cigars from there every year. Cuba's principal crop, however, is sugar, which amounts in value to over one hundred million dollars a year. Her advantage in its production over Louisiana, for example, is that in Cuba there is a space of four or five months, when all the mechanical work must be done, between the time when enough cane is ripe to justify starting the mills and the time when the cane begins to spoil; whereas in Louisiana this period is only about two months. Though some of Cuba's coast lands are subject to overflow, she

is uncommonly well supplied with fine harbors. Of her cities, Havana, the capital, has a population of two hundred and thirty-five thousand, Santiago de Cuba forty thousand, and Matanzas thirty-seven thousand. The sumptuous marble mansions of its capital, with their lofty porticoes and long colonnades, indicate something of its tropical wealth and luxury. Its cafés and restaurants are said to be but little inferior to those of Paris.

The United States annually import from Cuba fifty million dollars' worth of brown sugar; and as neither that island nor Porto Rico is able to raise wheat, yet requires large quantities of wheat flour for consumption, the United States ought, by good rights, on account of their nearness and facilities for supplying the article, to export annually to those islands ten million dollars' worth of flour. Assuming that the consumption of flour in those islands is the same as in other civilized communities, that is, three quarters of a pound of bread per day to each inhabitant, equivalent to one barrel of flour a year to each inhabitant, we find that they would require at least two million barrels of flour a year, which at six dollars a barrel would amount to twelve million dollars. Owing, however, to the high and virtually prohibitory Spanish duty on flour, the export of that article from this country to Cuba and Porto Rico amounted, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878, to less than three hundred thousand dollars.

That high duty applies to flour of wheat imported into Cuba from foreign ports in foreign vessels; and though it does not expressly, yet it does substantially, discriminate against the United States. And it has long, though in vain, been complained of. As long ago as 1792, President Washington communicated to Congress a report by his secretary of state, Thomas Jefferson, in which the latter, referring to our trade with the Spanish West Indies, stated that the Spanish "duty on *flour* affects us very much, and other nations very little." So one reads, in Niles's Register of June 17, 1820, that two large

French ships from Spain had arrived at Havana with cargoes of flour, which were admitted at such low rates of duty as would stop the export of flour from the United States to Cuba if the discrimination continued.

From time to time for about a century back, our presidents, secretaries of state, envoys, consuls, and political economists have directed attention to the heavy customs duty, or tariff, laid by Spain on American flour imported into her West Indian possessions. Nothing, however, seems ever to have been done towards lessening it, especially in late years; and the duty at the present time on flour of wheat imported into Cuba in any other vessels than Spanish is at the rate of \$5.51 per one hundred kilograms, with twenty-five per cent. war subsidy additional. This is at the rate of *six dollars and twelve cents* duty per barrel, net weight of one hundred and ninety-six pounds, and is essentially prohibitory.

The pretended object of the duty is to give a monopoly to a few traders in Spain, and to "protect" agriculture in Spain; whereas the United States consul at Barcelona reports, "Farmers are tilling their lands in the same antiquated style as handed down to them by their ancestors, and cannot be persuaded to use modern American implements." The tax, which of course is highly oppressive to the Cubans themselves, seems all the more unreasonable, because in modern times the ports of those nations which are the most advanced in civilization — certainly those of Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, Hamburg, and of the Scandinavian countries — admit flour free of duty, since it is an article of food of prime necessity. It is injurious to the American wheat producers, who in themselves, as a general rule, unite the qualities of proprietor and laborer; who even under favorable circumstances seldom clear more than ordinary wages. And it seems peculiarly to affect those who are growing wheat in the Upper Mississippi Valley (on the very plains owned by Spain a century and a quarter ago), and who naturally think that some of their products should be shipped down

the Mississippi and to the West Indian ports so near its mouth. The tax is felt, too, by American flour manufacturers, whose enterprise and skill of late years have carried their art to great perfection, making it in some localities a predominant industry, and who have to seek markets for their goods in distant countries. Twenty-five thousand barrels of flour are now shipped every week from the mills of Minneapolis alone, — a greater quantity than was exported from the United States to Cuba during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878. The average cost of shipping flour from Minneapolis or St. Paul to Boston or New York by rail is sixty cents a barrel. From the latter cities to Havana by steamer — a voyage of five days — the freight is fifty cents a barrel. The choicest quality of the Minnesota "patent" flour is now quoted in the New York and Boston markets at eight dollars per barrel at wholesale. It may be supposed that the average price of flour shipped to Havana is now six dollars a barrel, so that when it reaches that city it is met with a custom tax nearly or quite equal to its cost, with freight added. This forcibly illustrates the absurdly excessive rate of the duty.

There are other goods, such as provisions, which the United States, more readily than any other country, could furnish to Cuba, but upon which, considering that they are necessities, the duties are quite high. The duty on lard imported from the United States into Cuba in American vessels is six cents per pound; on butter eight cents per pound; on cheese from five to fifteen cents per pound, according to class and quality. Even in Porto Rico, where the duties have usually been lower than in Cuba, the duty on American pork amounts to \$2.50 per barrel. The duty on common cotton prints or calicoes imported into Cuba from the United States in American vessels is $34\frac{1}{2}$ cents per kilogram, and the twenty-five per cent. war subsidy in addition, which is at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents a yard of twenty-four inches in width. On calf-skin boots and shoes for men the duty is \$1.20 a pair. The duty on the

same goods would be about twenty-five per cent. less when imported from European or other ports in Spanish vessels. Naturally, the heavy discrimination which Spain makes against our flour and certain other goods tends to prejudice our export of cotton manufactures to Cuba. During the year ending June 30, 1878, the total value of the exports of manufactures of cotton from the United States to Cuba and Porto Rico together was only \$95,246. During the year 1877, nearly a corresponding period, Great Britain exported to Cuba and Porto Rico cotton manufactures of the value of £1,184,991, or very nearly six million dollars' worth; in fact, *sixty times* as much as were exported to those islands from the United States.

Another class of Americans, besides agriculturists and manufacturers, who are injured by Spanish monopoly in Cuba is that of seamen. To foster our coasting trade has always been regarded as a matter of high national importance. Our trade with Cuba lies in the very path from our Atlantic to our Gulf ports. It belongs to the coasting trade. And what is more, a part of it belongs to our coasting sail-shipping, which should always be favored, but which has so declined of late that those who a few years ago were masters of good vessels are now glad to take the position of mate!

Not only is our trade with Cuba burdened by high duties, but it suffers still further obstruction from the irregular and oppressive manner in which the duties are estimated and collected. The American flag is in such poor favor at Havana that vessels carrying it have to pay considerably higher tonnage duties than are paid by vessels under other flags, and particularly those of Great Britain and Germany, although such duties purport to apply equally to all countries. This statement would seem incredible, were it not vouched for by the United States consul-general at Havana, an officer who has had ten years' experience at his post. In a communication to the department of state, dated November 2, 1877, he illustrates the "gross injustice" done our shipping

interests by the system of assessing tonnage duties at Havana. He gives examples of it as it was applied to eighteen fishing vessels—the humblest of our crafts, and such as, if any, would be likely to receive fair treatment—out of thirty of these vessels which habitually trade between Key West and Havana. He states, —

“ The aggregate of the sums paid by these eighteen vessels to the Havana custom-house for tonnage dues during the year 1876 was \$8934.93. The same number of Spanish vessels of the same tonnage, and making an equal or a greater number of voyages to the United States, would have paid there during the same period \$190.80, or \$1 to \$16.83 paid by the American vessels in Cuba.

“ The aggregate register tonnage of these vessels is 635.92 tons. In the absence of a reciprocal arrangement between the United States and Spain, the Spanish admeasurers of Havana, in read-measuring these vessels, augmented their aggregate tonnage 216.42 tons, or about thirty-four per cent. over their American tonnage; *a gross injustice, against which all the remonstrances of this office and of the masters were at that time of no avail.* At the same time the vessels of Germany, Great Britain, and other countries whose systems of admeasurements are the same as those of the United States were admitted to entry upon their registers. Thus, had these vessels been under the British or German flag, they would have paid thirty-four per cent. less in tonnage dues than was paid by the American vessels.”

The consul-general, Mr. Hall, adds: “ There are many other difficulties under which our vessels labor in the ports of Cuba, which have been brought to the notice of the department frequently during the past ten years.” In view of the facts just quoted, the secretary of state, Mr. Evarts, on the 13th of November, 1877, instructed the United States minister at Madrid that “ the burden of these excessive and increasing exactions . . . is becoming *well-nigh unbearable* to our shippers and merchants.”

It appears that the evil of the system

of readmeasurement became partially remedied by a royal order, which was adopted “ provisionally ”! But, judging from the slight satisfaction which hitherto has been accorded to complaints against the system of “ fines ” at Havana, we fear the evil is not remedied. The practice by the revenue officers at Havana of imposing fines or penalties on vessels for slight and technical errors found in the manifests of cargoes is a burden which has long been complained of. These fines have been exacted often in a frivolous, arbitrary, and vexatious manner, and such as to prove in some cases almost ruinous to shippers. The most trifling mistake or omission, a mere verbal inaccuracy, has exposed them to heavy penalties. For example, a fine would be imposed because hoops were not described in the manifest as “ wooden ” hoops; because nails were not stated to be “ iron ” nails; for a failure to express numbers, weights and measures in letters and figures; for the slightest error in converting American weights and measures into Spanish denominations. Fines have been imposed in one Cuban port for stating in a manifest that which in another Cuban port fines were imposed for omitting. This unreasonable practice of revenue fines had become so burdensome that in January, 1873, seventy-nine commercial firms of New York and Boston presented a memorial to the government of the United States, asking for its intervention to secure relief from the system. The matter was deemed of so much importance by our government that it procured the coöperation of the British, German, and Swedish-Norwegian governments in seconding its efforts for a reform of the abuse. But in spite of all that has been done, the abuse exists to a considerable extent. Our consul-general at Havana, at the close of his before-cited communication of November 2, 1877, states that among “ the many difficulties ” which affect our vessels in Cuban ports “ the principal one, that of *fines* imposed for trivial and sometimes for mere technical informalities, *is still* a source of complaint on the part of our ship-masters.”

One, and perhaps a sufficient, explanation of the continuance of such an unwarrantable and injurious system is that the revenue officers of Cuba are not properly remunerated for their services by the Spanish government, and that they resort to this unjustifiable imposition of penalties as a source of compensation.

Our commerce with Cuba has been prejudiced by still another class of evils. Our shipping has been harassed and our flag insulted on repeated occasions by Spanish officials and Spanish cruisers. A more arrogant and wanton proceeding than the seizure of the *Black Warrior* — a merchant steamer regularly trading between New York and Mobile, calling also at Havana for the delivery of the mail and passengers — could hardly be imagined. It was a proceeding calculated to turn our shipping away from Cuban ports. The seizure of the *Virginus* on the high seas was in violation of public law; and the summary execution of *fifty-three* of the persons found on board of her, many of them citizens of the United States, and several of them mere boys, without lawful trial, and thus directly in violation of our treaty with Spain, was a flagrant insult to the authority and the dignity of the United States, as well as an outrage against humanity. Spain apologized; but instead of punishing the general who ordered the executions, she in due time promoted him! As full indemnity for the affair the United States received of Spain the sum of eighty thousand dollars, which was at the rate of not exceeding twenty-five hundred dollars to the family of each person executed. The pacific course which our government pursued in the matter sufficiently refutes the statement, frequently heard from Europeans, that the United States are in the habit of "bullying" and "worrying" Spain in her management of Cuba.

To come down to a still later period: the attention of our government was called to the following three cases of outrage on American vessels, committed near Cuba by Spanish guard-boats, in 1877. In May of that year the whaling schooner

Ellen Rizpah, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, while in the peaceful pursuit of her voyage, was forcibly attacked by an armed Spanish guard-boat, twenty miles distant from Cuba; her captain was detained prisoner on board the guard-boat for four days, exposed much of the time to very inclement weather in wet clothing; and when at the end of that time a Spanish steamer arrived and his papers were examined, which from the first he frankly offered to exhibit, he was rudely ordered to go about his business. Attempting to do so, and while preparing to capture some whales then in sight, he was again chased a distance of twenty miles by another but similar armed cruiser. These acts deterred him from prosecuting his voyage.

On the 23d of the same month, the whaling schooner *Rising Sun*, of Provincetown, Massachusetts, being off the South Keys of Cuba, and three miles from the Keys (which are uninhabited and destitute of vegetation) and about twenty miles from the coast of Cuba, had her two boats out in pursuit of whales. One of the boats was commanded by her captain, the other by the mate. While thus visibly and properly engaged in their calling, and three or four miles distant from the schooner, they were fired at by a Spanish guard-boat with blank cartridge from a rifled cannon, followed immediately by two rounds with solid shot. The captain of the *Rising Sun* steered for his vessel, but was fired upon with three volleys from small arms. His steersman, a Portuguese, heard them declare on the guard-boat that they meant to take the schooner and sink her. The captain, as ordered, went on board the guard-boat, where he was told that he would be detained till a gun-boat should come from Cuba "to search his vessel and examine his papers." After some time he was permitted to return to his vessel on condition that his mate came aboard in his place. The mate was detained five days without change of clothing, although he came on board the Spanish vessel in his wet whaling suit. When, on the fifth day, the Spanish gun-boat arrived, an officer from that vessel went

on board the *Rising Sun*, examined her papers, and mustered her crew aft to answer to their names. Her captain inquired why his vessel was detained, and was answered in English: "There are a good many scamps in the world, and we don't know whom to trust." During all these proceedings the flag of the United States was flying from the *Rising Sun*. The detention put an end to her voyage.

The other case occurred during the same spring, and was of no less aggravated character. The whaling schooner *Edward Lee*, of Provincetown, Massachusetts, having scarcely arrived in the same waters, and while cruising for whales, was chased by a Spanish gunboat, fired into, at first with solid shot, then with grape, and finally with shell, and by such violence driven from those waters.

It may be urged that the existence of an insurrection in Cuba was some excuse for these Spanish armed cruisers taking the law into their own hands. Not at all. There could be no pretense but these American vessels were pursuing their proper and legitimate calling. And, besides, it was well known that the government of the United States had at pains and expense uniformly and successfully enforced the neutrality laws, and prevented the fitting out and departure from our ports of vessels intending to aid the insurgents in Cuba. This undeviating course of our government should have made Spanish officials all the more scrupulous and courteous in their treatment of American vessels.

And here it may be stated that the great leading principle or rule which the United States have long maintained, and which most other maritime powers now acknowledge, is that a vessel on the high seas, in time of peace, bearing its proper flag, is under the jurisdiction of the country to which it belongs; and therefore any visitation, molestation, or detention of such vessel by force, or by the exhibition of force, on the part of a foreign power, is in derogation of the sovereignty of that country.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the secretary of state of

the United States, in his note of November 13, 1877, in regard to the outrages on the three whaling schooners just above mentioned, should use the following earnest language:—

"The frequent recurrence, of late, of these unfriendly, and, as they must be considered by this government, clearly unwarrantable, visitations from the armed vessels of the Spanish naval force to the unarmed merchant vessels of the United States has nevertheless caused the president much anxiety for the consequences which may at any moment, and must sooner or later, if continued, result to the peace of the two nations, unless the most energetic and effective measures are speedily adopted and put in force to prevent a possible recurrence of such incidents as I have, with every feeling but that of pleasure, felt obliged to bring thus plainly to the notice of the Spanish government." The aggregate amount of indemnity which was demanded of Spain by our government, on account of damage suffered by the owners and officers and crews of the three vessels, *Ellen Rizpah*, *Rising Sun*, and *Edward Lee*, for the breaking up of their voyages, etc., was \$19,500. It was officially stated that the cases had been examined into with care, and that our government was "satisfied" that the respective claims for damages were "equitable and reasonable." The Spanish government, with reasonable promptitude, offered to pay ten thousand dollars as full satisfaction of the claims of the owners and officers of the *Ellen Rizpah* and *Rising Sun*, leaving the claim of six thousand dollars on account of the *Edward Lee* for further investigation. The fact that the government of the United States promptly acquiesced in such settlement, on terms so much more favorable than first demanded, ought to satisfy every Spaniard, if further proof were necessary, that the United States do not wish to pick a quarrel in regard to Cuba.

The foregoing facts have been stated for two objects: first, to show the hindrances and injuries our shipping suffers from the Spanish administration of Cuba; and, secondly, to show the pa-

tience, forbearance, and firm policy of peace which the government of the United States has steadily pursued with reference to that island.

There is Cuba, with an area six times greater than that of Massachusetts, so near to us that by taking a steamer at our own port of Key West after supper we can be landed at Havana the next morning before breakfast, — there she is, with splendid resources, and ought to be a most valuable customer for American products; yet, owing to Spanish monopoly, — an almost prohibitory tariff of over *six dollars* a barrel on flour, rendered additionally oppressive by venal administration, — American merchants are excluded from the benefits of a mutual and fair commerce with her. What, then, is the remedy, if any, for such a state of things?

Should our government endeavor to acquire possession of Cuba, and if so, how? Or should it seek to obviate the evils by a commercial treaty and the cultivation of more cordial relations with Spain and Cuba?

Manifest destiny, said President Buchanan, requires that the United States should acquire possession of Cuba. A good deal has been written and said during the past thirty years in regard to its acquisition. President Fillmore, in a private letter to Daniel Webster about the time of the Lopez expedition, expressed a decided opinion that it would be against the interest of the United States to acquire it. He naturally apprehended that its acquisition would intensify the slavery question. It was probably a knowledge of his individual views, together with the effect of the Lopez expedition (Lopez, a Cuban, had the year before, in spite of the United States authorities, got out of New Orleans and landed at Cuba a military force of several hundred men, among whom was the ill-fated Crittenden), that led Great Britain and France to propose to the United States, in 1852, to engage by treaty to discountenance all attempt to obtain possession of the island of Cuba on the part of any power or individual whatever.

The British and French ministers at Washington severally urged that British and French subjects, as well as the French government, were on different accounts creditors of Spain for large sums of money; that the expense of keeping up an armed force in Cuba of twenty-five thousand men obstructed the government of Spain in its efforts to fulfill its pecuniary engagements; and that under the existing state of things it could not be expected that Spain would lower her tariff at Havana. Mr. Everett, who had lately succeeded Mr. Webster as secretary of state, in his reply of December 1, 1852, pointed out the reasons which led the government of the United States to decline entering into such negotiations. In the first place, he in a polite manner gave those powers to understand that it was a matter which very little concerned them. The president, he stated, considered the condition of Cuba as mainly an American question. That island lay at our doors, commanded the approach to the Gulf of Mexico, and kept watch at the door-way of our intercourse with California by the Isthmus route. Territorially and commercially, it would in our hands be an extremely valuable possession. Under certain contingencies, it might be almost essential to our safety. Still, for domestic reasons, the president thought that the incorporation of the island into the Union at that time, although effected with the consent of Spain, would be a hazardous measure; and he would consider its acquisition by force, except in a just war with Spain (should an event so greatly to be deprecated take place), as disgraceful. The president had thrown the whole force of his constitutional power against all illegal attacks upon the island; and the proposed compact, instead of helping to prevent illegal enterprises against it, would give a new and powerful impulse to them. Thus ended that intrusive proposal.

In about two years after this was held the Ostend Conference. In October, 1854, James Buchanan, John Y. Mason, and Pierre Soulé, ministers respectively of the United States at London, Paris, and Madrid, acting under instructions of

the Pierce administration, met at Ostend, in Belgium, to consult as to negotiations for the purchase of Cuba. They drew up and signed (October 18th) a joint communication to their government, in which they set forth, among other things, that they had arrived at the conclusion, and were thoroughly convinced, that an immediate and earnest effort ought to be made by the government of the United States to purchase Cuba from Spain at any price for which it could be obtained, not exceeding the sum of ——— dollars. The maximum sum they thought should be paid was one hundred and twenty million dollars; and they made a strong point in their paper by referring to the benefits that would accrue to Spain by the use of the larger part of such a sum in building railroads and developing her resources. The susceptibilities of Spain, however, were such that the negotiations thus recommended were never ventured upon by our government. Yet at that very time Cuba was, and since has continued to be, a pecuniary burden on the Spanish government, and Spain's best bonds were being sold upon her own bourse at about one third of their par value. At that time the duty on American flour imported into Cuba in American vessels was \$9.87 a barrel! and Spain had haughtily refused to treat for the alleviation of our commerce with that island. Mr. Soulé, in a dispatch of November 10, 1853, to our government, says the Spanish minister of state "is averse to let Spain enter into any commercial treaty with us, and makes no secret of his stern antipathies in that respect." Furthermore, the new captain-general who about that time was sent to Cuba was selected "mostly on account of the violent prejudices he was supposed, and with truth, to entertain against us;" and went out with "increased powers, in case of another Lopez expedition, to put under arrest all Americans residing there, without excepting even the consul."

A peaceful termination of our then critical relations with Spain and the improvement of our commerce might well have been the leading motives for the Ostend Conference, but the suspicion

that the main object of the proposed purchase of Cuba was the extension of the slave power threw odium upon it.

No very important step towards the acquisition of the island has since been taken. The Thirty Million Bill, with a view to its purchase, was introduced in the senate by Mr. Slidell in 1859, but did not pass. While General Prim was regent of Spain, in 1869, a private company, with a view of obtaining Cuba for the Cubans and afterwards repaying itself at the expense of the island, offered seventy-five million dollars for it; and the proposal was for some time entertained by that able soldier and statesman. Probably Spain would now cede Cuba and Porto Rico both to the United States for two hundred million dollars and for no less. Yet assuming that the United States could borrow that sum at four per cent., the annual interest on the amount would be eight million dollars, which would exceed, perhaps, the yearly clear profit of commerce with the islands even with free trade. It would be too much to give, *unless* there should be danger (which every friend of humanity would deprecate) of our having a war with Spain in consequence of grievances in connection with Cuba, and of our being obliged to acquire it as security for future peace. There has been some little experience in the business in the past, to which it may be useful to advert. Not only has Cuba once been conquered, but it has been conquered with the help of Americans! Not only so, but Cuba has in its time acted the part of Carthage (which in some points it to-day resembles) to America. It fitted out in 1742 an armament of two thousand troops, which embarked at Havana under convoy of a powerful squadron, and which, after being reinforced by a thousand men at St. Augustine, invaded Georgia. This was in the war between England and Spain.

Cuba had been threatened the year before by a British fleet under Admiral Vernon. He had been reinforced by three thousand six hundred men, chiefly from the *New England colonies*; but he lingered, inactive, till his forces inglo-

riously melted away by disease. Of the New England recruits scarcely one man in fifty survived, and the calamity, we are told, "overspread America with mourning."

A successful campaign under Lord Albemarle was made nineteen years later. The expedition consisted of nineteen ships of the line, eighteen small war vessels, about one hundred and fifty transports, and a force of about ten thousand troops. Admiral Pococke, fresh from two naval victories in the East, commanded the naval forces. He passed through the straits of Bahama in eleven days, and early in June (1762) the siege of Fort Moro was commenced. That fortification, guarding Havana, even then was quite strong. Its ditch, cut out of solid rock, was eighty feet deep by forty feet wide. It was defended by fourteen Spanish ships of the line. The besiegers had the assistance of two thousand or more blacks from the neighboring British islands, in fatigue work. The labors and hardships of the whole command were of course severe. At one time five thousand men of the land forces and three thousand sailors were unfit for duty. Reinforcements of *Americans*, numbering three or four thousand men, principally from New York and New England, — and among whom was the afterwards famous Putnam, of Connecticut, — began to arrive about the 20th of July. The Spaniards made a gallant resistance, but had to yield on the 10th of August, when Fort Moro was taken, and as a consequence the island of Cuba. The splendid victory made a great impression at the time; yet in the negotiations, which shortly afterwards terminated in peace, Spain declared, and was supported by France, that without the restitution of Cuba peace could be of no service to her, and she would rather hazard the continuance of war. Cuba was therefore restored to Spain.

A century and a quarter has passed since that event; and it would now require more extensive operations and much larger land and naval forces to take Cuba. It should be borne in mind that in such a conflict the sympathy of

foreign nations, in itself a great moral support, would not be on the side of the United States, unless the provocation given by Spain were unmistakably sufficient to justify our course. Spain has not only extended and strengthened her fortifications there, but she defends them with a respectable naval force. She regards the retention of Cuba as a matter of honor, — at least pretends to. She is a country of sixteen million inhabitants, with much pride, military experience, and ardor. It may be taken for granted that she would make an obstinate resistance to our operations. She might even make some damaging aggressive movements. Indeed, the Spaniards think they could get a few Alabamas, and make us cry quit. Mr. Caleb Cushing stated, August, 1874, that although the naval force of Spain was nominally formidable, yet its available force was relatively small. For the defense of Cuba and Porto Rico she keeps a fleet of thirty-five gun-boats, all of the same size, — one hundred and seven feet long, twenty-two and a half feet beam, eight feet depth of hold, and drawing about five feet of water. They are screw steamers, each one carrying a one-hundred-pounder pivot gun at the bow. We would have to take the fortifications at Havana by as protracted a siege as that of Vicksburg. Besides, there would have to be, probably, one or two serious naval engagements. When, in the early part of the war of the rebellion, Sherman, as commanding general in Kentucky, declared that two hundred thousand men were required for effective operation, people said he was insane; and such was the popular and official delusion that he was removed from his command! It would require the enlistment of one hundred and fifty thousand men — perhaps more — to conquer Cuba. As the stronger party, it might naturally be supposed that we would ultimately accomplish our object. Meantime, Spain would have suffered injury which she could hardly outgrow in a quarter of a century; and our own country, its shipping, and perhaps some of its ports would have suffered a great amount of damage. From ten to twenty

thousand of our land and naval forces would have perished by disease, half as many more in battle; and with the expense of transports, of costly ammunition for siege firing, the pay, clothing, and subsistence of the forces, and the millions that would eventually have to be paid in *pensions*, the aggregate pecuniary cost of the war, without taking into account the destruction of human life, would possibly exceed two hundred million dollars.

There are some social objections to incorporating Cuba into the American Union. "For a century," said the London Times six years ago, "Cuba has been advancing rapidly in her colored population, in wealth, in enterprise, and in most material respects, with an almost utter absence of the higher and nobler elements generally supposed necessary to consolidation and order." "We have regular mails to Havana," said the Times, "yet Cuba is like Great Britain in the days of George II. and Rob Roy."

The white population there numbers seven hundred and thirty thousand, of whom say one hundred and thirty thousand include native Spaniards, who hold the offices, or who have immigrated to get rich in other ways. The other six hundred thousand are native Cubans, called *creoles*. The native Spaniards, having enjoyed a monopoly of government, and having exercised their privileges in a haughty, domineering manner, are said to be cordially hated by the *creoles*. It is thought by some that in the event of Cuban independence these Spaniards would quit the island and return home. Both classes, however, share in a common dislike for the home government. The free colored population amounts to two hundred and forty thousand, the number of slaves, three hundred and sixty thousand, — for slavery exists, reinforced by the atrocious slave trade, — of Asiatics, thirty-four thousand. The blacks thrive better there than any other race; and though if left entirely to themselves they would be about as improvident as white men of similar intelligence, yet it is found that even the slaves work as well when stimu-

lated by a bounty for extra work as when impelled by coercive means. The blacks are employed principally on the sugar estates, of which there are about fifteen hundred, owned by nearly the same number of slave-holders. The slaves are subjected to many cruelties, and suicides are frequent among them. Of the slave-holders say twelve hundred realize a clear income of four per cent. on their capital, and the others from six to eight per cent. About three hundred sugar planters are wealthy, of whom one hundred and fifty are in very independent circumstances; while say twelve hundred are comparatively poor, burdened with debts and mortgages. The planters concede that slavery must be abolished in Cuba, and a few years ago they promulgated a scheme of immediate emancipation, with the condition that the slaves should be apprenticed a certain number of years at a certain rate of wages; the planters, meantime, to raise a considerable sum by voluntary subscription for the importation of additional free labor. It is claimed that this scheme would financially ruin the twelve hundred poor planters, who could only pull through by receiving pay for their slaves. By a law of July 4, 1870, Spain practically committed herself to the abolition of slavery in Cuba, and her government has repeatedly pledged itself speedily to carry out that measure; but while the slave-holders pretend to be in favor of abolition, they seem to have influence enough at Madrid to prevent its consummation. The Chinese were imported, of course, for work on plantations, but partly from lack of strength they have not proved efficient field hands. Moreover, they have been cheated in their contracts, and have been reduced to a condition of *quasi-servitude*. They have resented the lash with revengeful acts of violence, and as a natural consequence of the general bad treatment they have suffered they are a good deal demoralized and scattered over the island.

On the whole, the population and social condition of Cuba are hardly such as to make its society a desirable acquisition to the United States. This coun-

try has no prestige there, nor do the Cubans appear to sympathize with us.

The annexation of Cuba to the United States would of course involve the immediate abolition of slavery. And what would be the effect? Some imagine, and the special correspondent of the London Times among them, that the industry of the island would receive a terrible shock and set-back, and that there would even be a war of races. A war of races, it was predicted, would occur in the States of the South, as a consequence of freedom and suffrage; yet the good conduct of the blacks has falsified the doleful prophecy, notwithstanding the United States neglected the duty of providing them with instruction. A beneficent act like that of emancipation certainly ought not to set people to cutting each other's throats. With a representative government justly administered, a moderate property qualification for suffrage, reasonable precautions against vagrancy, and a reasonable police force to aid in executing the laws, emancipation might take place in a day in Cuba without any unusual danger or disorder, whether she remained as a colony of Spain, or was admitted into the Union of the North American States. Possibly there would be for a few years some decline in the sugar production; for it is not to be supposed that a free man will work in a hot sugar-mill eighteen hours every day in the week, Sundays included, without uncommonly good pay; yet the general prosperity would increase.

The opinion is frequently expressed by the Times special correspondent, writing in 1873, that the climate of Cuba is unsuited for white men. One is reluctant to concede that the descendants of the Anglo-Saxons cannot prosper in that beautiful island, and perhaps the future will show that they can, with due observance of *sanitary* precautions. These are matters which even under the best administered governments are too often neglected. In Cuba they are ignored. Cuba's constitution is a "royal order" which clothes the captain-general with the fullest powers. The government is, in short, a despotism, and

is administered by Spanish officials who have come to amass fortunes. They are badly paid, are insubordinate to the home government, and resort to irregular exactions to increase their gains. Even the priests come over to get rich, and are allowed to charge and collect exorbitant fees, — such, for example, as seventeen dollars a head for baptizing children. It would be absurd to suppose that such a government would adopt needful measures for the preservation of health. On the contrary, it tolerates evils which aggravate the natural dangers of the climate. The heat has been increased by an indiscriminate cutting of timber over a large area of level land. The Times correspondent found Havana a city of smells and noises. He describes the streets in the older part of the city as crowded and narrow, and "flanked on each side by fetid gutters." In the newer part of the city the streets, though wide, are unpaved, and contain "dismal holes and quagmires." The celebrated harbor emits poisonous exhalations from having for over a century been the reservoir of the city drains.

Now, if the sanitary condition of Cuba is so bad, is it not improper to attribute the degeneracy of the whites there to the climate? Mr. R. H. Dana, who visited Cuba in 1859, writes: "As to the climate, I have no doubt that in the interior, especially on the red earth, it is healthy and delightful in summer as well as in winter." White people have lived in Cuba for more than a century; and under a good government, with wholesome sanitary institutions rigorously enforced, and with cheap markets for the purchase of the necessities of life, it is to be hoped they will live there without degenerating.

"The natural process for Cuba," wrote Mr. Dana, "is an amelioration of her institutions under Spanish auspices." This seems a wise view of the matter. Equally sound is the opinion expressed by the London Times in an editorial four years ago, namely: "To prevent separation from Spain a large degree of administrative and legislative freedom should be granted to Cuba." The United States

will be satisfied if Spain will confer upon Cuba a similar government to that of Canada, but with hardly anything less; and they ought to make suitable efforts to accomplish such an improvement. But public opinion in Spain is such that extraordinary efforts will have to be put forth to obtain such a result in any reasonable time. "Half of Spain," General Cushing when United States envoy at Madrid informed our government, "though not distinctly republican, still is liberal; and another half of Spain is hardly less intensely Catholic and monarchical than it was in the time of Philip II." That interesting country has made considerable progress since Mr. Buckle, in his most eloquent summing up, portrayed her as "the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages." But although the views of the Spanish people on administrative and commercial policy are by no means so advanced as those of the people of Northwestern Europe, still it should not be difficult even now to convince them that their best interests equally with their honor would be promoted by conferring on their West Indian possessions a government similar to that of Canada. There is no doubt but some of the leading European powers would, if applied to by our government, sincerely and earnestly exert their influence upon Spain to initiate such a reform; and for the good reason that they are enlightened enough to comprehend that the introduction into Cuba of content, peaceful industry, and freer trade would to some extent benefit their own commercial interests. Exactly the Canadian system may not be the preferable one. What would probably give content to Cuba would be a government in the hands of the intelligent middle class, — substantial self-government, free, and moderately conservative.

The United States should not neglect, meantime, anything that can properly contribute to their moral influence in the matter. While careful not to give cause of offense, it would perhaps be in the interest of peace if we were more exacting than we have hitherto been, in case of

any future insults to our flag by Spanish officials. We need not add a dollar to our naval expenditures on account of Cuba. But as we have a powerful fortress (Taylor) at Key West, just across from Havana, which cost two million dollars, — where also is a fine harbor accessible to vessels drawing twenty-two feet of water, and a town of nine thousand inhabitants, — probably it would be advisable for strategetic purposes, since it is entirely practicable, to build a railroad to connect with it, to remain under control of the government. Such an improvement would make a strong impression on Spain with reference to her policy in Cuba.

What the United States immediately require, besides the abolition of slavery in Cuba, is the abolition of the prohibitory duties on flour, and a very considerable reduction of the duties on produce and other articles which Cuba could most conveniently obtain from this country. In asking these ameliorations of Spain, is there any concession which the United States can offer in return? Undoubtedly there is. We can reduce our duty on sugar imported from Cuba and Porto Rico. The present customs duty on raw or brown sugar imported into the United States averages two cents and a half per pound. The importation of brown sugar into the United States in 1877 from Cuba was nine hundred and twenty-six million pounds, of the value of fifty-two million dollars; from Porto Rico sixty-two million pounds, of the value of three million dollars; and together nine hundred and eighty-eight million pounds, of the value of fifty-five million dollars. The total duty on that importation amounted to say twenty-three million dollars, a tax which bears about equally on the American consumer and the West Indian producer. We could reduce this rate, in negotiating for mutual trade, to one cent a pound. If it be urged that the revenue cannot be dispensed with (and indeed our "spoils" system of administration requires high taxation), then let the deficiency be supplied by transferring to coffee the tax taken from sugar. It is unreasonable to

tax a necessary like sugar so much, and allow coffee to be imported entirely free of duty, as is now, and for a long time has been, the case. There may be some who will urge that this sugar tax must continue as a "protection" to the sugar production of Louisiana. One cent per pound, however, should now be a sufficient protection. Any additional protection given to the sugar planters of the Southern States would be more appropriate in the shape of improved government and security of life and property.

Let us, then, offer the Spanish West Indies, at our very door, at least half as liberal terms as we gave to the distant Sandwich Islands. By the treaty of June 17, 1876, — a treaty well suited to the centennial year, — the United States agreed to admit into their ports brown and all other unrefined sugar the product of the Hawaiian Islands (and various other articles) *free* of duty. Reciprocally, the Hawaiian Islands agreed to admit into their ports agricultural implements, cotton manufactures, provisions, flour, etc., free of duty. If our government will only reduce the tax on brown sugar to one cent a pound, it will be an important inducement for Spain to remove her present exorbitant tax on our wheat flour, and to reduce largely her duties on the various articles of provisions which our markets are so well calculated to furnish to Cuba and Porto Rico. This accomplished, the way would be opened for a favorable increase of our exports of cotton manufactures, machinery, and the like to those islands.

Such is one line of policy. In addition, our government should take increased pains to cultivate better relations with Spain, and even with Cuba; and this by increasing the influence of its diplomatic representative at Madrid, and of its consul-general at Havana. The importance of diplomatic missions varies according to circumstances. Our representative in Great Britain does not need to educate the statesmen in that country up to a liberal commercial policy. Such work would be quite superfluous there. But it is different in Spain. We have those "stern antipathies" there to

overcome. Just at the present time, on account of Cuba, our mission to Spain is the most important of all our diplomatic posts. Let it be supposed that our representative at Madrid wishes to impress on the leading minds of Spain the mutual benefits that would be derived from a freer commercial intercourse between the United States and Cuba. How would he proceed? He would not resort to the columns of the public press, for that is not allowed, and would impair his credit. The only way he could affect public opinion there would be through social intercourse with the most influential people of the country. To do that he should be able to maintain continual hospitality in a manner suited to his official position. It would be altogether more economical to enable a diplomatic agent to accomplish important results than to leave them unachieved, and run the hazard of having to vote an extra four million appropriation to the navy every time a *Virginius* steamer should be seized. Can it be wise, however, to "haggle and huckster" over an appropriation for diplomatic service, and vote fresh millions for the navy (our navy costs eighteen millions a year) on the "groundless plea," as Richard Cobden well puts it, of "protecting" commerce?

What has just been said applies with equal force to our relations with Mexico. While Congress sparingly sustains diplomatic service in Mexico, it appropriates thirty-seven million dollars a year for the "military establishment," of which about two millions are required to cover the expense of suppressing aggressions on the Mexican frontier that are the result of a spirit of bad neighborhood and generally precarious relations between our country and Mexico. There are a number of things which our government should require of Mexico in the interest of commerce, in the interest of peace, and in the interest of humanity. They should be done promptly, and if the United States were to adopt the policy which experienced and leading European states pursue (which sacrifice most on their contiguous or near neighbors) they would send as their representative

to Mexico one of their most distinguished citizens, and support him in a very liberal manner. In these remarks, not the slightest reflection, of course, is intended to be made on the present United States representative to Mexico, who is undoubtedly a capable and faithful officer. That officer has lately furnished to his government a full and instructive report — published in “papers relating to the foreign relations of the United States” — for 1878, in which he shows the difficulties and obstacles with which our trade to Mexico has to contend. The federal tariff duty on some goods exceeds their cost price. There are also municipal and state duties to be paid in addition, when the goods leave the port of entry for the interior. In some states this additional duty is twelve and one half per cent. of the federal duty; in others as high as twenty-five per cent. It is true, these municipal and state duties are unlawful, but they are collected nevertheless, for “necessity knows no law.” There is no bonded system for the introduction of goods, nor anything like the conveniences that obtain in the United States for importation. Another great obstacle there to commerce is the insecurity of person and property, arising from the revolutionary condition of the country, as shown by illegal seizures, “forced loans,” and even the frequent murders of American citizens. In the latter cases the perpetrators go unpunished. “Not a single passenger train leaves the city of Mexico or Vera Cruz, the termini of the only completed railroad in the country, without being escorted by a company of soldiers to protect it from assault and robbery. The manufacturers of the city of Mexico who own factories in the valley within sight of it, in sending out money to pay the weekly wages of the operatives, always accompany it with an armed guard.” Matters are naturally worse at a distance from the capital. The Belgian consul-general residing in the United States, while traveling in Mexico under orders of his government, was robbed, notwithstanding he had a guard.

But for heavy taxes and insecurity

the Mexican mines would afford a profitable field for American capitalists. Agricultural implements, engines, mining machinery, and tools can be imported into Mexico free of duty, and Mr. Foster, our representative to Mexico, thinks there are good inducements for Americans to engage in those branches of trade. However, long credits, from eight to twelve months, without interest are common. He states that “the Germans have fairly earned their predominance in trade in Mexico by many years of patient study of the country and persistent application to the business. The Hamburg merchants establish their branches in various parts of Mexico, and send their educated youths out to serve an apprenticeship in the business and afterwards assume the management of the branch houses. They become thoroughly familiar with the condition and practices of the country, and master the intricacies of the tariff and interior duties. Revolutions and changes of government do not disturb their equanimity. They become accustomed to ‘forced loans’ and ‘extraordinary contributions.’ Notwithstanding the irregularities of the custom-house officials and the embarrassments of the contraband trade, they keep the ‘even tenor of their way,’ and usually (though not always) in middle or advanced life are able to go back to Germany with a competence.”

There are not exceeding six English trading houses in all of Mexico, but English goods are ordered by German and other merchants. While we are making a good deal of noise in exporting cattle to England, the English are quietly passing our doors with cargoes of manufactures to our nearest neighbors. It is a striking fact that Great Britain exports annually three million dollars’ worth of *cotton manufactures* to Mexico, while the United States export but one and a half million dollars’ worth. This is owing partly to the force of habit in trading with England, partly to the fact that British goods are a little cheaper than the American (and after all *cheapness* is the great talisman in commerce), and partly to the fact that freight on

steamers from Liverpool to Vera Cruz is relatively lower than on the steamers from New York to Vera Cruz. The total exports of domestic merchandise from the United States to Mexico for the year ending June 30, 1878, amounted to \$5,811,429. The exports from Great Britain to Mexico are usually larger in amount. "No person," says Mr. Foster, "can visit Mexico without being struck with its marvelous natural resources, its fertility of soil, its genial climate, and its capacity to sustain a large population and extensive commerce. The motto of its patron saint is a recognition of these gifts and capabilities: 'The Lord hath not dealt so with any nation.'" "It can produce," he adds, "all the coffee consumed in the United States. It has a greater area of sugar-producing lands than Cuba, and of equal fertility. Its capacity for the production of vegetable textiles is equal to any country in the world. Almost all the tropical fruits of the world can be cultivated successfully. Its varied climate admits of the growth of all the cereals of all the zones. Its ranges afford the widest scope and the best conditions for wool and stock raising. And skillful American mining engineers, who have examined the matter, claim that its mineral wealth, hid away in the recesses of its mountains, is superior to that of California, Nevada, or Australia."

What is it, then, that retards the progress of Mexico? Her chronic revolutions. A government may be perfect on paper; but it will prove worthless unless the people who exercise it have the requisite moderation and spirit of compromise. A government that permits brigandage, as Mexico does, can hardly be called a government. Mexico has a population of nine millions, of whom two thirds are Indians. As might be supposed, industry is in a depressed condition. A sort of slavery called peonage still exists. The mass of working people earn only twelve and a half cents a day. That the exports of a country blessed naturally as Mexico is should amount only to thirty-one million dollars a year seems in itself evidence of a very

backward state of civilization, or of a great amount of misgovernment, even after some allowance is made for its great extent of territory. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the United States have an insignificant share of trade with her. This is owing largely to the excessive rates of the Mexican tariff, as a few examples will illustrate. The duty on cotton cloth, unbleached, is eight cents a square yard; ditto, bleached, fourteen cents; calicoes, twelve cents a square yard; cassimeres and similar woolen goods, \$1.25 a square yard; cotton thread, twenty-five cents a pound; furniture, seventy-five per cent.; pianos, twenty cents a pound, gross weight; flour, nine dollars a barrel; hams, eleven cents a pound; butter, eleven cents a pound; canned fruit, twenty-two cents a pound, cans included; clothing, ready made, all kinds, one hundred and thirty-two per cent.; leather boots of calf, twenty-seven dollars per dozen; leather shoes, common, for men, seven dollars per dozen. When to these duties are added the "interior" customs tax, previously referred to, and the various fees and charges incident to vicious administration, the cost of goods by the time they reach the capital becomes simply outrageous. From itemized lists of actual charges, furnished by experienced importers, it appears that a cask of three hundred pounds of hams, costing in New York thirty-three dollars, costs by the time it arrives in the city of Mexico, \$93.19. Ten kegs of nails, costing at New York \$22.50, will have cost \$141.62 on their arrival in the city of Mexico. A barrel of flour, costing six dollars in New York or Boston, will have cost \$29.03 in Mexico. An invoice of furniture, costing in New York \$121.15, after running the gauntlet of consular fees, freight charges, loss by exchange, federal, municipal, and state tariffs, lighterage, brokerage, commission, etc., and arriving in Mexico, will have cost \$249.10!

Notwithstanding the enormous tariff charges which Mexico imposes, she does not derive sufficient income to enable her to pay the interest on her public debt. She is unable to pay the subsidy

of two millions promised to the company which built the railway from Vera Cruz to the capital, — said to be a fine piece of engineering, the total ascent being eight thousand feet. She does not even pay the salaries of her judicial officers. The higher tariff duties are, the greater the temptation for smuggling; and there is a good deal of illicit trade. Mexican statesmen ought to see that their country would derive a larger revenue by a more moderate tariff.

Again, our trade with Mexico would be promoted if there were better facilities of communication. A semi-monthly steamer runs between New York and Vera Cruz, and one tri-weekly between New Orleans and Vera Cruz. Each line receives a subsidy from Mexico. Where a subsidy is granted, there should be strict conditions for securing cheap transportation. But this must have been omitted as to the railway between Vera Cruz and Mexico, which charges, a distance of two hundred and sixty-three miles, per ton for freight, first class, \$76.05, and by passenger trains \$97.77, or ten times as much as is charged in this country from the Mississippi River to New York. Inasmuch as Mexico adjoins the territory of the United States, there should be railroad communication with her. The commercial centres of the United States now have railroad communication as far as San Antonio, Texas, within one hundred and fifty miles of the Mexican boundary. The Californians touch the Mexican frontier with a railroad to the southeast corner of their State, and another line is pushing southward to that frontier through New Mexico. In return, what is Mexico doing to meet us? Absolutely nothing. And what is worse, she appears equally indisposed and unable to do anything in that direction. Unhappily there is a wide-spread, though perhaps not predominant, feeling among the Mexicans that a railroad connection with the United States would prove subversive of their independence and lead to the annexation of their country to the United States. Members of the Mexican congress are successful in appealing to this

sentiment. In opposing a proposed charter for a railroad to the frontier of the United States, a prominent member, who has since been elected speaker of the house at a new session, declared that it was "a natural law of history that border nations are enemies" (if that is so, all the more should be done in opening avenues of trade and the like to promote a good understanding), that "nations of the north generally invade the nations of the south;" hence, "we should always fear the United States." He closed his speech with the following: "You, the deputies of the states, would you exchange your poor but beautiful liberty of the present for the rich subjection which the railroad could give you? Go and propose to the lion of the desert to exchange his cave of rocks for a golden cage, and the lion of the desert will answer you with a roar of liberty." His rhetoric prevailed. The proposed railroad charter was defeated by a decided majority. The fact, too, that it was intended for an American company shows of what account American influence is in Mexico.

The United States do not want an inch more of Mexican territory. All that the United States ask of Mexico is that she shall align herself with other civilized nations. They ask that she shall suppress that marauding which on a considerable part of their frontier renders life, to use the words of the secretary of state, "well-nigh insupportable;" and they wish that under government justly and humanely administered she may enjoy the tranquillity indispensable to business enterprise and industry, and which will enable her to attain the social and material prosperity that will make her a good neighbor.

The United States, having assumed the right to exclude European interference in Mexican affairs, as shown by their influence in causing the French army to withdraw from Mexico, and as a consequence insuring the fall of Maximilian, are all the more bound to help her along by good example and well-directed efforts. Mere routine is not enough.

C. C. Andrews.

THE CHILDREN OUT-OF-DOORS.¹

I.

THEIR wandering cries are in the windy street;
 (O faces wan and sweet!)
 What ear doth stoop to listen, — eye to mark
 Those footsteps in the dark?

In my warm room, full-filled with childish glee,
 The still thought troubles me:
These children I call mine; what parent yours,
 Ye children out-of-doors?

Fatherless, motherless, shelterless, unfed
 Save crusts of bitter bread!
 How dare I rest, my lids to sleep resign!
 Are ye not also mine?

II.

Who is it, in the deep-breathed winter night,
 While snows lie starry-bright,
 Knocks at my door? (Or did a passing wind
 Deceive my empty mind?)

It is a little child, sore-pinched with cold,
 Ragged and hunger-bold,
 Houseless and friendless, goes from door to door,
 Knocking, as oft before.

“Arise, and let Him in!” a voice is heard,
 At which my sleep was stirred
 A little, oh a little, and my heart
 Beat with a quickening start.

“Arise, and let Him in!” — a voice, no more.
 Sleep double-locks the door,
 And Christ, who, child-like, piteously came,
 Leaves me to waking shame.

III.

He born in each of these, the Son of God,
 Walks, so disguised, abroad;
 Dwells in mean places, nursed by cold and want,
 Abused, half-naked, gaunt.

He goes, a homeless child, to happy homes,
 Whence light, with laughter, comes

¹ Read at opening of Children's Home Fair, Cincinnati, Ohio, April 15, 1879.
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From blissful hearths, through many a shining pane.
He waits, in frost or rain.

Blessèd they are who hearken when He knocks,
And open eager locks;
Who bid from out-of-doors the stranger come,
And give the homeless home.

Oh, blessèd they who in his piteous guise
The Wanderer recognize;
The Light of the World through conscious doors they win
Who rise and let Him in!

John James Piatt.

A FOSSIL FROM THE TERTIARY.

THE name of the society of Phi Beta Kappa is pretty well known, even to school-boys, who have had to "speak" eloquent extracts from Mr. Everett's Phi Beta Kappa Oration, or Dr. Holmes's Phi Beta Kappa Poem. It is the first of the Greek letter societies of the colleges, some one of which now holds an anniversary every day, and astonishes the journals with its record. Phi Beta Kappa is more than half a century older than any of them, and at Cambridge this year it comes to its centennial.

The society is one of the queerest things in America. It is indeed one of the very few visible relics of the mythical age of our national history; and it is not very visible at that. The "mythical age" is that period extending from the battle of Yorktown, in 1781, to the organization of the national government, in 1789. This is a period in which, as the book of Judges says, "every man did what was right in his own eyes." There was, indeed, no king in Israel any longer, and there was, as yet, nobody to take the place of the king. Of this mythical period nobody now knows anything, except a few men of sense, and they do not know much. It was in this prehistoric period, and in the years before it, that the earliest chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, now existing, came into be-

ing and worked out their earliest plans. They came into being because everything was without form and void, *to-hu va bo-hu*, as the expressive Hebrew hath it. And, exactly as in some prehistoric tertiary you find the droll skeleton of a three-toed horse who prophesies the existence of the whole-hoofed Smuggler or Parole of to-day, so anybody, who digs in the gravel or other drift of the ten years before the federal constitution, comes across this poor struggling Phi Beta Kappa, — with its three toes, as it happens, — striving to unite "the wise and virtuous of every degree and of whatever country." In particular, it was striving to unite the several States which had just ceased to be colonies.

The hardest thing to teach the young American of to-day is that about a hundred years ago a Virginian was as much a foreigner to a New Yorker as is a Mexican or Chileno to-day. We have been a nation so long now that Young America cannot understand that, when the Stamp Act was passed, the idea of the union of the thirteen colonies was even mystical and fantastic. It is only by slow steps that we have worked up to such national feeling as we have. Of those steps the establishment of Phi Beta Kappa was one. It was not an important one; quite the reverse. As it proved,

it was unimportant and insignificant. When the great object was obtained, by the adoption, almost by miracle, of the federal constitution, that great success paled all lesser endeavors in the same direction, and made their fires ineffectual. And so, the truth is that the Phi Beta Kappa has been of no great importance for its original purpose since 1789. But this is not because the plans of its founders were bad, but rather because they were good. There is, indeed, on a much larger scale, rather an interesting parallel with their quaint little annals, in the modern history of Germany. For fifty years after the Congress of Vienna, the German states, as states, could make no efficient union. There was a plenty of Saxonies and Würtemburgs and Badens, but there was, alas, no Germany, excepting in language and literature. All through this period, it was the students of the universities who believed in union. It was they who affiliated together in clubs, now public and now private, of which the great object was the unity of the Fatherland. It is fair enough to say that, out of the persistent passion for union fostered thus among the educated men of Germany, the German empire of to-day has grown. Now the early correspondence of Phi Beta Kappa shows that the young men who formed it had just such dreams of union as those. It was with just such purposes that their union of the "wise and virtuous" of the American colleges was formed. Luckily for this country, everything else tended the same way. Commerce, national honor, even the oyster fishery of the Potomac and protection against the Indians, compelled the union which crystallized so happily in the federal constitution. That union was looked forward to in the tentative efforts, which are fairly pathetic, of the striplings who, in 1779, united William and Mary College in Virginia, Yale College in New

Haven, and Harvard College at Cambridge in a society which proposed to go much farther in similar directions, in a close union of the scholars of the country. Be it observed that the same grandiose habit which now calls a high-school a college, then made these young men call all these colleges universities. We deal with the "university" at Cambridge, the "university" at New Haven, and with Dartmouth "university" at Hanover a little later, in turning over these yellow annals.

In the wild excitement of 1776, while the Assembly of Virginia, which met at Williamsburgh, was making the independence of Virginia a reality, the young men of the college of William and Mary, not caring to be behind their fathers and elder brothers, formed the Phi Beta Kappa society. Their original records are unfortunately lost,—let us hope not beyond recovery. The formula of organization cannot now, therefore, be cited. But it is clear enough, from the immediate practice of the society, that it was intended to form a philosophical club, whose purposes should go far beyond the narrow range of the college studies of those days, and should include not only the wide range of what was then called "philosophy," but the consideration, at the same time, of political questions. These, too, were discussed, not in the abstract, but in their bearing on the events of the day. Were there no other evidence of this, the names of the founders would be almost sufficient to show the political sympathies of the society. John Marshall's is the most distinguished name. But the other names, of Stuart, Fitzhugh, Bushrod Washington, Alexander Mason, William Short, William Cabell, John Nivison, and others, are the names of men who went right into the political service of the country as soon as they left college, as promptly as ducklings go into water.¹ It is true that

¹ The names of the founders are John Heath, Thomas Smith, Richard Booker, Armistead Smith, John Jones, John Stuart, Daniel Fitzhugh, Theodore Fitzhugh, John Starke, Isaac Hill, William Short, John Morrison, George Braxton, Henry Hill, John Allen, John Nivison, Hartwell Cocke, Thomas Hall, Samuel Hardy, Archibald Stuart, John Brown, D. C. Brent, Thomas Clements, Thomas W. Ballan-

dine, Richard Booker, John Moore, Spencer Roane, William Stith, W. Stuart, J. J. Beckley, Thomas Savage, John Page, William Cabell, John Marshall, Bushrod Washington, Thomas Lee, Landon Cabell, W. Pierce, Richard B. Lee, William Madison, John Swann, Thomas Cocke, Paxton Bowdoin, Alexander Mason.

such was the drift of the time. But the early calendar of Phi Beta Kappa in Virginia certainly shows more than an average share of young men interested in the philosophy of politics. In a letter written as late as 1831, Mr. Short, the vice president, said that it was formed by a student, who prided himself on being the best Hellenist there, to "rivalise" another society with Latin initials.

In the stress of political discussion in after-times, the charge was freely made that Mr. Jefferson founded this society, and this charge was urged as if a reproach. Phi Beta Kappa to-day would be very glad to hang Mr. Jefferson's portrait in its hall, and to connect itself with the Declaration of Independence in something more than the year of its birth. But, unfortunately, there is not a shadow of a line of evidence to show that Jefferson had anything to do with it. It is true that he was sitting in the legislature of Virginia in Williamsburgh at the time the society was formed. And it is said the society was formed in the Apollo Hall in the old "Raleigh tavern," justly celebrated in the local annals of those days. But these two facts are all that the romance-writer can now build upon in connecting Jefferson with the society. Another fancy has been that Phi Beta was invented by the French officers in Rochambeau's army after the pattern of the German Illuminati. But this does not hold water. For the French army did not come to Williamsburgh till five years after Phi Beta Kappa had been founded; and when they came the college had been disbanded, and Phi Beta Kappa with it. The only good that Phi Beta Kappa got from the French army was that William Short, then the president, who was staying in Williamsburgh, then and there learned French, and thus laid the foundation of the diplomatic career in which he afterwards served the country with distinction. Indeed, it is not probable that any of the officers of the French army at that time knew anything of the Illuminati. Readers of Consuelo and the Countess of Rudolstadt, who hoped to follow down the lines of those stories through the

records of Phi Beta Kappa, must give up that trail as futile.

It is, however, a curious coincidence, as the Daily Advertiser would say, that Adam Weisshaupt, who seems to have been very much of a charlatan and humbug, but who made a great deal of noise in his day, founded the Illuminati in this same year, 1776. He did it with the ostensible object of "perfecting human nature," and with the special object of countermining the Jesuits. Really, if you only read the charter of Phi Beta and the constitution of the Illuminati, you would say, "All this stuff is very much of the same pattern." So it is. But that is because Ingolstadt in Bavaria and Williamsburgh in Virginia were both college towns, and in each town young men were resenting a present tyranny. The air of the world, also, was full of the Rights of Man. In both places you had the same sort of wool, the same sort of weavers, the same sort of looms, and there came out the same sort of stuff. But it is not probable that anybody in Williamsburgh, in 1776, ever heard of Adam Weisshaupt or the Illuminati, or, indeed, could read a word of German.

Far from being unchristian in its cradle, the Phi Beta Kappa owed all that extension which has given it any renown to a young student for the Christian ministry. The St. Paul who carried it from the Zion of its birthplace to the far-off Gentiles of Yale and Harvard was a young graduate of Harvard, named Elisha Parmele. This is the way he spelled his name in his will, which lies before me. But, if you choose, you may spell it Parmelee, or Parmelie, or Parmely, or Parmarly, or Palmerly; all of these spellings are in the family. For my part, I believe in blood, and I have no doubt that this holy man was from the race of the Palmers of the crusading times, and was entitled to wear a scallop-shell in his hat. I also advise the curious to read through Palmerin de Inglaterra, by Francisco de Morreas, the pink and pattern of chivalry; and, if they do not like Portuguese, they can try Robert Southey's abridgment in four

volumes. From a godfather so honorable, who had godfathers so noble, do all the existing branches of Phi Beta Kappa derive their names and their early training.

Elisha Parmele was born on the 22d of February, 1755, in Goshen, in Connecticut, best known to travelers, perhaps, by Goshen Falls and the beautiful slopes of the Green Mountains. If anybody cares, George Washington was that day twenty-three years old. Elisha Parmele was the fourth son of Abraham Parmele and Mary Stanley. In his youth, as I learn, Elisha Parmele "became hopefully pious," and, intending to be a Christian minister, he was fitted for college by Rev. Mr. Robbins, of Norfolk, Connecticut. This gentleman, by the way, was a chaplain in the army in Canada, and preached in his life-time more than six thousand five hundred sermons, some of which remain to this day. Young Parmele went to Yale College, as was natural, and remained there till college work was broken up by the war. He then went to Harvard, which had got a-going again after a similar suspension. In this transfer of his college relations appears the reason why he afterwards established branches of Phi Beta Kappa in both the two great northern colleges. He graduated at Cambridge in 1778. I think there was no public commencement that year; but I have before me what looks as if it had been prepared for an exhibition part, a Syriac oration from his pen. It is an elegant transcript of Paul's speech at Athens in the Syriac character, — better done, I am afraid, than anybody in Cambridge can do it to-day, excepting Dr. Palfrey, Professor Young, Professor Steenstra, and Mr. Wahl. The poor fellow was already in delicate health, being constitutionally consumptive. He went at once to Virginia, and engaged himself there as a teacher. I think very likely he was a tutor in William and Mary College. But however that may be, he joined the Phi Beta Kappa. And when he left Williamsburgh for the North the Phi Beta Kappa gave him power to establish an Alpha at Cam-

bridge, and an Alpha at New Haven. The document was dated December 4, 1779. It began with these words: —

"The members of the Phi Beta Kappa of William and Mary College, Virginia, to their well and truly beloved brother, Elisha Parmele, greeting: —

"Whereas it is repugnant to the liberal principles of Societies that they should be confined to any particular place, men, or description of men; and [whereas it is expedient] that the same should be extended to the wise and virtuous of every degree and of whatever country, —

"We the members and Brothers of the Φ B K, an Institution founded on literary principles, being willing and desirous to propagate the same, have at the instance and petition of our good brother, Elisha Parmele, of the University of Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts Bay, and from the confidence we repose in the Integrity, Discretion, and good Conduct of our said Brother, unanimously agreed and resolved to give and delegate, and we do therefore by these our present letters of Party Charter give and delegate by unanimous consent to you the said Elisha Parmele the following rights, privileges, authority, and power, that is to say, —

"1st. That at the University of Cambridge to establish a Fraternity of the Φ B K to consist of not less than three Persons of Honor, Probity and good demeanor, which shall be denominated the Alpha of Massachusetts Bay. And as soon as such number of those shall be chosen you shall proceed to hold a meeting to be called your Foundation Meeting, and appoint your officers agreeably to Law.

"2dly. That the form of Initiation and oath of Secrecy shall be, as well in the first, as in every other instance, those prescribed by Law, and none other."

The charter continues in ten articles, which need not here be printed. A similar authority was given to him to establish an Alpha at the University of New Haven. These charters were signed by the following persons: —

William Short, Jun. Prest., Archibald

Stuart, V. Prest., Wm. Cabell, Treasurer, John James Beckley, Sec'y., Theodorick Fitzhugh, John Morison, John Allen, John Nivison, Hartwell Cocke, Thomas Hall, Samuel Hardy, John Brown [Ky.], Daniel C. Brent, Thos. W. Ballandine, Spencer Roane, Wm. Stith, Wm. Stuart, Thomas Littleton Savage, John Page [Fred. Va.].

Of these the president was William Short, who learned French two years after from Rochambeau's officers, and used it in 1784 as Jefferson's secretary of legation in Paris. The first commission signed by Washington as president was to appoint William Short, chargé d'affaires at Paris; and, as students of our history know, he was one of the most careful and useful of our early diplomatists. It is a great pity that we have no good life of him. And the Harvard Alpha of Phi Beta Kappa ought to have his portrait in their dining-hall. Short was a classmate of Judge Marshall's, but Marshall had left college before this time.

Archibald Stuart, of Augusta, the vice-president, also lived to play a distinguished and useful part in his country's history. Not long after Elisha Parmele went North, the Earl of Cornwall also started North from Charleston, South Carolina. To meet him the young Virginians rallied, and among the rest Archibald Stuart, with the seal of Phi Beta Kappa in his pocket. Soon after, they met the English at the battle of Guilford, March 15, 1781. In this battle his father, Major Alexander Stuart, who commanded one of the Virginian regiments, was seriously wounded and taken prisoner.

When young Stuart returned home, after the battle, he took the seal from his pocket, put it in a secret drawer in his house near Staunton; and there after his death, it was found in 1832. This invasion of Cornwallis was the end of William and Mary College for some years. Stuart studied law under Thomas Jefferson, and, though a young man, was chosen a member of the General Assembly, and also of the convention of 1787, which ratified the constitution, for

which he voted. He afterwards filled important offices in Virginia, and died in July, 1832. There is no finer instance of the loyalty with which old Virginia stood by those who had led well, than that Judge Stuart was the member of seven electoral colleges in succession, and gave the vote of the State in every election from 1800 to 1824 inclusive. He was the father of Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart, who has kindly sent to me these reminiscences.

Young Parmele returned to the North with these precious authorities, but at what exact period does not appear. He instituted the New Haven chapter in November, 1780.

On his arrival at Cambridge he conferred with different under-graduates, and agreed with Artemas Baker, Joseph Bartlett, Seth Hastings, and Samuel Kendall, of the class which afterwards graduated in 1782, to receive them into the society. We have the record of the first meeting. It is in these words:—

“Upon Mr. Elisha Parmele's communicating to Messrs. Baker, Bartlett, Hastings and Kendall a plan of correspondence with a society at New Haven in Connecticut and Williamsburg in Virginia by the name of $\Phi \beta \kappa$ for the purpose of making Literary Improvement, — and by the desire of Messrs. Baker, Bartlett, Hastings and Kendall, having read the several Laws appertaining to the same society, and administering the necessary Oath, he then presented a Charter granted to him from the Alpha society in Virginia for establishing a similar society at Harvard College (N. E.) Commonwealth of Massachusetts, by virtue whereof Messrs. Baker, Bartlett, Hastings and Kendall were incorporated into a society forming the $\Phi \beta \kappa \text{ } \Lambda \alpha \phi \alpha$ of Massachusetts. Accordingly the following officers were chosen by ballot, namely: Messrs. Kendall, President; Hastings, Secretary; Bartlett, Treasurer.”

The date of this meeting is not known. The first regular meeting was held on the 5th of September, 1781, when five more members of the class of 1782 were chosen to be “sounded for admission in Phi Beta Kappa.” From that time to this

time the society has been in regular work. It originally held meetings as often as once a week among the under-graduates. Such meetings still continue in all the colleges where branches have been established, now nineteen in number. Of such meetings John Quincy Adams describes several, in passages of his diary which his son cited in a $\Phi B K$ oration in 1873. But in every case, as the number of graduate members has come to exceed that of under-graduates, the society has proved an agreeable bond of meeting among graduates. For nearly half a century it was the only society in America which could pretend to be devoted to literature and philosophy. And it happened, therefore, that, in the infant literature of the nation, some noteworthy steps are marked by orations and poems delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa. Such was Paine's poem on The Ruling Passion, famous in its day. The young *literati* of the country rejoiced when they heard that for the sale of this poem Paine received twelve hundred dollars. For The Invention of Letters, a poem delivered before Washington at commencement, Paine had received fifteen hundred dollars. Even in our silver age, most Phi Beta poets would consider this pretty good pay.

But it is not the object of this article to trace the history of Phi Beta Kappa after its birth. With the adoption of the federal constitution, the great object of the young Illuminati, a more perfect union among the "wise and virtuous," was secured more solidly than they could secure it. The correspondence between the Alphas, somewhat forced at the best, flags after 1787, and indeed amounts at length to little more than statements of regret that no catalogues, letters, or other documents have been received, with hopes and promises for more assiduous correspondence in future. A few passages from a letter of William Short are perhaps worth citing. It is written to Mr. Bishop, and dated January 15, 1782.

"I have written but once since the receipt of your most agreeable and friendly letter of October, 1780, the only one

that I have been honored with. Those inclosed within it have been sent to the different members to whom they were directed. But as some of them live at the western extremity of the State, it cannot be said with certainty whether they received them. The students of the assembly have not yet reassembled. They have been dispersed now for twelve months. I returned to this city a few weeks past and have taken a chamber for the winter with a view to attain the art of speaking French. My profession will oblige me to go into the country again in the spring, — the seat of government having been removed from this place. In the meantime I must beg the honor of hearing from you frequently, which may be effected easily by directing your letters to Colonel Wadsworth, a gentleman of Connecticut, who is an agent here for the French army, and who has promised to take charge of this and my other letters. I need not tell you how anxious I am to have everything respecting $\Phi B K$ in Connecticut — *quod faustum sit?* Your own feelings, my Dear Brother, will inform you what are the sentiments of every zealous member upon this subject. Such a warm attachment to the interests of our dear society runs through your whole letter that I am doubly connected with you. Your name shall ever be remembered by me with pleasure, and your merits shall be disclosed to all the succeeding members of the $\Phi B K$ in this state. The short list of members, which you did me the honor to transmit to me, is preserved by us as images of those guardians of our common care in the North whom we hold in the highest estimation. We pant after those who have since been joined to the immortal band. Believe me, my dear sir, as you cannot be too early, so you cannot be too minute in your narration of the proceedings of the $\Phi B K$ in your quarter. I hope we shall also hear from that at Cambridge. As yet I unfortunately know not their names, so as to ask for information. Will you be so good, sir, as to communicate to them our ardent wish to hear particularly how they go on? Let them

know of this channel which Colonel Wadsworth opens for the conveyance of intelligence.

"What has become of our very worthy member Mr. E. Parmele? He has been silent as the grave since his return to the northward. Wherever he be, assure him of our sincere regard for him. He has endeared himself to us here, not only by his personal merit, but by his diligence in spreading the $\Phi \beta \kappa$. Like the great luminary he carries light with him wherever he goes, vivifies all around him, and exhilarates the spirits of whomsoever he pleases to favor. I shall write him by this channel, but with less pleasure, as there is less certainty of his being found."

Elisha Parmele, thus affectionately spoken of, was even then struggling with the disease which proved his last. Short's playful but affectionate allusion chimes in well with what we know, from other sources, of this young man. He is to be regarded as the founder of Phi Beta Kappa as we know it, and if any picture of this amiable young minister can be found, it ought to be hung in the new hall of the Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge, opposite that proposed historical picture representing Lord Dufferin in robes of the Garter receiving her Majesty's permission to establish a branch of Phi Beta at Oxford.

In July, 1783, Parmele was ordained as the minister of the church in Lee, in Berkshire County, Massachusetts; evidently he was highly respected for his piety and talents. But his health soon failed; he was suffering from pulmonary consumption, and in May, of the next year, he went to Virginia with his wife. Their intention was to go to Augusta County, known to modern travelers by Weir's Cave, and to soldiers by Stanton, which is its shire town. But before the young couple arrived there, Mr. Parmele's strength completely failed him, and he died at the residence of Colonel Abraham Byrd, in Shenandoah County. The hospitality of the Byrds of Virginia, whether in the Shenandoah Valley or that of James River, was famous through that century, and is to this day.

This pathetic end to a short life suggests, what I do not know, however, that young Parmele's previous visit to Virginia had been made in the hope of arresting consumption. The date of the commission given to Parmele by the Virginian Society is December 4, 1779. He did not establish the Cambridge Alpha till some time in 1781. That at New Haven was established in November, 1780. Unfortunately, the earliest records of the New Haven Alpha are lost, so that the brethren in New Haven cannot give the earliest details of the growth of the precious "Seyon" thus planted. But perhaps some old diaries may yet be found in Connecticut which may fill that gap. Of young Parmele himself, it is clear enough that when he came to New Haven and to Cambridge he did not think he was carrying French infidelity or German atheism in his pocket. No; his health was better, and now he thought he could begin to preach the gospel. As a part of his duty in that business he would establish these two chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. Here is a very early note-book of his; I do not know how early, but it belongs very near this time. It begins with a series of definitions, and they savor a little of a young preacher who had already determined to make a true philosophy his guide in life. I am such a heretic that I do not know whether these definitions are right or not according to the present standards, far less whether they were right according to the standards in 1780. But there are people at Princeton who will know, — nay, I hope even at New Haven, at Hartford, and possibly at Andover; so I print some of them for the benefit of whom it may concern. The first is, —

(1.) "Regeneration = that divine operation in the reception of which men first receive the spirit of God."

(2.) "Repentance = the feelings which Christians have unitedly flowing in these views: a view of the beauty of the moral law; a view of our own characters in opposition to this law; and a view of present love to God."

(3.) "Faith = those feelings of Chris-

tians in which they are pleased with the character of Christ as he is carrying on the work of redemption in those transactions which fall beyond the circle of observation by our senses."

(4.) "Love = placing the whole flow of our affections on God in every perception of objects in the heavens and earth."

(5.) "Sin = placing the whole flow of our affections on objects in the furniture of the heavens and earth."

That "furniture of the heavens and earth" is good. As they say in Philadelphia, "where did he get it?" Please to observe that these aphorisms do not seem to be copied from any commonplace book, or written out at one time. The handwriting and the ink varies, and after the 21st of October, 1782, they are dated. I do not copy them all, but select a few more.

(10.) "Prayer = those views of Christians in which they desire the existence of such events as in their view relate immediately to the glory of God, with a readiness of mind to be corrected in any way divine wisdom shall see fit to grant existence."

(15.) "Righteousness = a disposition to treat all beings according to their real deserts."

(21.) "Truth = those views of beings in which they discover the relation they stand in to God and one another, and ascribe to all their proper dues."

(33.) "Vexation of spirit = those degrading views of fools in which they feel an increase of their own vanity and a decrease of their own profit."

(42.) "Time = equals those views of beings in which they observe variations in existence."

(43.) "Place = those views of beings in which they observe the situation of existence."

(44.) "Space = those views of beings in which they observe between extremes the intermediate existence."

(45.) "Distance = those views of beings in which they observe between two extremes the intermediate existence."

Such is the young man who brings with him the charter of Phi Beta Kappa

to Cambridge and New Haven. He is ordained to the Christian ministry at Lee, in Massachusetts, by the ministers of Berkshire County, after some opposition from a minority of his parish. His orthodoxy, however, was indorsed by the moderator and the council, and his ministry seems to have conciliated his parish. It lasted, however, as has been said but ten months. In July, 1784, he asked permission to go to Virginia for his health, and died in the hospitable home of Colonel Byrd. Of the two "Seyons" which he planted, that at Cambridge maintains an active and prosperous existence. The annual oration is wise, the annual poem is sometimes poetical, and the dinner is always the jolliest occasion of the Cambridge year. The original society at William and Mary had died in 1787. It was revived in 1855, to die again, however, in the civil war. The old records cannot now be found, but probably exist in some Virginian archives. When they shall appear they will give some additional illustrations of the early yearning for national union. Half a century after this union of the wise and virtuous of the American colleges, William Morgan was killed, in 1826, and his body thrown into the river at Niagara. You would say, at first, that this had nothing to do with Phi Beta Kappa. But that is your mistake. The storm of indignation which Morgan's death aroused created the anti-masonic party and the general crusade against secret societies. Poor Phi Beta Kappa was called on to give up such secrets as she had, and did so. After a series of exciting meetings held in Boston, under the eager pressure of John Quincy Adams, from whose diary most of the history of the transaction can be learned, the Harvard Alpha voted to remit all obligations of secrecy. Since that time, July, 1831, anybody who has chosen to know has known what the letters $\Phi \beta \kappa$ mean; and there are even those who say they know what S. P. on the medal means. If it were not for this vote, gentle readers, I could not have copied for you these letters about the "Seyons" and the "Sophimores."

Of which vote I know only one other consequence. It is to be observed that the moment Phi Beta Kappa laid down her veil of secrecy, other societies took it up. I might say they tore it into ten thousand pieces, all of which cover as many secrets as the original, possibly no more. But, *quien sabe?* It is to be noticed, for instance, that the society of Alpha Delta Phi was formed in 1832, in the midst of that same wave of indignation against secrecy, and the society of Psi Upsilon in the next year. I do not know if the young men in colleges then read the disclaimers of old graduates of Harvard, and thought it wise to try what their seniors discarded. But it looks a little like that. I do not know, but gentlemen who do know the early rituals of these societies can tell whether there were in them anything like the following formulas, which are copied from the early ritual of initiation into Phi Beta Kappa:—

“The president shall rise and say:—

“Gentlemen, it is in consequence of our good opinion of you that we have admitted you thus far; and we hope you will render yourselves yet more acceptable by answering to these questions:—

“First. If upon hearing the princi-

ples of this institution you should dislike them, and withdraw, do you engage on the honor of gentlemen to keep them secret?

“Second. Is it of your own free choice that you offer to become members of this society?

“Third. Will you approve yourselves worthy members of it by encouraging friendship, morality, and literature?

“Fourth. Will you regard the members of this society as your brethren?

“Fifth. Will you kindly assist them if you should ever see any of them in distress?”

There was once a Beta (second state chapter) of $\Phi\beta\kappa$ at Hampden-Sidney, Va. It is now extinct, and, on the spot, forgotten. The Dartmouth branch was established in 1787, and in 1790 a charter was refused to Brown, simply on the ground that the Providence college had admitted as “Sophimores” persons who would not rank as Freshmen at Cambridge. “Sophimores” is the New Haven, and perhaps the Cambridge spelling of that day. After this, charters were granted to Bowdoin and Brown in 1820, and at the present moment there are nineteen chapters, connected with as many leading colleges in the Union.

Edward E. Hale.

AVALANCHES.

O HEART that on Love's sunny heights dost dwell,
And joy unquestioning, by day, by night,
Serene in trust because the skies are bright,
Listen to what all Alpine records tell
Of days on which the avalanches fell:
Not days of storm, when men were pale with fright,
And watched the hills with anxious, straining sight,
And heard in every sound a note of knell,
But when in heavens still and blue and clear
The sun rode high! Those were the hours to fear.
And so the monks of San Bernard to-day, —
May the Lord count their souls and hold them dear, —
When skies are cloudless, in their convent stay,
And for the souls of lost and dying pray!

H. H.

ENGLISH SKIES.

WHEN Horace wrote that they who cross the sea change their skies, but not their natures, he uttered a truth the full meaning and force of which is too little regarded by those who are ready to find men of the same race differing essentially because they live in different countries. True, the sea that Horace meant was but the Adriatic, or at the most the Mediterranean. For it should always be remembered that to the ancients lakes were seas, and that "the sea" was the Mediterranean; a voyage upon which to Greece, mostly within sight of land, was probably the poet's only knowledge of those terrors of navigation, which, with denunciations of its inventor, he uttered in his ode on the departure of Virgil for Athens. The exclamation of the Psalmist, "The floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea," had probably its inspiration in a squall upon the shores of the Levant, or in a tempest in the tea-pot of Gennesareth. So little can we measure the occasion by the expression which it receives from a poet. He tells us not what the thing was, but what it seemed to him, what feeling it awoke in him; and what is really measured is his capacity of emotion and of its utterance, and even that is gauged by our capacity of apprehension and of sympathy. But what was true of a migration across the Adriatic, or the Ægean, or the Mediterranean, is equally true of one across the vast, storm-vexed Atlantic. Englishmen remain English, Frenchmen French, Germans German, and Irishmen Irish, even unto the third and the fourth generation. It is not lightly that I say this; not without long and careful consideration of the subject; not without knowledge of opinions received, too readily, to the contrary. That emigrants to this country or to any other find, in many cases, that a change

in climate and in habits of life produces such changes in habit of body as may attract the attention, if not require the aid, of a physician may be true enough. This is not to the point in question. Let those of my Yankee readers who are really observant upon such subjects consider their acquaintances of French, of Highland Scotch, or of Dutch descent, or those of Irish and German descent, if they have any, and see whether to this day they do not show, both mentally and bodily, the distinctive traits of race, even if their blood has been under the influence of American skies for eight generations, — whether at this day there is in them any greater modification of race characteristics than might be reasonably expected if each one of these persons had been brought to this country in his own early youth.

The change of sky — I refer now to the visible heavens, and what is grandly called meteorology — made by passing from Old England to New England was very great. As, on my outward voyage, we neared land, and were on the lookout for the first sight of it, my attention was immediately attracted by the sky. Without the evidence of the ship's log, it seemed to me that I should have had no doubt that near by us there was another land than that from which I had come: certainly, above us there was another heaven. It was in the afternoon of a fine summer day, and the outlook over the calm water was beautiful, with a radiance softly bright; but those were not the clouds of the skies that I had left behind me. There were three layers of them, and well there might have been; for the lowest were so low that it seemed as if our masts must tear them asunder if we should pass beneath them. But they were not heavy; on the contrary, they seemed to be of the lightest texture; and they stretched far away in long, low lines that could not yet be called bars, — not only were they so large,

but their outlines were so soft and undefined. Clouds so formed — clouds which a meteorologist would probably pronounce to be of the same kind — I had seen above the bay of New York, and over the shores of Long Island and New England; but they were high, so high that distance made them small; their forms were sharply defined; and when the sun was above the horizon, as it was now; or sinking gradually below it, they blazed in red and gold, whereas these were softly lit with a mellow, grayish light. They seemed too unsubstantial to reflect the rays that fell upon them, and to need, and to absorb and retain as for their own use, all the light that the sun bestowed upon them.

Far above these soared others, brighter, silvery, and fleecy; and yet above the latter, but not apparently so far, were others, shaped in radiating curves. These layers, indeed, I had seen in American skies, sometimes moving in contrary motion; but the effect was not at all like that which now attracted my admiring attention. The difference appeared to be caused first by the lowness of the first layer, then by the great distance between this layer and the one next above it, and finally by the very perceptible and almost palpable nature of that vast intervening space. It was not mere space, mere distance. My sight seemed to pass through something that enabled me to measure this vast interval, and the distance appeared almost as easily definable as if the two layers of clouds had been scenes in a theatre. And indeed so it was; for even at that great height the atmosphere was filled with a continuous vapor, which, although so thin as to be imperceptible, was yet of consistence enough to modify the light from the setting sun as the rays passed through its immensity. The skyey intervals were not so palpable, so colorless, and therefore so immeasurable as they are in America.

As we neared the land great headlands came to meet us, stepping out into the sea, and bearing sometimes these long, low clouds upon their fronts. The day was smiling, and it seemed a gigan-

tic sort of welcome that under lowering skies might have been a more gigantic defiance. And then at once I felt as I never before had felt the significance of the first lines of that splendid stanza in the most splendid of modern lyrics, —

“Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep.”

With my glass, I saw upon the Irish side one or two little buildings, which proved to be lookouts and places for beacons, built at the time of the expected Spanish invasion, and one of those round towers which are of such remote antiquity and mysterious purpose that the most learned and sagacious antiquaries have failed to evolve an accepted theory as to their origin. Thus, even long before I touched the shore, was I made to feel the difference which the powers of nature and the art of man had made between the land which I had left and the land to which I had come.

As the steamer went on, and we came within easy eye-sight of the land, the rocky height of the Irish coast impressed me, and the bright rich green of the surface of the country, as it stretched off into the distance. It seemed as if the island were a great stone set in the ocean, the top of which had been covered with a thin coating of green enamel. And soon we were near enough to see the waves dashing against the sides of these cliffs, which were so high that the ocean swell seemed but to plash playfully about their feet. And then I felt as I had never felt before the meaning of the lines, and saw as I had never seen before the scene of the lines, —

“Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea.”

The position of the speaker I had imagined before, — upon a height looking down upon the sea; but here it was before me; those, or such, were the heights and crags, and there below was the bay.

When, after leaving Queenstown, we were well up the Channel, we were at times near enough to the eastern shore to see the surpassing beauty of the country: green field and darker wood, villages, farmsteads, country-seats, churches, castles, so unintentionally disposed by the

hands of man and of nature working together that what was chosen for convenience or made for use blended into a picture of enchanting variety. And here I saw constantly something, a little thing, that delighted my eye, and I may almost say gladdened my heart, — windmills. There was a gentle breeze blowing, and these faithful servants of man for ages past were working away with that cheerful diligence which always marks their labors, and has always made me respect and like and almost love them, and feel a kind of sympathy with the poor dumb, willing things when a calm reduced them to idleness, which yet after all was well-earned rest. In my boyhood, there were two in sight from the Battery, on the Long Island side of the bay, and they were not far from my father's house; but the places where they stood are now covered by a howling wilderness of bricks and mortar, and the windmill seems to have disappeared from the land. At least, I have not seen one anywhere for twenty years and more; and with them the tidemill seems to have gone also. In England, although it is the country of coal and iron and the steam-engine, I found them more or less wherever I went, giving life to the landscape, and standing, like a link of development, between man and unmitigated nature.¹

Off Anglesea I made my first acquaintance with that limited knowledge of manifest things on the part of the Philistine Englishman of Great Britain to which I have referred before, and which seems to me one of his distinctive traits of character. My fellow-passengers were almost wholly Britons, and they had assumed as a matter of course that I was one of them. But there was one difference between us: they had all been travelers, and had crossed the ocean more than once, some of them many times, while this was my first approach to the shores to which they had often returned. As a knot of us stood looking over the larboard quarter, I saw a somewhat imposing structure set far out into the water. I waited to hear what would be said

about it. Presently one of my companions observed it, and asked what it was. Then there was a little discussion; and to my surprise, I may say to my amazement, no one knew, or seemed able to conjecture, at what we were looking. After a little reserve, I said that it was Holyhead, — a suggestion which was received with favor, and then with acquiescence. Now my knowledge was due to no sagacity or study; but to the fact that before the days of the electric telegraph and of fleets of commercial steamers, my father's counting-house was in South Street, where the steep-roofed old building still stands, and that on Saturdays I was a frequent and not unwelcome visitor on board the ships that lay at the wharves before his windows. Over the companion-ways into the cabins I saw painted rows of little flags, with the legend "Holyhead signals;" and with a boy's inquisitiveness I asked a captain what that meant. His answer I need hardly give. Those were the signals which each ship hoisted when she came in sight of Holyhead light-house and lookout station, whence the vessel was announced, by semaphore telegraph, in Liverpool. Therefore, knowing where I was in the Channel, it went without saying that that was Holyhead. But there was a little crowd of my British cousins, travelers and commercial persons, who had passed the place again and again, and who did not know what it was! I held my tongue; but, like a wiser animal than I am, I kept up a great thinking.

When I landed, one of the very few differences that I observed between the people whom I had left and those among whom I had come was a calmer and serener expression of countenance. This in the descending scale of intelligence became a stolid look, the outward sign of mental sluggishness. But, higher or lower, in degree or in kind, there it was, — placidity instead of a look of intentness and anxiety. Now, to suppose that this difference is caused by less thoughtfulness, less real anxiety, less laboriousness, on the part of the Englishman is to

¹ I find again and again among my brief notes such as these: "Windmills, windmills, going mer-

rily;" "windmills, windmills, all over, going like mad, to my huge delight."

draw a conclusion directly in face of the facts. The toil and struggle of life is harder in England than it is here: poor men are more driven by necessity; rich men think more; among all classes, except the frivolous part of the aristocracy (not a large class), there is more mental strain, more real anxiety, than there is here, where all the material conditions of life are easier, and where there is less care for political and social matters. Why, then, this difference of look? I am inclined to think that it is due, in a great measure, to difference of climate, — not to such effect of climate upon organization as makes a difference in the physical man, but to a result of climate which is almost mechanical, and which operates directly upon each individual. Briefly, I think that an expression of anxiety is given to the “American” face by an effort to resist the irritating effect of our sun and wind. Watch the people as they pass you on a bright, windy day, and you will see that their brows are contracted, their eyes half closed, and their faces set to resist the glare of the sun and the flare of the wind; and besides, in winter they are stung with the cold, in summer scorched with the heat. For about three hundred days out of the three hundred and sixty-five they undergo this irritation, and brace themselves to meet it. Now, a scowling brow, half-closed eyes, and a set face unite to make an anxious, disturbed, struggling expression of countenance, whether the man is really anxious, disturbed, and struggling, or not. By the experience of years this look becomes more or less fixed in the majority of “American” faces.

In England, on the contrary, there is comparatively no glare of the sun, and little wind. The former assertion will be received without question by those who have been in both countries; but the latter may be doubted, and may be regarded as strange, coming from a man who before he had been on English land forty-eight hours was almost blown bodily off Chester walls, and came near being wrecked in the Mersey. In fact, there are not unfrequently in England wind storms of a severity which, if not

unknown, is of the greatest rarity in the United States or in Canada. We have records of such storms in England in the past; we read announcements of them at the present day. I had experience of one there more severe than any that I remember here, and heard little or nothing said about it. But in England, when a storm is over, the wind goes down. Here, on the contrary, our “clearing up” after a storm is effected by the setting in of a northwest wind, against which it is at first toilsome to walk, and which continues to blow out of a cloudless sky for days, with a virulence quite diabolical. Because it does not rain or snow, people call the weather fine, and delude themselves with the notion that the wind is “bracing;” but nevertheless they go about with scowling brows, watery eyes, and set faces, as they brace *themselves* up to endure it. On my return this wind met me nearly two hundred miles at sea. It was something the like of which I had not felt once while out of reach of American shores. The air was as clear as a diamond; the sky was as blue as sapphire and as hard as steel; the moon, about fifty thousand miles higher than it was in England blazed with a cold, cheerless light; life seemed made up of bright points; and the wind blew from the northwest, not tempestuously or in gusts, but with a steady, overbearing persistence for which nothing in nature affords any simile: it is itself alone. I knew that I was near home. There is nothing of this kind in England. Not only did I not find it in my brief experience, but I never heard of it, nor of it is there any record. The absence of it there and the presence of it here may, I think, be reasonably regarded as a very important influence in the fashioning the facial habit of the people of the two countries. All the more does this seem probable because I have observed that “Americans” who reside in England for a few years generally lose, in a great measure, if not entirely, the look in question, and on their return to their own shores soon acquire it again. Of course there are numerous exceptions to these remarks in both countries.

To speak of the difference between the climate of England and the climate of the United States is as reasonable as it would be to speak of any difference between England, on the one hand, and Europe, Asia, or Africa, on the other. England is an isolated territory, — half an island, — and is about as large as the State of Virginia, or as the States of New York and New Jersey together; while the United States cover the greater third of a continent, and stretch from ocean to ocean, and almost from the arctic regions to the tropics. England may be properly compared only with such several parts of the United States as are homogeneous in soil and climate. The difference between the climates, or rather the atmospheric conditions, of Old England and of New England, for example, or of the Middle States, is of course due, very largely, to the greater dampness of the former. As we all know, there is very much more rain in England than there is in Massachusetts or in New York. Careful records of observations, extending through twenty-three years, show that rain falls in the valley of the Thames, on an average, one hundred and seventy-eight days in the year; that is, on nearly one half of three hundred and sixty-five days. Contrary to general supposition, the wettest month is July; and the wettest season is autumn, and not winter, as is generally believed. Spring is the least wet, winter comes next in rainfall and fog, summer next, and autumn stands highest. In this respect, autumn is to winter as 7.4 to 5.8. But I found rain in England to be a very different thing from rain in New England or in New York. With us it rarely rains but it pours; and excepting a few light showers in May, all our rain-falls are more or less floods from the sky, and are accompanied by storms, — storms of thunder and wind in summer, violent winds from the northeast in autumn and winter. This is so much the case that loose speakers among us, who are largely in the majority, say that it is storming, or that it is going to storm, when they mean merely that it is raining, or that it is going to rain; applying storm to a May shower as to a November gale.

This is a marked Americanism in speech, and entirely unjustifiable. Now in England rain is a much milder dispensation of moisture. It will rain there steadily for hours together, a fine, softly-dropping rain, without wind enough to shake a rose-bush. Such rain is almost unknown in America. I have again and again observed our rains for purposes of comparison, and find that about five minutes is the longest duration of such fine, light rain as I have seen continue in England for five hours, without either much increase or much diminution, and without any appreciable wind. It was not until I observed this, and saw that it was common, that I fully appreciated Portia's simile of mercy that

"It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath."

We in America have no such rain as Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote those lines.

Although the rain falls thus gently, the heavens are very black. The earth is darkened by a murky canopy. It is gloomier than it is with us even when we have one of our three days' north-easters, or one of our blackest thunderstorms. The clouds are of a dirty, grimy black, and seem not to be mere condensing vapor. Looking at them, you would suppose that they would foul the houses, the streets, and the fields, instead of washing them. They made me feel as I never before had felt the propriety of Miranda's description: —

"The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking
pitch."

Fully to understand what that means, one must wake up, as Shakespeare often had waked, to an autumn rain in London. The reason of this seemed to me that the clouds lie so low. With us, the clouds, even in a copious rain, are so high that the drops strike smartly as they come down, and we can look up to the vapory level from which they fall. But in England the rain comes only from a little distance above the tops of the trees and the houses. (I am speaking not only of showers, but of steady rains.) Even when it did not rain and was not foggy I have seen the tops of the not lofty pin-

nacles of Westminster Abbey hidden in mist, and from the Thames have seen a gold-lined cloud descend upon the Parliament houses, as if to cast a royal robe around the Victoria Tower.

The changes of the sky, too, are sudden, although without violence. You will wake to find a steadily falling rain. The heavens will be of an impenetrable dun color; or rather, there will be no heavens, the very earth seeming to be wrapped around with a cloud of thick darkness, distilling water. You will naturally think that such a thick and settled mass can be dispersed and changed only by some great commotion of the elements. As you look out — no pleasant occupation — at long intervals, your judgment is confirmed. There is the same steady distillation of water out of the same darkness. Something, a book, or a newspaper, or a thought of faces far away, absorbs your attention, and suddenly there is a gleam of light. You look up, and the clouds are breaking away, and before you can change your dress and get out the day is a beauty smiling through tears, and all the earth seems glad again. But you cannot count upon the continuance of this even for an hour. With us, if the wind changes and the clouds break, they are scattered, driven out of sight for days. Not so in England. Your bright sky there may be obscured in five minutes, and in less than five minutes more, if you are sensitive to dampness, you will need your umbrella. This is what is meant in English literature by the changeability of the climate; not such sudden passages from hot to cold and from cold to hot as those which we have to undergo. And this variability of the heavens brought up to me again, and made me understand as I had not understood before, a passage of Shakespeare's, where, in King Henry VIII., the doomed Buckingham says, —

" My life is spann'd already :
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun."

The passage at best is marred with the effects of the manifestly hasty composition of this play; but the instant cloud

darkening the clear sun is a simile — yet not a simile, for it is the glory of Shakespeare's style that he rarely wrote in similes — that has an illustrative power in England which is given to it by no corresponding phenomenon in America.

My readers may possibly suppose that these passages which I have mentioned as being brought to mind by the changing skies of England are after-thoughts with me, perhaps curiously sought out for the purpose of giving interest to my descriptions. Not so. The fitness of thing to thought was so exact and incisive that the latter came to me instantly as I was observing the phenomenon which, without doubt, had as instantly suggested them to Shakespeare.

Rain is not looked upon in England, as it is with us, as a barrier to the open air, unless, as an Irishman might say, the open air is taken in a close carriage. Indeed, were it so looked upon, the English people more than any other would live an indoor life, instead of being the most open-air loving of all nations. For the extravagant joke about the English weather, that on a fine day it is like looking up a chimney, and on a foul day like looking down, is more than set off by the truth of Charles II.'s sober saying, that the climate of England tempts a man more into the open air than any other. It is very rarely, I should think, that the weather in England is for many hours together so forbidding that a healthy man, not too dainty as to his dress, would be kept indoors, and lose by it invigorating exercise. It is not too warm in summer, nor too cold in winter; it is never too hot and dry, and, notwithstanding the frequent rains, it is very rarely too wet. The mean temperature of the year is about fifty degrees; the mean temperature of the hottest month, July, only sixty-three degrees; and it is only on very exceptional days, in very exceptional years, that the mercury rises above eighty degrees, or falls below twenty degrees, the mean temperature of the coldest month, January, being thirty-five degrees.¹ A comparison of these temper-

¹ These figures as to temperature and rain-fall are taken from Weaie's London, 1851, where authori-

atures with those which we are called upon to bear in our long summers and in our longer winters shows the advantage which the people of England have over us in respect to out-door exercise. We cannot walk, or ride, or hunt, or shoot as they do. During no small part of our year physical exertion in the open air is painful rather than pleasurable, injurious rather than beneficial. It is only in autumn that we can find health and enjoyment out-of-doors. Between the middle of September and the middle of December we may enjoy a mellow air and what is left of the verdure in our parched landscape; but then we strangely leave the country, whither we go in the blinding, blazing summer, when walking or driving, except in the evening, and often not then, is a fitting diversion only for salamanders.

It is not, however, only the men in England who are not kept within doors by rain from their business, or their pleasure, or their mere daily exercise. English ladies, as is generally known, take open-air exercise much more freely and regularly than women in the same condition of life in most other countries. But it is not so well known, I believe, how ready they are to brave the rain, or rather to take it quietly, without braving, as a little inconvenience not to be thought of within certain bounds. At first, I was surprised to see, both in London and in the country, women who were evidently persons at least of education and refinement walking about in rain, coming out into rain, which would have caused an "American" woman to house herself, or if caught in it, and not kept out by sheer necessity, to make for shelter and for home. And not unfrequently I saw them doing thus umbrellaless. In England umbrellas would seem to be a necessity of daily life; but, according to my observation, they are much more generally carried by men than by women. In walking through the Crescent in Regent Street on a wet morning, I have met

half a dozen women, lady-like in appearance, exposing themselves, and what is more their bonnets, without protection to the fine, drizzling rain with an air of the utmost unconcern. I walked, one morning, from Canterbury to the neighboring village of Harbledown, some three miles, in a rain that, notwithstanding my umbrella, wet me pretty well from the hips down. On my way I met, or overtook, men, women, and children, but only one of them had an umbrella, and that one was — of all creatures — a butcher boy! Just at the edge of Canterbury — I cannot say the outskirts, for the towns in England do not have such ragged, draggled things as outskirts — I stopped at a little house to get a glass of milk (and good, rich milk it was, price one penny), led thereto by a sense of emptiness (for I was yet breakfastless), and by a small placard in the window announcing the sale of that fluid. It was sold to me by a middle-aged woman, lean, "slab-sided," sharp-nosed, with a nasal, whining voice, who, looking out the window past her business card, said, by way of making herself agreeable, as I quaffed her liquid ware, "Seems suthin like rain, sir!" It was pouring so steadily, although not violently, that I had thought of turning back, and giving up Harbledown for that day; but this determined me, and put me on my mettle. If a poor wisp of womanhood like that could see in such a down-pour only something like rain, flinching would be a shame to my beard and my inches. I was struck, too, by the thorough Yankee-ness of her phrase: it might have been uttered on the outskirts of Boston. This likeness, however, struck me among the country folk in Kent on other occasions, to which I shall refer hereafter. In Kent I rarely heard an *h* dropped, and never one superfluously added.

At a great house where I was visiting in Essex, it was agreed at luncheon that we should have a walk in the park that afternoon, because it was fine, and we had had a drive the day before, and were to have lawn-tennis the day after. Now the phrase "it's fine" in England means merely that it is not actually raining at

ties and very exact details are given. The scale is of course Fahrenheit. I omit fractions of degrees and other trifles. I am not writing scientifically, or for scientific readers.

the time of speaking; but when the hour of our walk came the rain came also with it. Our party was composed of two ladies and three gentlemen, and I expected that it would be broken up, of course. Not at all. With the most matter-of-course air, the ladies, neither of them at all robust in figure or apparently in health, donned light water proof cloaks, and, taking each of us an umbrella, we soberly waded forth to our watery English walk. I hope the ladies enjoyed it, for they caused me to do so; and we saw some noble trees and pretty views in the park and from it. We met a small flock of geese, who did not hiss, but looking earnestly seemed to recognize us, and to be ready to extend to us the web-foot of fellowship. I observed that even the ladies did not put on overshoes, but trusted merely to stout, serviceable walking shoes; and although we walked over grass I found that my feet were not wet. I had made a similar observation on my walk to Harbledown. Then my feet became damp, of course; but although there was neither a plank nor an asphaltum path by the roadside (one of which is commonly found in the more thickly inhabited rural districts in England), my strong walking shoes were not soiled above the sole. This I found to be the case again and again, so firm are the tightly graveled roads in England. The harmlessness of wet grass was a puzzle to me. I walked all over the lawns at Hampton Court one morning after a rain, led to do so by a companion who knew how things should be done (you always walk on grass in England, if you like to do so), and I neither felt nor saw upon my shoes any evidence of water. Under similar circumstances in the United States, they would have been wet through in five minutes. It need hardly be said, however, that even when there is not a storm or an unusual rain the usual fall on alternate days is often too heavy to admit of parties of pleasure. Our lawn-tennis had to be given up as an out-of-doors performance, although the lawn had been specially mowed for the occasion. But my hostess was not to be balked. We went into one of the

drawing-rooms, and ourselves rolling the furniture out into the great hall, we stretched a rope across the room, hung copies of the Times over it to make a barrier, and had our game out; in which, by the way, the most points were scored by my lady herself and by a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

In the gardens of such houses, or sometimes upon the walls, it is common to find sun-dials, relics of the past. Those upon the walls are very large, some of them being ten or twelve feet in diameter. They seem to have been as common as clocks, and to have been set up as a matter of course long after clocks were no rarities. But if, according to the pretty legend upon one of them, *Horas non numero nisi serenas*, they were useless unless the sun shone, they must have been mere ornaments for much more than half the days in the year. For even when it does not rain in England the days are comparatively few in which the sun casts a shadow strong enough to mark the hour upon a dial. The noon-mark on the kitchen window-sill of old New England farm-houses was almost always, once a day, a serviceable sign of the time; but a sun-dial in England must have always been little more useful than a chair to a cherub.

The low temperature of the country enables the people to bear the dampness, and even to find it conducive to health and enjoyment of life. "Let it be cold," said an Englishman to me, as we walked from his villa to the train through a chilling drizzle, "and I care little so long as it is damp." And I found the combination, on the whole, wholesome and not unpleasant. But if England, with its damp atmosphere, were subject to our extremes of heat and cold, it would be almost uninhabitable: it would be as unhealthy in winter as Labrador, in summer as India. I was surprised to see the freedom with which doors were left open for the entrance of the chill, damp air, and by the unconsciousness of possible harm with which women of the lower classes in the country went about in cold mist, or even in rain, without bonnets or shawls. For as to myself,

at times I found this chilly fog pierce to the very marrow of my bones, and make me long for the fire which was not always attainable. And when I did have it the comfort that it gave me was not so great as I expected it would be. Fire does not seem to be very warm in England. I never saw a really hot one.

It is this combination of cold and damp that makes the Englishman so capable of food and drink. Nothing is more impressive about him than his diligence in this respect. He never neglects an opportunity. A hearty breakfast at nine o'clock; a luncheon at half past one or two, at which there is a hot joint and cold bird pies, with wine and beer; at five o'clock tea, generally delicious souchong, with thin bread and butter; dinner at eight, serious business; sherry and biscuit or sandwiches at eleven, as you take your bedroom candle. At home it would have killed me in a month; there I threw upon it mightily, and laid pounds *avoidupois* upon my ribs, which I lost within a year after my return to the air of America, which so often makes one feel like desiccated codfish. There is no shirking whatever of this matter of eating and drinking. It is not regarded as in the least indelicate, or, in the old-fashioned phrase, "ungenteel," even for a lady to eat and drink anywhere at any time. I remarked this at a morning concert of the great triennial Birmingham musical festival. The concert began at eleven o'clock, and as the price of tickets was a pound (five dollars) it is to be supposed that every person of the thousands present in that great hall had breakfasted well about eight or nine o'clock; but yet when the first part was over, around me and everywhere within sight, even in the seats roped off for the nobility, luncheon bags were produced, and flasks; and men and women began to eat sandwiches and other wiches, and to drink sherry and water, or something else and water (but never the water without the something else), as if they feared that they would be famished before they could get home again. And very careful in this respect are they of the stranger within their gates.

The last words that I heard from a very elegant woman, as I parted from her to take a railway journey of three or four hours, were a charge to the butler to see that I had some sandwiches. Needless caution! They had been prepared, and were produced to me in a faultless package, and put into my bag with gravity and unction. In due time I ate them, and with appetite, saying grace to my fair providence.

One effect of the climate of England (it must, I think, be the climate) is the mellowing of all sights, and particularly of all sounds. Life there seems softer, richer, sweeter, than it is with us. Bells do not clang so sharp and harsh upon the ear. True, they are not rung so much as they are with us. Even in London on Sunday their sound is not obtrusive. Indeed, the only bell sound in the great city of which I have a distinct memory is Big Ben's delicious, mellow boom. In country walks on Sunday the distant chimes from the little antique spires or towers float to you like silver voices heard through the still air. Your own voice is hushed by them if you are with a companion, and you walk on in sweet and silent sadness. I shall never forget the gentle, soothing charm of the Bolney chime in Sussex, which, as the sun was leaving the world to that long, delicious twilight through which day lapses into night in England, I heard in company with one whose sagacious lips, then hushed for a moment, are now silent forever. These English country chimes are very different from those that stun our ears from Broadway steeples. They are simple, and yet are not formless jangle; but the performers do not undertake to play opera airs *affettuoso* and *con espressione* with ropes and iron hammers upon hollow tons of metal.

At the Birmingham musical festival, I first remarked the effect of the climate upon sound. There was a large instrumental band, and a good one; and that it was well conducted need hardly be said, for the conductor was Sir Michael Costa. But in precision of attack, in perfection of *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, in the finish and the phrasing of the va-

rious salient passages as they were successively taken up by the different instruments, and in sonority I found the performance not at all equal to that of Mr. Thomas's band, the drill of which was very superior. A dozen bars, however, had not been played before I was conscious of a sweet, rich quality of tone, particularly in the string band, which contrasted with the clear, hard brilliancy of the Thomas orchestra. This impressed me more and more as the performance went on, although my enjoyment was marred by the organ being not perfectly in tune with the band. Another superiority in Costa's band attracted my attention: they accompanied much better than Thomas's; with more feeling, sympathy, and intelligence. The singers could trust them and lean upon them. This was doubtless due in great part to Costa's long experience as an operatic conductor, while, on the other hand, Thomas has always worked in instrumental music pure and simple; but I cannot doubt that it was due in part also to the feeling of the individual performers. As to the difference in the quality of the tone, I can find no other cause for that than the climate. Possibly, however, the English orchestras tune to the normal pitch (although it did not seem to me to be so), in which case some superiority in quality of tone would be accounted for; the high, so called and absurdly called, Philharmonic pitch being destructive of quality, which is sacrificed to a sharp sonority.

One little performance of Costa's on this occasion was very interesting. My seat, although not too near, happened to be in such a position that I could see all his motions, and even his face. In a piece by Beethoven there was a little fugue, the rhythm and the intonation of which were both somewhat difficult. As the tenors entered with the subject they were unsteady, and speedily went into confusion. Ruin was imminent. But

turning to Costa I saw him, little disturbed, merely increase the emphasis of his beat, while he himself took up the subject, and, looking eagerly at the tenors, sang it right out at them. They were soon whipped in, and the performance was not only saved, but was so good that its repetition was demanded by the president, the Marquis of Hertford (no applause being allowed); and on the repeat the tenors behaved handsomely in the presence of the enemy.

Whether I was favored by the English climate I do not know, but in addition to this soft, sweet charm which the air seemed to give to everything that was to be seen or heard, I found late autumn there as verdant and as variously beautiful as early summer is with us, and without the heat from which we suffer. In Sussex the gardens were all abloom, wild flowers in the woods, blackberries ripening in the hedges, the birds singing, and everything was fresh and fragrant. Among the birds, I observed the thrush and the robin-redbreast; the latter not that tawny-breasted variety of the singing thrush which is here called a robin, but a little bird about half as large, with a thin, pointed bill, a breast of crimson, and a note which is like a loud and prolonged chirrup. It would be charming if we could have this man-trusting little feathered fellow with us; but I fear that he could not bear our winters. In Warwickshire, I found roses blooming, — blooming in great masses half-way up the sides of a two-story cottage on the road from Stratford-on-Avon to Kenilworth; and this was in the very last days of October. True, I had only a few days before shivered through a rainy morning drive in Essex, when the chill dampness seemed to strike into my very heart; but on the whole I found myself under English skies healthy, happy, and the enjoyer of a succession of new delights, which yet seemed to me mine by birthright.

Richard Grant White.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A PATHETIC word has been repeated by the newspapers, purporting to be Emerson's complaint that old age has come upon him with a rush; he who sang so cheerfully and courageously

"It is time to be old,
To take in sail."

now confesses the tremor of age. It was but a few years before Terminus was published that Emerson sat to Rowse for his portrait, and this crayon has always been regarded as a very satisfactory likeness of the poet; perhaps we are justified in placing Emerson's prime before he thought to say, as in this poem, —

"As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time;
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime."

At any rate, Rowse's picture conveys to one, whether familiar or not with Emerson's presence, a most clear and satisfying impression of the poet, and it is a rare good fortune which has now made the picture the possible possession of many besides the generous owner; for it has been engraved in a masterly manner by Mr. S. A. Schoff, one of the very few who keep alive in America the traditions of line engraving. Mr. Rowse bears testimony to the faithfulness and value of the engraving, and certainly no American writer has been so admirably presented in portrait to his countrymen. It seems to me an exceptionally good opportunity for those who honor our literature in its highest, most enduring forms, at once to have before them the likeness of the poet who is eminently American, and eminently more than American, and to recognize the ambition of an engraver to do worthily what was so well worth doing. Mr. Schoff may have the consciousness of devoting his art to noble purpose; he ought also to have the pleasure of knowing that his work has been appreciated. It would be a happy result if there should be so general a recognition of his labor of love as to encourage him to give us also an

engraving of Rowse's portrait of Hawthorne.

The portrait of Emerson is more than a satisfactory likeness of the poet; it is more than a thorough piece of engraving; because it is both of these, it has a personal power which might well make one desirous of its silent presence in his study. It calls to mind those fine lines in *Astræa*: —

"Yet shine forever virgin minds,
Loved by stars and purest winds,
Which, o'er passion throned sedate,
Have not hazarded their state;
Disconcert the searching spy,
Rendering to a curious eye
The durance of a granite ledge
To those who gaze from the sea's edge
It is there for benefit;
It is there for purging light;
There for purifying storms;
And its depths reflect all forms; —
It cannot parley with the mean,
Pure by impure is not seen."

— Is a man's ideal of what woman should be higher than her own? This question was suggested after reading the story entitled *Rosamond* and the Conductor, in the March number of this magazine.

Out of curiosity, as the vote for president is sometimes taken on a train, I put to all my friends who had likewise read the story the question, "Did Rosamond shock you?" The women universally defended her, finding her womanly and modest, and all the condemnation and disapproval came from the other sex. One masculine critic denounced her as "obnoxious;" another fervently "hoped there were not many girls running loose in real life who gave rein to their imagination as she did." I wondered if a fellow-feeling made her sisters wondrous kind toward the heroine; or whether they had a nice discrimination that enabled them to judge her more intelligently; or whether, after all, they demanded less of a woman. Will some one who understands human nature better than I do please rise and explain?

— The article on *Over-Production* in

the April Atlantic is, if really written by a workman, decidedly one of the best and clearest papers that has yet been produced by that class; and will, I hope, receive a careful reading by all who are giving any attention to this most pressing of economic questions. Recognizing the false economy of a people simply striving to keep down their expenditure, regardless of its being possibly both productive and profitable, Mr. Richards points out the best course as lying in the direction of a wisely regulated consumption and continually elevated standard of life and of necessities as the only corrective of an over-production. Of course, this implies an ability to consume, and a potential demand; so that, to follow his reasoning, the effort should be to advance the laboring class, and instead of trying to teach them a lower habit of life, with its fewer necessities and smaller consumption, to educate them to a higher plane of living and desires, and at the same time place them in a position to obtain the new necessities created by their higher standard. Where the difference between the rich and poor is very great, and the latter are compelled to adapt themselves to a mode of living with few wants and small expenditure, over-production is inevitable; for the rich, in whose hands alone are the means to purchase those articles produced, are too few in number to consume the surplus. In no way can the equation between consumption and production be maintained except by making the laborer a consumer whose demand is potential through his having both desire and means.

While it is to be regretted that the discussion of this subject is not conducted more judiciously, Mr. Richards should remember that the counsels for both sides must present their case with testimony and argument before the judge can even charge the jury, far less decide the case. *Ex parte* discussion is the only way to arrive at the merits of a thing, as it is the only way in which enough interest can be excited to insure all the facts being hunted up and thought over. Even questions of abstract science are

not always debated with perfect coolness and freedom from bias, so how can we expect more in those in which the getting of bread and butter is involved?

—I should like to enter a protest on behalf of the friends and relatives of authors. Why, in order to exalt the private virtues of a man or woman who has pleased us, must those near and dear to them in this life be sacrificed upon their tomb-stones? Better not to have been Achilles' dog than to have been burnt upon his funeral pyre. For instance, I have just laid down Lord Macaulay's Life, having been behind the age in reading it; why should I henceforth be inoculated by all the uncharitable passing thoughts Macaulay ever conceived of his acquaintances? Why should Zachary Macaulay, who has hitherto been to me a staid, hard-working religionist and philanthropist of the Wilberforce and Simeon school, henceforward live chiefly in my memory as an old gentleman of such fussy philoprogenitiveness and narrow sympathies that when he *did* deign to turn his attention on his family he was a thorn in the side of his illustrious son? Why must I see through a thin veil of dashes and initials that Tom's youngest brother was a scamp, and that his second was a spendthrift and a beggar? How would Macaulay have been ashamed of his own words could he have known that Christopher North, who left his dying bed to record his vote for him at his last election, would be handed down to posterity, on his authority, as "a grog-drinking, cock-fighting, cudgel-playing professor of moral philosophy!" Above all, why should we all know concerning poor P—— "that the lad is such a fool he would disgrace any recommendation;" that "he had better be apprenticed to some hatter or tailor, where he might come to make good coats, for he will never write good dispatches"? Better for P—— had Zachary Macaulay never recognized the relationship, or attempted to influence in the lad's favor his impracticable son.

In Miss Martineau's Life, our sympathy is claimed for her at her mother's expense. If that poor lady had not borne

a literary daughter, her disagreeable peculiarities would have been "interrèd with her bones." How often must Mr. Brontë have wished that an instinct of self-preservation had prompted him to suppress the writing propensities of Charlotte! Must not the late Mrs. Robertson have felt that she paid too high a price for her connection with the fame of her first husband in being known to us as a wife who did not make him happy? But the most flagrant case of cruel exposure to the public is that of Miss Mitford's father. The old gentleman was a Turveydrop of the worst kind, selfish and good for nothing; his daughter's life was a long sacrifice to his exactions, his egotisms, and his carelessness about money. This she bore nobly, undergoing martyrdom to hide his errors, acting towards him the part of an Antigone, giving herself for his sake, and piously protecting him almost till she died. No sooner was she gone than her biography was written, making forever useless all the ungrudging sacrifices of forty years. The object of Miss Mitford's life had been to screen from her friends' eyes the character of her father; now we all know him and despise him. Think what tears of bitterness this woman would have wept could she have known that it was her own literary reputation which had dealt this stab at the old man towards whom she had been ever the devoted daughter! It seems to me that a literary life has no right to be made a weapon of offense to the friends, relatives, and acquaintances of those whom biographers may delight to honor. Miss Edgeworth earnestly forbade the publication of her *Life*; so did Thackeray. Some persons protect the reputation of their friends by leaving autobiographies. In reading such works we are by no means expected to accept the author's views. We are apt even to take part against him in his quarrels with others. Pepys's abuse does not tell much against his acquaintances. When Benvenuto Cellini flies out against his traveling companion, who broke through a bridge on horseback, with an exclamation that it is only "because the Lord is oftentimes merciful to fools that

questa bestia and that other *bestia*, his horse, were not drowned," we laugh, but the laugh goes against the irascible goldsmith, who never could let slip the opportunity of making himself an enemy. Occasionally, but very rarely, biographies are so generously and judiciously written that (like Mr. Ticknor's *Life of Prescott*, and his own life by his widow and daughter) no reputation is compromised, no feelings ruffled, no wholesome reserves indelicately broken through.

— Literary people are supposed, more than others, to possess culture; but if this means something positive as well as negative, — power to produce, to think, as well as ability to receive and to understand, — then their culture, as a class, makes, in my opinion, but a poor show. Suppose, for instance, that we consider their ideas on the alleged inadequate remuneration of literary labor. As many people are never able to conceive of wealth as taking any other form than that of money, so literary persons tacitly ignore any other rewards than those which take the shape of cash. But it is one of the maxims of the theory of wages that services receive a high or a low recompense in proportion as they are agreeable or disagreeable; or, in technical language, honorable or the opposite. Now, we don't hear of people in easy circumstances setting up as shoemakers, or bankers, or physicians, from pure love of the thing; while the number of persons who write poems and histories and novels for this reason, and nothing else, is by no means small. The non-pecuniary rewards of law, etc., are not only difficult of attainment, but are very few at that, while the slightest poem or essay brings its stay-at-home or traveling young lady author much honor and reputation with the only public she cares for. Thus literature is not only the most "honorable" of all trades, but it is that in which, from other causes, the labor of the artisan must always be the worst paid, for in no other can unskilled labor be used to such advantage. "*La literature*," says Beranger, "*doit être une canne à la main, jamais une béguille.*"

—I suppose observant readers of all creeds, and no creeds, have noticed the almost total absence of religious tone in both authors and characters of recent fiction. And some, perhaps, may yet be found who would rather condone the villainous pages of the earlier English novelists for the sake of the leaf or two of robustious moral sop thrown them by the hero, as he confesses his blackguardism, thanks Providence for the good fortune it had brought him, and makes his exit from the stage, than trust the modern author's negative virtues, or his self-repressed heroes and heroines, who go through all the tragic agonies without a prayer on their lips.

That the mass of readers should be disturbed by this latter trait is not to be wondered at; but even the reviewers are now waxing religious over the non-religion of the two strongest recent stories, — Black's *Macleod of Dare* and Hardy's *Return of the Native*. Of the former, one critic marvels "that any one should undertake to portray conflicts of passion and emotion, to give what are designed to be faithful delineations of life, and yet eliminate currents of thought and motives of action which enter into and color all phases of human existence and human experience." But do currents of religious thought and motives of action enter into and color all phases of human life?

Would it, for instance, be true to life or her nature to make Miss White feel aught of remorse at the havoc she had wrought in Macleod's life; or, as she saw the catastrophe approaching, to have her fall on her knees and call on divine aid? It does, however, seem a little off color to allow so much human and so little religious emotion to Macleod's mother; a good deal of Christian resignation would not come amiss in toning down the strong current of pagan fatalism which sweeps and moans around Castle Dare. As to Macleod himself, it is hardly fair to subject him to modern criticism, since the author plainly intended to show us an ancient Kelt,

projected by some freak of nature into the present, and then places him amidst all the shallows and subtleties of modern life. And, despite all carping, I think the author's venture is worth while. There is an immense fascination in watching this strong, simple, primitive nature's belief in the might of its own truth against all conventional obstacles. And what a relief to the reader from the slow-paced, calculating, world-weary lover, who is such a favorite with present novelists!

But to those who believe in every human life being swayed by religious thought and emotion, Hardy must stand out as a greater sinner than Black, for his good people are so by nature, without a touch of awakening grace. Mrs. Yeobright does her duty without the aid of a Christian sentiment; neither does the patient, devoted Thomasin give verbal proof of having ever profited by the like; while Clement, who foregoes all personal ambition in the weaving of a plan for the good of his fellow-creatures, does it in the same mood of nature which might have actuated an ancient philosopher. As for the common people, their curious mixture of religious awe and superstitious dread reveals more glimpses of Druidical darkness than of Christian light. And yet, the strangest thing about it all is the absolute certainty with which an unbiased reader must accept it as fact. We are all more or less familiar with that commingling of paganism and Christianity which runs through the more common human importations from the British Isles; but most of us, perhaps, imagine it to be peculiar to adherents of the mother church. Hardy, by taking us into the remote interior of England, convinces us that it is neither a matter of Romanism nor Protestantism, but a subtle inheritance from a remote pagan ancestry. Would it be too curious an inquiry to question how much of the high-bred paganism of our day may be derived from the same source? — since it is clearly a thing of nature, not of choice.

RECENT LITERATURE.

A JOURNEY from Egypt to Palestine¹ by the way of the Sinaitic peninsula has been converted by Doctor Bartlett into a study of the exodus and wandering of the Israelites. As a record of careful personal examination of geography and topography, and of painstaking reading and collection of the multitudinous labors of previous students, the volume is an unusual honor to American literature, and worthy of even grateful admiration. It is a weighty book, a book calling for serious attention,—for nothing less, and nothing beside. There is no humor, no rhetoric or poetry or sentiment, and no entertainment for the light-minded reader. The style, always simple and sometimes careless, makes claims to nothing beyond clearness and abundance of statement; but one finds this a positive merit in a work which was obviously intended to give as much important information as possible in a moderate space. On this subject of biblical history, and indeed on all subjects treated by American writers, we have had only too many rhetorical exercises. The publisher's part of the volume is in its way as commendable as the author's. The engravings and the maps are alike admirably wrought, judiciously selected, and full of information.

The book is orthodox. It accepts in full the time-honored, natural understanding of the scriptural narrative. Doctor Bartlett knows perfectly the theories of Brugsch, Mariette, De Lesseps, Colenso, and others, who would remove the supernatural of the exodus by diminishing, for instance, the numbers of the flying Hebrews, and by leading them through easier passages than that of the Red Sea. But, although he is respectful and courteous to these innovators, he declines to accept their suggestions. He has no doubts as to the magnitude and marvelousness of the flight. He is not interested in explaining away the plagues. He "can almost hear the choking voice" with which Pharaoh pleads, "And bless me also!" He sees "the hosts converging from all Goshen to Rameses," and the vast march setting forth on the day established. He is sure that if you believe in the wondrous

story at all you must believe in it as a prodigy; and, as to the question of numbers, he observes with perfect truth that one million is as unmanageable as two. All this he holds firmly and states candidly, meanwhile indulging in no condemnation of those who plead for an interpretation founded on "natural causes," and honoring himself by a fair and urbane consideration of their suggestions.

Only when he reaches the shore of the Red Sea does a rationalistic spirit win partial possession of him, and lead him to argue for shoal passages temporarily laid bare by the action of "a strong east wind" and the receding of the tide. It seems to us a defect in an otherwise logical chain of statement and reasoning. Doctor Bartlett has here recoiled from the Philistines, and entangled himself between the sea and the Egyptians. In this whole drama of the exodus,—in the gathering and the flight and the wandering,—we must believe in the miraculous, or we cannot believe all, if at all. How could two millions of people well in the little land of Goshen, unless they were densely settled agriculturists, and even to some extent citizens of large towns? How could a population of husbandmen and burghers suddenly become nomads, fitted to struggle with the problem of life in a desert? As for the passage of the Red Sea, abbreviate the transit as much as you will, sweep the broken and winding miles of bottom with wind and ebb as dry as you please, how can you lead more than two millions of souls, with "very much cattle," from shore to shore in the watches of a morning? Experience proves that a hundred thousand disciplined soldiers would find it difficult, if not impossible, to pass such a defile in so brief a time. In all these matters rationalism is a failure; the only candid and tenable explanation is miracle; you must cling to that, or you must deny. Unless, indeed, one is willing to admit that the flight took form in successive migrations; tribe following tribe at considerable intervals of time, possibly of months or years; the final horde alone being harassed by the bated wrath and pursuit of a totter-

¹ *From Egypt to Palestine. Through Sinai, the Wilderness, and the South Country.* By S. C. BARTLETT, D. D., LL. D., President of Dartmouth College,

and lately Professor in the Chicago Theological Seminary. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

ing monarchy; and then the whole drama condensed into one picturesque scene by a narrative careless of particulars. In this hypothesis, especially if one may also suppose clerical errors in the enumeration, there is something which really satisfies the rationalistic spirit. Short of it, or of some other theory as bold, there is nothing for that spirit but revolt.

This plea for "natural causes" at the Suez crossing is the only logical error of Doctor Bartlett in his commentary. Everywhere else he has the judicial candor and clearness to say, "You cannot pass without miracle." Ritter's once popular theory that the exudations of the tamarisk were the manna of the wilderness he rejects with civil positiveness, observing that the Hebrews needed at least one thousand tons of this food daily, while the present annual product of the peninsula in tamarisk manna is never above six hundred pounds. It is evidently a matter of interest to him that the desert abounds in quails; but he wisely forbears to dwell upon it as a point of practical importance. How, indeed, should any supposable natural flights of birds avail toward the feeding of two millions of Hebrews, besides a "mixed multitude"? The question of water—whence obtained in sufficient quantity—he does not discuss; and, with his reliance upon the supernatural, he has no need so to do. If he were a commentator of the rationalistic sort, it would be one of his most serious difficulties. The present water supply of that arid land is obviously insufficient to carry through it an ordinary caravan. Here and there a wady shows a rivulet, and from the flanks of the mountains burst occasional copious springs, but the mass of the desert is a region of thirst. Bitter wells and sandy deposits of rain-water are objects of anxious search to even the well-equipped tourist. The dryness of the Sinaitic peninsula calls for little less of faith in miraculous interposition than its barrenness.

The main interest of the book resides in its character as an itinerary of the exodus. Of course there is little of either topography or geography which is absolutely new to the veteran biblical student. Too many zealous and learned travelers had preceded the author to leave him much chance for discovery. He is too thoroughly versed, also, in the literature of his subject to give us, as findings of his own, the facts which had been noted by others. Indeed, his chiefest service is as a compendiatist, comparer, and judge. He has

read everything, assimilated everything, and produced an important digest. It should be said, moreover, that his good sense and coolness of temper have given us as much cause for gratitude as his industry. As he has no audacities of doubt, so he has none of credulity. Of the men with Asiatic faces (tomb No. 35 at Thebes) who are making bricks under an Egyptian task-master, he says, "It is unnecessary to regard these men as Hebrews to get the force of the illustration." Of the famine mentioned in the tomb of Baba, and identified by Brugsch with the "seven lean years," he simply remarks, "I leave it on his authority." Near Wady Hebeibeh he comes upon the curious, or perhaps not so very curious, remains noted by Palmer and Drake. Here, extending over miles of desert, are small circles of stone, with abundance of charcoal and other traces of fire, indicating temporary dwellings of an unknown antiquity; here, too, are numbers of small mounds, unexamined as yet, but which bear the appearance of burial-places. Arab tradition relates that these are the mementoes of a great caravan of pilgrims, who, while seeking the waters of Sin Hudherah, got lost in the desert of Tih, and were never heard of again. The topographical definiteness of the story and the fragile nature of the relics would seem to indicate a modern catastrophe,—if, indeed, there was a catastrophe at all,—and not merely a transitory presence of charcoal burners. The enthusiastic Palmer leaps to the inference that here he has found an encampment of the Israelites, and the graves of the lustful victims of Kibroth Hattavah. Doctor Bartlett's biblical feeling leads him to admit that "these suggestions certainly deserve most respectful consideration;" but his cool temper and judicial brain force him to add, "The conclusion must probably await further inquiries." No doubt of it, and it seems a commonplace thing enough to say; and yet from these simple words many a scriptural expositor might derive a valuable lesson,—not to mention a few secular historians, ethnologists, and philologists. One of the greatest of truths is that a very large percentage of what ordinarily passes for truth needs "further inquiries."

The book does not end with the Wilderness. It goes on through the south country, that half-desert region on the southern border of Canaan, where the Hebrews dwelt for thirty-seven years, and whence they eventually moved eastward to "compass

Mount Scir" and advance upon the promised land through the Hauran and the valley of the Jordan. The author does not follow them in this route, but pushes northward from Beersheba to hilly Judea, pausing long, of course, in Jerusalem. Then comes a trip to Jericho and the Dead Sea; then a brief personal study of the line of Joshua's march; then an examination of some of the many battle-fields of Palestine. The concluding chapters treat of Nazareth, Genesaret, the Sea of Galilee, the coast of Tyre, Beirut, and Constantinople, with a paragraph or two, less than one could desire, concerning the American missionaries and their beautiful labors. Such is an imperfect summary, and a perhaps still more unsatisfactory judgment, of a laborious, reasonable, and truly valuable volume. It reminds one of the renowned work of Doctor Robinson, — far inferior to it, no doubt, as an original study of topography, but equal, if not sometimes superior, as an examination and digest of written authority. In fine, it is a book of high aim and solid merit, which will be accepted with satisfaction by all who share its literal understanding of the biblical narrative, while it will win the respect of every fair-minded opponent. Protest, indeed, there will be, and protest neither ignorant nor witless. The scholars who hold that Hebrew history should be subjected to the same rules of evidence and interpretation as other history will marvel that a keen reasoner could read so widely in the surmises and inferences of German and French inquirers with so little result. They will be reminded, perchance, of the quatrain of Omar Khayyam: —

" Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and held great argument
About it and about, but evermore
Came out by the same hole wherein I went."

But the critic will admit that this persistent return to the time-honored view is a necessity for one who rules to believe in inspiration; and his protest will be measured, fair-minded, and courteous, or it will be very unlike the work from which he is impelled to dissent.

— We think that hardly a pleasanter book will be given to the public this summer than Mr. Burroughs's *Locusts and Wild Honey*,¹ nor any that will more immediately

associate itself with the aspects of nature in the reader's mind. It is from nature, directly, and is wisely compact of observation and comment not too literary in tone. Is it going to Rain? and *Birds and Birds* are the two essays in which we fancy the author has had his say most nearly in accordance with his own ideal; but all the papers are charming, — simple in manner, very honest in matter, and of wholesome and happy mood. The first essay, on Bees, rests a little more on alien knowledge than the others; that called *Sharp Eyes*, which treats of the quick senses of the wild things, the least so. In *Birds and Birds*, Mr. Burroughs turns his sympathetic reading of other poetic naturalists to constant advantage in the comparison of our own birds with those of Europe. *Speckled Trout*, *A Bed of Boughs*, and *The Haleyon in Canada* have more the interest of woody adventure, and are less characteristic without being less original: indeed, this writer rarely fails to widen and deepen, from sources of his own, your acquaintance with whatever subject he treats. We have not read anything better in its way than the paper on *Strawberries*. In this, again, Mr. Burroughs is at his very best, and as you read, the perfume and flavor of the fruit he celebrates with such honest delight are in your senses.

The little book is a microcosm of outdoors, and is a benefaction equally to those who can go into the country and to those to whom it will bring the country. It is a book, too, that the mature lover of good literature will find his children glad to share with him, — a fact which ought always to be mentioned, for the sake of the book and the sake of the children; its matter and its robust and healthful spirit are something with which they can thoroughly sympathize.

— The Harpers have republished, uniform with their elegant new edition of Macaulay's *England*, the history² on which Motley's brilliant fame was founded, and we have now in convenient and very attractive shape a work which had hitherto wanted the charm of agreeable paper, print, and binding. It is a work which no student of history, no one with the modest ambition to be generally well read, can yet afford to be without. It is the destiny of histories to be superseded, but we may be sure that the heroic annals of a simple, patient, and in-

¹ *Locusts and Wild Honey*. By JOHN BURROUGHS, Author of *Wake Robin*, *Winter Sunshine*, and *Birds and Bees*. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

² *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*. A History. By JOHN LOTHIROP MOTLEY, D. C. L., LL. D. In three volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

domitable people will never be rewritten with more generous ardor, more hearty and magnetic sympathy. Motley recognized that it was a people whom he was celebrating, and if he had been content to keep this fact constantly in view, and had labored less upon the figure of William the Silent, he would not have fatigued himself and his reader as he now sometimes does. In the end he does not make you feel that William expressed more or less than the average national qualities. He was enduring, devoted, unfortunate, and prosperous through disaster, as his countrymen all were; and if he encouraged them in defeat, they equally encouraged him, and paid with their persons for his bad luck in battle. Motley's faults are never so conspicuous as when he struggles to shape into something statuesque and dramatic the plain, somewhat dull and unimpressive masses of William's constancy and goodness.

Motley was of the historians who paint history rather than philosophize it; he thought justly rather than subtly, and he felt even better than he thought. But he rescued from forgetfulness the struggles and sorrows of a people by whose martyrdom the whole world profited, and even when his books are no longer read his name will remain connected with that thrilling and touching story. He hated oppression and cruelty and bigotry; and we are glad to have his indignation instead of the analytic calm, which may be all very well when there is no longer any tyranny in the world.

— We have seldom read a more touching story than that which presents itself in these letters of Mary Wollstonecraft to Imlay.¹ In their passionate tenderness and passionate appeal to the man whose answers are unknown, they have the effect of the modern dramatic monologue, in which one person, occupying the stage, transacts the affair with people off the scene who are never seen or heard. It is a tragic monologue, beginning with a rapturous faith in the lover, whom Mary Wollstonecraft's ideals forbade her to make her husband, and falling, through fear and doubt of his constancy, to the heroic despair with which she at last confronts the fact that he has abandoned her. It follows his wandering about over Europe wherever Imlay's erratic fortunes led him; and the letters are now written from Paris, in the first separation after their

union; now from Havre, where they have been briefly reunited; now from places in England, on her way to or from London, whither she goes to join him; now from Norway and Sweden, whither she has followed him. They are the letters of a wife, though she was not Imlay's wife, and they concern themselves little with the great public events of that stormy time, though they are mostly written during the height of the Terror; they are simply the expression of a loving heart and a generous soul lavishing themselves in vain on an unstable and unworthy object. She reproaches him, and blames herself for reproaching him; she loses her trust in him, and struggles with self-upbraiding to regain it. But all the same she breaks her heart, and suffers for her mistaken theory of faithful love without marriage. One cannot blame her, but one cannot regret that her suffering was signal, for she had tried to make herself a law against the law that holds society together.

In the interesting memoir with which the letters are introduced her enmity to marriage is accounted for by her knowledge of many unhappy marriages; and in her strong but ill-regulated mind it was not necessary that the preference for concubinage should be logical. The editor strives to show that perhaps marriage was not possible to her and Imlay in France, at that disordered time, and that Imlay, in speaking of her as his wife, legally recognized her as such; but there is no pretension to marriage in her letters; she herself knew her relation to Imlay, and that she had in vain given herself to him, without the sanction of law.

Of Imlay little is told that was not already known. He was an American, who had served as captain during our Revolution, and then had gone to France upon one of those mercantile enterprises in which his adventurous and not very prosperous life was spent. He must have been a man of uncommon qualities to attract a mature woman like Mary Wollstonecraft (she was thirty-five when they met), but he seems to have been of a restless and fickle nature, ill fitted to bear the stress of her exacting and sometimes censorious devotion; and when he deserted her it was for another and unworthier love. He promised to provide for their daughter, but he never did so, and Fannie Imlay died in her young girlhood, without having known any father's care except that of her mother's husband, Godwin. Mary Woll-

¹ *Mary Wollstonecraft. Letters to Imlay.* With Prefatory Memoir by C. KEGAN PAUL. London: C Kegan Paul & Co. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879

stonecraft's marriage was not announced for some time after the fact, and marriage was apparently regarded as an idle convention by Godwin and herself. However the truth is glossed or blinked, it is certain that their daughter, Mary Godwin, eloped with Shelley, whose deserted wife was living, and that she was ready to live with him as her mother had lived with Inlay.

In this volume there are two lovely and interesting portraits of Mary Wollstonecraft: one a pensive and tender young face, and the other the beautiful older face into which it ripened. The fascination of their looks is a light on the letters, and adds a charm as of personal presence to their simple passion and pathos, — none the less simple because touched here and there a little with the artificial rhetoric of a very rhetorical time. One feels that Mary Wollstonecraft is sincere in spite of the rhetoric, as one feels that she was pure in spite of her error.

— Mr. Bacon has mainly allowed the life of Mrs. Gould ¹ to tell itself in passages from her letters, diaries, and printed writings; and in these passages a charming surprise awaits those who know her name only in connection with the noble charity to which she gave all that she had and all that she was. She had not only a great and tender heart, and a mind wise to plan and perform good works, but a spirit quick to every impression of novelty, a lively sense of humor, an intense sympathy with the beautiful, and that gift of appreciation which is a quality of refined American women in such degree as to seem almost exclusively theirs. She made Italy her own at once; she knew it and felt it instantly and intimately; and though almost from the moment she set foot on Italian soil, in the tragic valleys of the Vaudois, she felt her dedication to a purpose of beneficence and reform in Italy, she never took it too seriously to be won by the loveliness with which that gifted land entreats all gentle strangers. Without this tenderness for Italian character we doubt if she could have successfully carried out the work in which she died, but which she lived long enough to see fairly and prosperously begun. She had the courage, the inspiration, during the existence of the political power of the papacy at Rome to found her school for the American and Protestant education

of the children of the poor; and she had the heroism to defend it against prejudice and authority, till she had based it on its present footing, where indeed it still appeals to the charity of the Protestant world for help, but where its usefulness and success are evident in the lives of the little ones reclaimed from superstition, poverty, and idleness. She wore her generous, ardent life out in the cause; she literally died for it. The touching and heroic story of toil and self-sacrifice is simply told here, and its consolations and compensations are not forgotten; she had love and gratitude in unstinted measure for her labors. It is a story which every one will be the better for reading, and we heartily commend it to those who despair of individual effort, and would know how much one will and one life may accomplish for good.

— The author of *The New Puritan*,² when he offers his book primarily to the descendants of its subject, takes the edge off the only criticism one feels inclined to make; for family veneration may justify the claims made for Robert Pike that his position in the community of his day was isolated and in advance of the age in which he lived. The materials for a life were too scanty to permit a personal biography, and the author has accordingly projected the character of his ancestor mainly from the events in which he bore a part. The very meagreness of detail respecting Pike leads us to think that we have in him an illustration of many men of his day, Puritans who had been educated in the close school of frontier life, and met the exigencies of life in the same resolute, common-sense, and independent way. In the altercation with Wheelwright, Pike had certainly the advantage of opposing a contentious and restless man, and the decision of the commission appointed to adjust the difficulties between them, as well as Wheelwright's acquiescence in the decision, justify us, in the absence of full details, in according some measure of blame to Pike, some measure of praise to Wheelwright.

In one instance, and that the most important, Robert Pike deserves all the credit which his biographer gives him. Not only was his attitude regarding the persecutions for witchcraft manly and courageous, but his paper, which Upham had already printed,

Years Ago. Some Account of the Life of Robert Pike, the Puritan, who defended the Quakers, resisted Clerical Domination, and opposed the Witchcraft Persecution. By JAMES S. PIKE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

¹ *A Life Worth Living*. Memorials of Emily Bliss Gould, of Rome. By LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 1879.

² *The New Puritan: New England Two Hundred*

arguing against the persecutions, is a remarkable document, which ought to have pricked the bubble at the time. We wonder much if Judge Sewall had sight of it. It seems impossible that this conscientious judge should have seen it and not have been convinced by its cogent reasoning. Pike admitted the existence of witchcraft, but presented a close chain of logic to prove the immense danger of prosecuting persons for witchcraft. His argument, although less learned, covers much the same ground as

Sir George Mackenzie's *A Treatise on Witchcraft*, reprinted in *The Witches of Renfrewshire*,² and is more compact and forcible. Altogether, while this book contains no new contribution to history, and possibly exaggerates the solitariness of Robert Pike's position, it is of value for its grouping of events in the life of a sturdy New Englander, who belonged to the rank and file of the colony, and represented tendencies often in opposition to the government, but in the line of Puritan thought.

EDUCATION.

THE first two reports² of Dr. Eliot, the successor to Mr. Philbrick as superintendent of the Boston public schools, embracing as they do the results of a year's observation and work, may well be taken up together. The former, issued last September, was a comprehensive survey of the system; the latter, dated in March, is a special inquiry into parts of the system. The survey of the schools, made by a man who was conversant in general with their workings, had himself been a conspicuous teacher in them, but now first looked at them in the light of his own special responsibility, could not fail to disclose their strength, and the weakness as well as the dominant principle of the superintendent. In his statement of what constitutes the end of public-school education, and in his suggestions as to the means fittest to that end, Dr. Eliot at once discloses his strength, and intimates, however unconsciously, the opposition which he is sure to encounter. No one can frankly set about reforming our public schools without inviting antagonism, and when the reform points to ideal ends it is sure to be misunderstood. Dr. Eliot shows true wisdom in accepting the existing order and making practicable reforms his immediate aim, but he has the courage and candor to confess his devotion to higher principles than people generally like to see positively at work in public affairs; and there will

be a dislike, more or less openly expressed at first, to a man who makes his convictions in religion furnish him not only with phrases, but actually with practical suggestions.

The report must be taken openly for what it professes to be, — the judgment, honorably expressed, of a man who believes in the higher utility; who holds not only that to be useful in education which increases human power in material things, but that which aims directly at character, and does not stop short of a recognition of the divine end. "It is in the public schools," he writes, "that the great body of the nation is to receive its intellectual training, and, I venture to add, its moral training. No other sources of instruction are so open, none flow so freely, none so helpfully; and it is not their fault so much as ours, in drawing from them, if they fall short of our wants. What we most want must be clear enough by this time. 'Character,' says Mr. Emerson, 'gives splendor to youth.' He might say it gives other things, and among them the power to profit by the opportunities which education offers. Discipline is essential to tone, and tone to learning. The child who behaves ill, who has no manners, perhaps no principles, certainly no apparent ideals, may have the best literary or scientific instruction ever given, but in vain; he comes to it in indifference, and leaves it in ignorance. Moral

¹ *A History of the Witches of Renfrewshire*. A new Edition, with an Introduction, embodying Extracts hitherto unpublished from the Records of the Presbytery of Paisley. Paisley: Alex. Gardner. 1877.

² *Thirty-Fourth and Thirty-Fifth Semi-Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools*. September, 1878; March, 1879. Boston: Rockwell and Churchill, City Printers.

training is at the heart of all training. To it, as to the object for which no effort or sacrifice was too great, our schools were devoted by their founders, and we who come after can find no better." Again, his practical suggestions, all inspired by this elementary truth, end with the earnest plea for a restoration of the practice of repeating the Lord's Prayer at the morning session. "Cannot the Lord's Prayer again be repeated, as it used to be, and the opening of the morning session become once more devotional? I am sure that if either teachers or pupils were consulted, not one who had ever felt his daily studies lightened by asking a blessing upon them but would plead for being permitted once more to arise and go unto our Father. Schools can never be wholly secular. Prayer, or common prayer, can be hushed in them, and all their immediate lessons can be drawn in from the invisible to the visible. But their ultimate teaching leads on beyond all bounds of sight or time, and carries, or aids in carrying, back the soul to Him who gave it."

In the same spirit is the general conception of what constitutes successful teaching. Dr. Eliot never loses sight, in the midst of the complex mechanism of our schools, of the fundamental importance of a living teacher. Treat the children as children, the teachers as teachers, is the demand he makes. Recognize the power of personality, and liberate both children and teachers from the bondage of text books and of an unyielding system. More air rather than more light is his cry, and he would have the air come as a breath from heaven.

The encouraging frankness and the high ideals of the report which presented a general survey are not forgotten when, with a year's experience, the superintendent specifies in detail the improvements which he sees possible and desirable. He begins with the most important schools,—the primary,—and gives fullest consideration to their needs: "The great thing to do for our primary pupils is to keep them as fresh and impressionable as when they came to us." "If things come before names, if they come singly and come as wholes, it is plain that we have not been wont to begin with children as would be best; . . . our names have come before things. Text-books have seized upon the little child, like the ogres of old, and devoured his thoughts." "One of the excellences too often absent from our primary classes is sweetness of voice. A teacher forgets it in her eagerness to teach;

scholars forget it in their eagerness to learn. It never ought to be forgotten."

In dealing with the grammar schools, similar wise and kind suggestions are made: "It is for their good, as for that of the school and that of the city, to retain the grammar scholars to the end; . . . a good deal can be done by moderating the demands upon them, and letting them breathe more freely." He advises again the free use of supplementary reading: "Few children can read Hawthorne's *Tales* or Tom Brown's *School Days* without some sort of animation,—an animation which they really feel, and therefore can express. The interest they take in reading such books will inspire them to read others like them; and thus their out-of-school hours will be better occupied." He objects, on the broad ground that it impairs self-respect and true independence, to the assumption by the city of the cost of school-books and stationery. The new course of study in the primary and grammar schools, initiated at the beginning of his superintendency, is approved because of the freedom which it gives the teacher. "Freedom in teaching means personality in teaching." It means also, though Dr. Eliot does not say it, greater intensity of application, and our only fear for this new mode is that while saving the children it will exhaust the teachers. It is probable, however, that the greatest strain comes at the time of transition from the old to the new mode. Certainly it will compel a class of teachers to whom the old foot-rule measurement cannot be applied. He dissuades from corporal punishment; he calls for a simplification of the high-school course; he repeats his conviction that the children in the upper classes may be taught what and how to read, including the use of the Public Library; he advises a simplification also of work in the Latin schools; he would have the normal school in full sympathy with the new, free education; he regards the Kindergarten as a private charity rather than a public school, and thinks that the evening schools demand a thorough overhauling. We think it will be found in Boston as elsewhere that the inviting theory of evening schools has blinded people to the impracticability of making them part of the public-school system.

Throughout this second report the same spirit breathes that animated the first. The end is never lost sight of; the details of means are considered only as provisions for the end. It is this combination of high

ideals with practical sagacity which ought to give fresh courage to all who value our public schools. There is a confidence in the mind of this public servant which generates confidence in others. "Whatever

may obstruct them" (the schools), he says, with an elastic courage, at the end of his report, "whatever mistakes in instruction, administration, or organization may be made, they yield to a steadfast ideal."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: *The First Violin*. By Jessie Fothergill. — *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D.* Including the Tour to the Hebrides. By James Boswell. The original text relieved from passages of obsolete interest. — *Astronomy*. By C. S. Ball, LL. D., F. R. S. Specially revised for America by Simon Newcomb, LL. D. — *A Century of American Literature, 1776-1876*. Edited by Henry A. Beers, Assistant Professor of English Literature in Yale College. — *Life and Faith*. Sonnets by George McKnight. — *Hathercourt*. By Mrs. Molesworth (Eunice Graham). — *Play-Day Poems*. Collected and edited by Rossiter Johnson. — *Maid Ellice*. By Theo. Gift. — *Gaddings with a Primitive People*. By W. A. Baillie Grohman. — *Plays for Private Acting*. Translated from the French and Italian by Members of the Bellevue Dramatic Club of Newport. — *The French Revolution*. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, D. C. L. Translated by John Durand. Vol. I. — *A Domestic Cyclopaedia of Practical Information*. Edited by Todd S. Goodholme. Illustrated. — *Johnson's Chief Lives of the Poets*. With a Preface by Matthew Arnold. To which are appended Macaulay's and Carlyle's Essays on Boswell's Life of Johnson. — *Zoology of the Vertebrate Animals*. By Alex. MacAlister, M. D. Specially revised for American Students by A. S. Packard, Jr., M. D. — *Principles of Political Economy*. By William Roscher. Translated by John J. Lalor, A. M. Vols. I. and II. — *Zoology of the Invertebrate Animals*. By Alex. MacAlister, M. D. Specially revised for America by A. S. Packard, Jr., M. D. — *English Actors from Shakespeare to Macready*. By Henry Barton Baker. In two volumes.

John Heywood, Manchester; Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London: *A Kronike of a King*. By Elizer Goff.

Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston: *Turner. — Fra Angelico. — Conscience*. With Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. — *Landseer. — Life of Madame de la Rochefoucauld, Duchess of Doudeauville, Founder of the Society of Nazareth*. Translated from the French. — *Guido Reni. — A Primer of American Literature*. By Charles F. Richardson. — *How to Learn Russian. A Manual for Students of Russian*. By Henry Riola, Teacher of the Russian Language. With a Preface by W. R. S. Balston, M. A. — *Key to the Exercises of the Manual for Students of Russian*. By Henry Riola. — *A Candid Examination of Theism*. By Physicus. — *Texts from the Buddhist Canon, commonly known as Dhammapada, with accompanying narratives*. Translated from the Chinese by Samuel Beal (B. A. Trin. Coll. Camb.), Professor of Chinese, University College, London. — *The Political Economy of Great Britain, the United States, and France in the Use of Money. A New Science of Production and Exchange*. By J. B. Howe. — *Monetary and Industrial Fallacies. A Dialogue*. By J. B. Howe. — *Poems of Places. Asia*. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. — *Fortune of the Republic*. Lecture delivered at the Old South Church, March 30, 1878.

By Ralph Waldo Emerson. — *Van Dyck. — Boston Illustrated. — Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly*. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New Edition, with Illustrations, and a Bibliography of the Work, by George Bullen, Esq., F. S. A. With an Introductory Account of the Work. — *Poems of House and Home*. By John James Piatt. — *Allston. — John Lothrop Motley. A Memoir*. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. — *Poems of Places*. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. New England. Vols. I and 2. — *Boston Monday Lectures. Heredity*. With Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. — *The Lady of the Arrostook*. By W. D. Howells. — *Poems of Places. Middle States*. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. *Poems of Places. Southern States*. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. — *Artists of the Nineteenth Century and their Works*. By Clara Erskine Clement and Lawrence Hutton. In two volumes.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: *Mother Goose Rhymes*. With Silhouette Illustrations. By J. F. Goodridge. — *A Woman's Word: and how she kept it*. By Virginia F. Townsend. — *Elsie Frizzle Stories. — Select Poems*. By Harvey Rice. — *Edwin Booth's Prompt-Books of Macbeth, Richard the Second, Brutus, and Othello*. Edited by William Winter. — *The Salary Grab*. By W. S. Robinson ("Warrington"). — *Tracts for the People*. No. 11. — *Meg, a Pastoral, and other Poems*. By Mrs. Zadel Barnes Gustafson. — *Daisies*. By William Burnton. — *Spiritual Manifestations*. By Charles Beecher. — *Resurgit: A Collection of Hymns and Songs of the Resurrection*. Edited, with Notes, by Frank Foxcroft. With an Introduction, by Andrew Preston Peabody, D. D.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *The Playmate. A Picture and Story Book for Boys and Girls*. Edited by Uncle Herbert. — *My Picture Story-Book in Prose and Poetry for the Little Ones*. Edited by Uncle Harry. — *Annotated Poems of Standard English Authors*. Edited by the Rev. E. T. Stevens and the Rev. D. Morris. *Gray's Elegy. — Goldsmith's Deserted Village. — Scott's Lady of the Lake. — Goldsmith's Traveller. — Goethe. Foreign Classics for English Readers*. Edited by Mrs. Oliphant. — *Guatemozin. A Drama*. By Malcolm Macdonald. — *Angelo, the Circus Boy*. By Frank Sewall. — *Iris: The Romance of an Opal Ring*. By M. B. M. Toland. — *Genevieve of Brabant. A Legend in Verse*. By Mrs. Charles Willing. — *Change the Whisper of the Sphinx*. By William Leighton. — *Æsthetics*. By Eugène Véron. Translated by W. H. Armstrong, B. A. — *Modern Rhymes*. By William Eutriken Bailly. — *Philosophy, Historical and Critical*. By André Lefèvre. Translated, with an Introduction, by A. H. Keane, B. A. — *Pindar*. By the Rev. F. D. Morice, M. A. — *Annotated Poems of English Authors*. Edited by the Rev. E. T. Stevens, M. A., and Rev. D. Morris, B. A. *The Task*. By William Cowper. — *Molière*. By Mrs. Oliphant and F. Tarver, M. A. — *"Airy Fairy Lillian."* A Novel. By the Author of *Phyllis*.